EDGER AND BLADE NOW 5,000,000 READERS

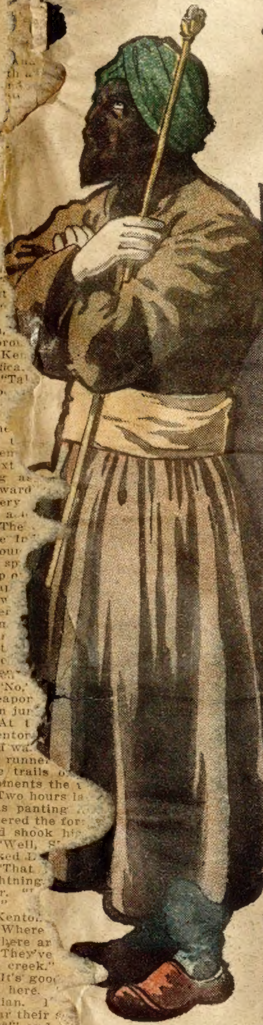
CHICAGO LEDGER

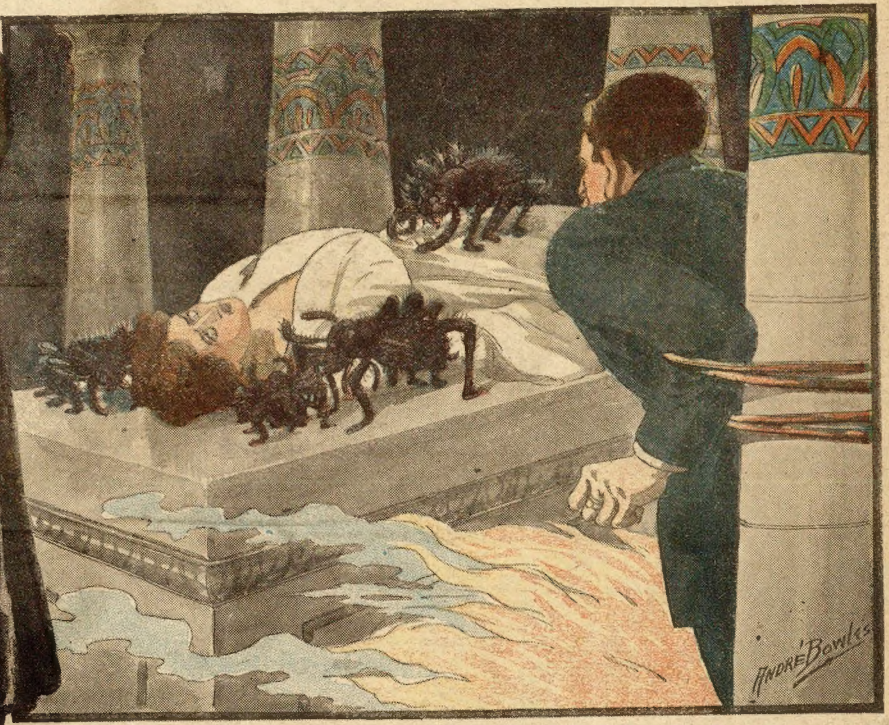
O. 10. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1912. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

The Baron's Revenge;

Or, The Castle's Ghost

By Pierre Dastarac





912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

APTER I.

UNCHBACK.

THE castle was situated in the center of the little town of F——, located in the gorge of a narrow valley at the foot of the Pyrenees, forty-four miles south of Toulouse, France. It stood perched, dark and tragic, on the icular rock looming above town, its uneven, ir- reets and humble homes. Be- g the sole object of interest in was also the chief cause of un- d superstitious fear of its ucated inhabitants.

the tales of bloodshed and transmitted from generation to tion, still recounted in awed whis- old women of the village, back to the troubled times when the castle had been nold of a warlike race of sav- barons. Though for generations no scenes had been enacted within its the effects of the past extended present, and the castle was pronounced haunted by the uneasy, earth-bound spirits of the many victims of the past.

Not one of the villagers, even among the bravest men, would have dared, even in broad daylight, to cross the drawbridge, while at night the simple folks crossed themselves every time they looked up toward the dark outlines of the castle, which on moonlit nights would etch itself on the azure of the lighted skies in stern, imposing lines.

Yet this castle was inhabited. One man lived there alone. Who he was? What right had be to the property? No one knew, for during his occasional visits to the town he spoke to no one, aside from giving laconic orders for such purchases as he cared to make. The villagers themselves were not any more eager than he to engage in conversation, for they shunned him, fearing his possible connection with the Evil One.

When he was seen descending the steep hill in his one-horse shay, drawn by a half-blind horse, the children would run for home and huddle close to their mothers' knees and there they would remain until the rattling of the old wheels on the rocky road of the ascent would announce that "Le Bossu" was on his way back to the haunted castle.

This impression of awe caused by his way of living and the place where he dwelt was intensified, as it were, by the man's personal appearance, which was far from inspiring confidence. He was strangely deformed, with the head placed in such a way on the humped and twisted shoulders as to make it appear as though the original head and neck had been cut off, and this one had been glued to the trunk of in its place. The face itself was strangely, almost unhumanly, handsome, with perfect features of the classical type, magnificent eyes, and a sensitive, almost feminine mouth. This beauty, coupled with his deformity, intensified the awe inspired by the man, and pious people would utter a prayer, as they thought perhaps this unfortunate being had sold his soul in exchange for that handsome face, and that he was now waiting the chance to lure some other soul to ruin, that his master, the Evil One, might give in exchange a body in keeping with the face for which he had paid so dearly.

He had appeared in F——, some fifteen years before, arriving one evening from Toulouse. He had asked the way to the castle, and that very night had set out alone for the haunted ruin, no one being willing to accompany him, though he had offered liberal pay. All he carried with him that night was a queer-looking box filled with small holes; the rest of his baggage he left at the station. The next morning, much to the astonishment of the villagers, who never expected to see him again, he redescended to F——, and finding still that everybody refused to carry his luggage to the haunted castle, he had purchased a horse and wagon and carried them up himself, with enough provisions to last him a month. Since then, with the exception of an annual absence of one month, he had lived at the castle. Every year, however, on the 25th of October, he would turn the old horse loose, descend to F——, and take the train for Toulouse. In exactly thirty days he would return, and for another eleven months would remain alone in the old castle.

As he had not given his name, and no one had had the courage to ask it of him, he soon became known as Le Bossu, which in French means the humpback. If he knew of the stories told about him, or of his unpleasant nickname, nothing in his behavior betrayed the fact. Silent and stern, he went his way through the streets, which became almost deserted at his approach, stopping at such stores in which he wished to make purchases of the necessities for his solitary life, greeting the merchants' evident terror with a scornful sneer and a laconic order. He always paid cash, and never complained about the price, buying the best of everything. Therefore, in spite of their terror, all the merchants of F—— desired and hoped for his patronage.

Though this had been going on for fifteen years, the novelty had not worn off, and each visit of Le Bossu to F—— was the cause of the same ripple of excitement, speculation, and alarm as during the first days. The day our story begins was the most notable day of the year for the inhabitants of F——, since it was the 25th of October, the day on which the hunchback left his retreat for an absence of one month.

On the streets not one child was at play, for timid mothers, hiding behind drawn blinds, feared that some time during one of those mysterious trips the hunchback might wish to kidnap some of the children. Long before the arrival of the train, the men, one by one, found their way to the station, under some pretext or other. They appeared surprised to see each other there, though each knew why the other had come, yet no one wanted to admit that he was given to this womanish curiosity. When the hunchback finally appeared, they would exclaim, with well-feigned surprise:

"Why, if there isn't Le Bossu! I had quite forgotten about his little trip!" or words that conveyed the same meaning.

As this had been going on for years, no one was the dupe of this subterfuge, not even Le Bossu, who, though he appeared unconscious of the presence of his fellow-citizens, knew full well that it was simply to see him depart that all these men left their work.

With scarcely a look at the curious faces about him, the hunchback purchased his ticket for Toulouse; then, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth, he stood on the platform waiting for the train, his eyes fixed vaguely before him in an unseeing stare, in which it seemed as though the soul was lost in a dream, or rather in the contemplation of some scene of the past still living in memory.

The train arrived, and Le Bossu took his place in one of the coaches without casting a look behind or minding the evident stir his appearance in the car had caused by the other travelers. Once seated, he drew his hat down over his eyes, and did not move from this position until Toulouse was reached. Was he asleep or simply thinking? No one could tell. At Toulouse he descended, and without looking either to the right or left made directly for a waiting carriage, where a servant in livery stood waiting.

"Well, Jean," asked Le Bossu, "how is Monsieur Armand this year?"

"As well as usual, Monsieur le Baron. He was so anxious to see you again, that, had it not been for your strict orders, he would have come to meet you in person."

"Very well," and Le Bossu, without another word, entered the carriage which drove rapidly away.

Half an hour later it came to a stop before the perron of the most elegant mansions in the Rue des Nobles, that quarter of Toulouse par excellence, where live the oldest and noblest families of France. Before the servant had time to open the door, Le Bossu had leaped to the ground. The next moment he had joined a young man who stood bareheaded on the steps waiting for him.

"Well, Armand," and there was a slight touch of emotion in the usually cold voice of the mysterious inhabitant of the castle of F——, "we meet again."

"Yes, Monsieur le Baron," answered the young man thus addressed, looking at his visitor with both awe and affection, "and the year which has passed has been unusually long to me. I thought it would never end."

A bitter smile curled Le Bossu's perfect lip, and it was with a touch of tender pity in his voice that he answered, as he led the way into the house: "It is always that for which we most long that brings us the most bitterness."

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"Nothing. You will soon know. I will go first to my room and change my clothes; then we will have dinner."

"And after that, will you tell me?" eagerly questioned the young man.

Le Bossu passed his hand over his brow, as though to lift from his brain the weight of thought which crushed it; then he answered, "Yes, you shall know all tonight."

Amand de Ravelle did not press the point further, but let Le Bossu go up to his appartment, waiting, thoughtful and moved, for the hunchback's return.

"If Naja told the truth, that man is my father!" mused the young man, as he took a seat by the open grate, in which, owing to the dampness of a rainy forenoon, a bright fire burned. "If this is true, why all this mystery? Why don't I bear his name? Why does he not live with me? I know nothing about him, aside from the fact that the servants call him Baron de Lasouche, that this home is his, that it is his money which supports me! What does he do? Where does he live when away from me? Why does he not own me as his son? Oh, to know, to know! He has promised to tell me all tonight. It is to be my reward for my having graduated with such honors from the College Louis le Grand. Only a few more hours to wait, then I shall know what Naja feared to tell—that awful story of which she spoke, but which she could not relate. He shivered as he stirred the logs in the fireplace. "In spite of my wish to know, I am afraid!" he murmured.

The one who mused thus by the fire must have been some twenty-five years of age. Tall and well built, handsome of face and perfect of form, he had one of those winning personalities which attract and arrest the attention at first sight. As much as Le Bossu was repulsive the younger man was attractive, yet a close study of the two faces revealed the fact, that, with the difference in years taken into consideration, the two men resembled each other to an astonishing degree; but this close comparison few ever made, since, instinctively, every one shrank from a second look at the hunchback.

The young man was not long left to his musing, for Le Bossu returned shortly, more grotesque, more repulsive than ever, in his faultless evening dress. For a while he stood by the door, contemplating the young man with a look of mingled pity and love, a look which faded the minute Armand, feeling the mysterious attraction of the eyes looking at him, looked up and saw that he was no longer alone.

"Pardon me," he cried, rising confusedly. "I did not know you had descended, Monsieur le Baron."

"Don't excuse yourself, Armand. I had no need to remain long at my toilet; it is one of the advantages of my position," and a bitter laugh completed the thought.

Armand did not answer, for there was nothing to say to that evident cry of bitterness coming from that deformed body, so he silently handed a chair to his companion, who sat down, still looking at the young man as though enjoying the sight of the perfect symmetry of his face and figure.

"Sit down, Armand, and while we wait for dinner tell me about yourself."

"What do you want to know, monsieur?" asked the young man, as he obeyed the order and resumed his seat.

"Everything. Remember I have not seen or heard from you for a year. Much must have happened in those twelve months."

"Not much, monsieur. I studied and worked hard the greater part of the time."

"That I know, and I am proud of the record you have made. It is not, therefore, of the time spent in study that I want an account, but rather that spent in pleasures."

"My pleasures, monsieur, have been few and far between, and aside from an occasional evening at the theater, or a dinner, or a party given by one of the half-dozen families with whom I am on calling terms, I have found most of my recreation in books."

"A remarkable record for a modern young man, who has all the money he cares to spend," remarked Le Bossu, without taking his eyes off Armand's face.

Armand flushed at these words, and rising, stood leaning with his back against the mantel. Then he answered painfully:

"True, I did have all the money I could spend, but I didn't know whose money it was, and whether it was really mine to use."

"So that's the reason why you were so saving?"

Armand nodded, then went on in pleading tones:

"Won't you tell me now? I can wait no longer!"

"I said after dinner, Armand."

The young man dropped back in his chair, conquered by the stern resolution of the voice which answered him; then, with lowered head and disappointed face, he waited in silence. For a time neither spoke; then Le Bossu said aloud, as though following the trend of his thoughts:

"Not a very gay life for a young man!" Then suddenly he asked, "Were you ever in love, Armand?"

Armand looked up, startled by the question, but replied with quiet dignity:

"I might have been, sir, if I had allowed myself to follow the longings of my heart, but that, too, I had to put from me."

"Why?" and Le Bossu looked up in evident surprise.

"Since I could not feel justified in spending money of which I did not know the source no more could I think of offering a woman a name which I did not know was really mine."

"Ah, the name de Ravelle does not satisfy you? You are hard to please, monsieur."

"You misunderstood me, monsieur. What I meant was that I did not know what were my legal rights to it—that is all. Remember, monsieur, that I do not even know who were my parents. Could I, in such ignorance, tell a young girl that I loved her! Yet God is my witness, I did want to at one time. I would today, if I could only be sure it was right. You must now understand why I am so anxious to know the history of my birth, which you have promised to tell me tonight."

An anxious frown had gathered on the baron's brow as the young man spoke, and now that he paused, he asked abruptly:

"Then the one you love is a lady, one you could make your wife?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Her name?"

Armand hesitated.

"Her name?" ordered Le Bossu a second time, in tones which demanded an immediate answer.

"Lady Antoinette Maintland. She—Why, what's the matter, monsieur?"

Le Bossu had leaped to his feet at the mention of that name, his face suddenly livid, a trembling in all his limbs, but the sight of the young man's amazement and alarm recalled him to himself, and with a powerful effort of his will he forced himself to an outward appearance of calm, as he answered:

"Nothing, just a sudden pain in the heart. I am subject to these attacks. It will soon pass," and he walked three or four times about the room, murmuring to himself: "That man's cousin, the sister to the one next in line to the title of Winters. He loves her!"

After a time he resumed his seat, calm in outward appearance. Armand, anxious, asked, "Are you better, monsieur?"

"Yes. Where did you meet her?"

"In Paris, monsieur. She is the sister of one of my best friends, Sir John Maintland, who for two years was my comrade at the College Louis le Grand. His sister, Lady Antoinette, came to visit him during the second winter of his stay, and I saw a great deal of her then."

"It was then you learned to love her?"

"Yes, monsieur; she is so beautiful."

"Have you seen her since?"

"Yes, monsieur, this week. Sir John and she are in Toulouse visiting with a distant relative, the Duchess de Briais, stopping here on their way to Nice, where they go to spend the winter."

"Are they still in Toulouse!" It was evident the hunchback was deeply interested.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Do you know whether their cousin, Lord Winters, is with them?"

"He is not, though I think he is to join them in Nice later. Do you know them, monsieur?"

"Only through hearsay. So you love her? You are sure that you do?"

"Sure, monsieur. Why should you be surprised? Is it not natural for a man to love?"

"Perfectly so. I should have expected something of the sort, but——" and Le Bossu's eyes flashed fire; "this will make no difference in my plans, none whatever!"

Armand opened his mouth to question, but Le Bossu with a gesture of command silenced him, saying:

"Useless to question my meaning—I shall not answer you."

The servant, entering at this moment to announce dinner, made a fit diversion to the strained situation.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY.

During the dinner neither spoke, for both were lost in their thoughts. They ate rapidly, almost unconsciously. The coming and going of the servants alone gave a touch of life to the gloomy scene, but the two men seated in that sumptuous room at table resplendent with silver and cut glass, were both evidently haunted by the weight of some hidden sorrow or some overpowering anxiety. Armand barely touched what was set before him, his heart being oppressed by a nameless alarm which contracted his throat. As to Le Bossu, he ate ravenously, but it was evident that this was due to the needs of nature rather than from any enjoyment of the viands set before him.

At last the meal came to an end, and the two men, lighting their cigars, passed into the library, after giving the footman orders to admit no one. When Le Bossu had closed the door and taken a seat in a great armchair, with Armand in another chair in front of him, the young man questioned eagerly, "Well?"

Le Bossu looked for an instant in silent pity on the eager face, then said slowly, between two puffs of smoke:

"I will tell my story, Armand, in my own way, and though, perhaps, you may think I go too far into the past, I wish you to remember that it is the past which makes the future, the past not only of ourselves but of our ancestors as well. So don't be impatient, no matter how prolix I may seem to you, since afterward you will see that the seeming digressions were necessary for the clearness of the rest of the story."

"Just one question, monsieur, before you begin?" pleaded the young man.

"Well?" questioned the Baron, half frowning.

"My mother, monsieur? Is she living?"

"No, she died three months after your birth," darkly answered Le Bossu, as a fierce flash passed though his eyes, like a lurid flame of lightning in a darkened sky.

"Ah!" and the young man fell back in his chair, the eager light dying from his face. "You can tell your story now, monsieur. I can listen patiently no matter how lengthy it may be."

"You were only concerned about your mother, then? How about your father? Have you no interest in him?"

Armand bowed his head as he answered, not daring to look up.

"I know who my father is, monsieur. At least I think I do."

"You know!" and Le Bossu sat up in his seat.

"Yes, monsieur."

"His name?"

"Monsieur le Baron de Lasouche."

"I!" Le Bossu rose, deeply moved. "You know that I am your father?"

"Yes, monsieur, and have known it for the last six years."

"Who told you?"

"My colored nurse Naja, on the night she died!"

"Did she tell you anything else?"

"No, monsieur, and it was that which has poisoned my life, embittering every minute of the day."

Armand rose, and throwing away his cigar, walked twice around the room, returning to the hunchback who had remained motionless in his place.

"Ah, monsieur, the fact that you did not claim me, that name of de Ravelle was some stain upon my birth, and I wore out my heart in doubts and fears and misgivings, until at times I thought I would go mad!"

"Did you doubt your mother's virture?" The words came with a hiss from between the hunchback's set teeth.

The young man did not answer.

"Answer me!" ordered Le Bossu, in tones of stern command.

"What else would you have me think, monsieur. I——"

"Wretch!" and the Baron sprang toward Armand with such a murderous light in his eye that the young man backed from him in terror, but [illegible] instant the hunchback had reg[illegible]trol over his feelings, for[illegible] seat, he said abruptly[illegible] listen. You will soo[illegible] sullied by that unhol[illegible] of the purest woman [illegible]

"Pardon me, monsieur," [illegible] young man, "but how was I [illegible] how could I guess?"

"That will do," sternly ord[illegible] Baron. "Be seated and follow [illegible] I am going to say."

Armand obeyed, and Le Bossu [illegible]

"I was born in Bombay, fi[illegible] ago, the only child of the [illegible]velle and of his English w[illegible] Davanhoe, daughter of [illegible] attache to the viceroy o[illegible] a normally constituted ch[illegible] my twenty-fifth year w[illegible] and handsome as you."

"Then you were not b[illegible] way?" broke from Armand [illegible]ment.

"No; you shall know how i[illegible] I became the grotesque, abnor[illegible]ture I am. Lord Davanhoe di[illegible]prove of his daughter's ma[illegible] never forgave her for marrying [illegible]er, who was, to tell the truth, a [illegible] wild, penniless younger son at the [illegible] of that marriage, inheriting both [illegible] and fortune only after the death of his elder brother, who died without heirs. Lord Davanhoe never saw his daughter after her marriage, therefore he never saw me, the only child of that ill-fated union. My mother died when I was twelve, and my father took to drinking and other debaucheries, until he, too, passed away, leaving me at twenty, alone and almost penniless. I tried to look up my mother's relatives, but was not even received, so, at odds with the world, I decided to lose myself in the interior districts of India, where the whites rarely attempt to penetrate. My knowledge of the Indian language, learned from an old Indian nurse, aided me to make friends with the different tribes, and thus I lived for three years, studying the people, the country, the different languages, hoping from these studies some day to gain fame and fortune by writing a book on these interesting travels from my notes kept faithfully from day to day. Thus did I reach the inland districts of Tnibet, where no white man had as yet penetrated.

"I was welcomed as a god, and treated as such, so that I had an excellent chance to study both the people and their customs. They had a strange religion, the worship of an immense kind of spider, specimens of which were kept in temples and guarded by vested virgins, [illegible] from among the most beautiful [illegible] plan of the tribe. These were the [illegible] another[illegible]esses of their idolatrous wo[illegible]ed two priestesses had charge o[illegible] detec[illegible] noisome spiders, and gav[illegible] lambs, on whose blood t[illegible] had not al[illegible] which the carcass was bur[illegible]. Released [illegible] altar of the temple, as a s[illegible] god who had already tak[illegible] a [illegible] life with its blood."

Here Le Bossu pause[illegible] and relit his cigar. A[illegible] speak, but his face clearly [illegible] he was far from understanding [illegible] detailed description of pagan w[illegible] had to do with his own birth an[illegible] mystery of his life. Le Bossu rea[illegible] mute question, and answered it ins[illegible] of resuming his narrative.

"You wonder why I speak so fully o[illegible] that strange religion. It is that you may know in what manner I met your mother."

"My mother! You don't mean that she was——"

"A priestess in one of the temples, yes."

"Then my mother was colored!" broke from Armand, in anguish.

"Your mother was as white as I am."

"Yet you said——"

"That she was a priestess. I repeat it. She had been stolen from her home in India by the frantic natives, who wanted a white princess to preside over the temple of the largest of their gods, the all-powerful 'Radips.' There she had been kept a prisoner for five years, having been kidnaped as a girl of fifteen, being, when I first saw her, a [illegible] beautiful maiden of twenty. She h[illegible] dozen women in wating, and in the [illegible] charge of her duties as priestess had a court and received homage such as few earthly queens enjoy. Needless to say that, in spite of this worship, she was unhappy, and longed for her home, her family, her race."

Armand was listening in breathless emotion, his eyes not leaving the narrator's face. Le Bossu continued:

"In my position of demigod, made for me by the ignorant natives, I was at once conducted to the temple and shown the white idol of the tribe. The minut[illegible] my eyes rested on her face, tha[illegible] I lovd her. It was like the [illegible] souls who had met before i[illegible] life. It was the divine spa[illegible] speaking to the divine sp[illegible] other. It was, in one wor[illegible] true love—the love which [illegible] soul as well as the sen[illegible] life complete in the seco[illegible] My feeings were shared b[illegible]

"Was that my mother's n[illegible]

"The name given her by [illegible]elation. Her real name I will not disc[illegible] for the present, but I give you m[illegible] of honor it was as noble as min[illegible] being the daughter of a commanding ationed at the garrison at Delhi." " pleaded Armand, as his father breath.

go into the details of my was an idyl, a dream of ich words can never paint. se of worshiping at the reat Radips, I spent long the temple, where Nereje while the others thought I was I was in reality singing forth h—a tongue she perfectly un- the love with which my heart And after a time she answer- the same language, and the became a duet, while the t the strange words utter- re the prayers and chants ouls.

e, as our love increased, ontentment in this ideal rather, the full com- union of our two des- we decided to make our the civilized world, and by the laws of God and man es, since our souls were al- ed. During a terrible storm, the natives had sought the heir huts in their mad terror ry of the elements, which to meant the anger of their god, we our escape, Nerje and I, accom- nied by the faithful Naja, one of the women in waiting of the white priestess, and one who, understanding English, which in the first lonely years of her captivity Nereje had taught her, knew our secret, yet who, because of her love for her mistress, had not betrayed us, and later had risked the anger of her god and the revenge of her people to follow into the unknown the deserting priestess and her lover. How we reached safety without being recaptured I know not, but the fact is, that three weeks later we were safely back in Delhi, and there I made Nereje my wife.

"We then tried to find her father, only to hear that he had died of grief two years before, and that his cousin, also an officer in Delhi, had inherited both title and fortune. Nereje tried to have him give back her rights to her, but he had her driven from his home as an impostor. It was then that I made the threat that, even if it took a lifetime, I would prove my wife's right to the name and fortune of her dead father. It was that threat which later caused your mother's death, and which made me what I am—ungainly and deformed."

Le Bossu paused and rang a call bell.

"What do you want, father?" asked Armand, addressing the Baron for the first time by that name.

"Brandy, laconically answered the ck. "I shall have need of the o finish the rest of my story." ing the servant who an- ll, he ordered the drink, elapsed into silence.

APTER III.

FIRST VICTIM.

ined the glass of brandy; missed the servant, turn- waiting young man, and strange story as though en no interruption in the

year which followed was the only one of my life, but I have no need plain, since in those twelve months clouded bliss I no doubt experienced ore real joy than most people taste in lifetime. Nereje was the most perfect of wives, and I the happiest of husbands. I kept my word, however, and brought before the courts of India the case of my wife's identity and of that man's dishonesty. I won in the lower courts, and had my case before the Supreme Court, when the blow fell. In court I had to tell your mother's strange history, and therefore everybody knew she was an escaped priestess of the Radips worshipers. The cousin, seeing he was about to lose his case in the higher courts as he had done in the lower, decided on desperate measures, and sent word to the high chiefs of the Radips, telling them where their false priestess and her accomplice were living. That was enough. Those savages thought that only the death of the false one would appease the anger of their god, for fate had so decreed, that a terrible pestilence had followed Nereje's escape. They determined to bring back to the temple the deserting Nereje, and there let her die before the eyes of her accomplice, the evil man who had induced her to break her vows of chastity and to abandon the temple in which she was condemned to live and die."

"Did they succeed in their plans?" hoarsely demanded the young man, unable to wait any longer.

"Yes," answered the Baron, shortly. "One night, three months after your rth, your mother and I were kidnaped our home, and ten days later we more captives in the temple of adips, awaiting our doom, l that there was no help for of Heaven."

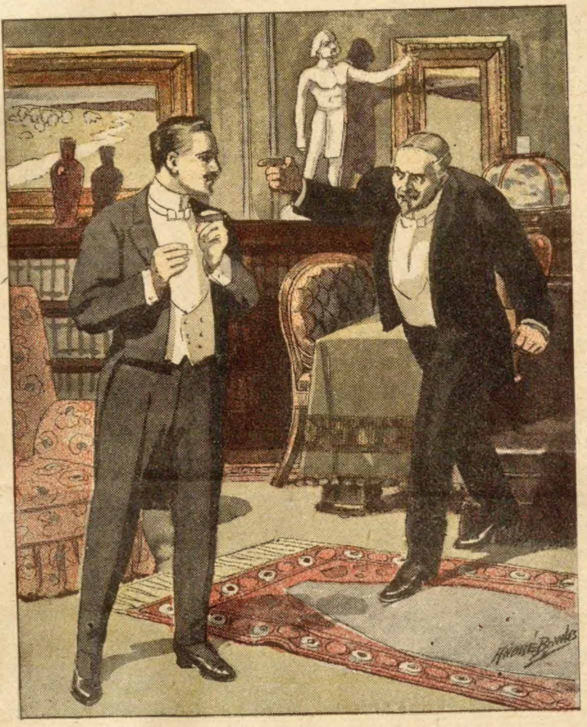
ot capture me with you?" had seen our captors in herself and you, but not warn either your mother this alone do you owe you did not share your

er fate, father. Did they

out the manner of death was al that I wonder I outlived the shock. They kept us prisoners a week, while the chiefs were deciding on our fate. Then they came in great pomp to the temple, followed by the whole tribe, to read us the judgment. I could not understand the language well enough to make out exactly what was to be our fate, but the awful fear which each word brought to Nereje's face told me that it must be terrible. And I was powerless—powerless, do you hear?—to save the woman I loved, the mother of my child."

Le Bossu rose, walking with wild, uneven steps throughout the room, his hands closing and unclosing, his eyes glaring, beads of cold sweat breaking on his brow in a frozen dew. Armand, breathless and livid, could not utter a word, paralyzed, as it were, by the sight of the other's emotion and the fear of the revelation he was about to hear. For time the bunchback did not speak; then, by a powerful effort of his will, he forced himself to continue:

"Your mother tried to plead, to explain, to excuse her conduct, but to no avail. Those religious fanatics could think of nothing, could understand nothing but that their priestess had been false to the oath imposed upon her, and that her life must pay the forfeit.


"Wretch!"

"She was bound to the stone altar. Knowing the uselessness of struggling, she offered no resistance, imploring me to be brave and bear the coming tortures like a man. I tried to save from the rude hands of her tormentors, but six men threw themselves upon me, and soon had me overpowered, lying on the floor bleeding and powerless. After Nereje had been securely bound to the altar, I was seized and lifted to my feet. I thought they were going to take me away from my darling, and I struggled in mad despair, having the strength of ten men. Whatever was to be her fate, I wanted to share it. How little I knew of the refined cruelty of those people! They did not take me away as I had feared, but rather dragged me to one of the pillars which supported the roof of the temple, and there they bound me in such a manner that the strongest man could not have broken away unaided. Then they left us. I thought it was their intention to let us die of hunger, but Nereje, to whom I told my fears, assured me that a worse fate awaited her, and more terrible tortures awaited me. I implored her to tell me what to expect, but she refused, saying I would know all too soon.

"Thus passed the night, during which Nereje and I spoke of you, of your possible fate, wondering whether you had been captured with the faithful Naja at the same time that we were, and perhaps already slain, or whether, if you had escaped, what your fate and hers would be, when both of us were dead; for, though Nereje had assured me that only she was to be killed, I knew and she knew that I could not withstand the shock."

Le Bossu paused again, letting himself sink exhausted on the chair from which he had risen, and there he remained for some time without speaking, lost in the horror of the past. Then, his voice hoarse and rasping, his hair almost standing erect, his face livid and drawn, he resumed hurriedly:

"With the rising sun they returned, and then I knew to what awful fate my beautiful Nereje had been condemned. From the different temples they had brought all of the terrible, deadly spiders. These they freed on the altar where your mother lay. About me, but far enough away so that I could not be burned, they lighted a fire. This was to protect me from the spiders, so that I might live to see her die, having guessed, with their refined cruelty, that such a sight would be worse than death itself. I tried to scream, to break from the cords which held me, to go to her rescue, but my struggles were useless, and only called forth inhuman laughter from the demons who danced about the temple.

"The spiders at first did not advance toward Nereje, who kept imploring me to be brave. They were six in number, counting the big one of the great temple—awful, hideous things to look at, death shining in their beady eyes. Then I saw them move; they crept nearer and nearer. I saw the growing horror in Nereje's eyes, which painted the mad terror of her heart, though for my sake, because she loved me, she tried to force back the cries of abject fear this creeping death, drawing slowly nearer and nearer, brought to her throat.

"Madly I struggled. I heard my bones cracking beneath the strain of my struggles. The physical pain of this dislocation of my back and joints must have been frightful, but the mental agony at the time was so much greater that I scarcely felt the pain, and I continued my vain efforts to rescue her.

"On, on they drew, coming toward her from all sides at once, all going toward the white neck of their victim. The first one reached her. A cry of nameless agony escaped my brave Nereje, as the foul creature buried its fangs in her throat, then another cry, and another, as one by one they took their deathly hold. I was insane; I cursed, I raved, I strained more madly than ever at my cords, which, in spite of my efforts, held me powerless to witness this awful sight. Every bone in my body was cracking, yet the demons without the temple were laughing and cheering. Nereje, with one last look of farewell, had fainted. Then, as in a dream of horror, visible through the blur of my bloodshot eyes, I saw her beautiful face grow whiter and whiter, as the blood was being drained from the body, then everything went black. I knew no more."

Armand, who had listened in frozen horror to the blood-curdling tale, lay back in his chair half fainting, while Le Bossu, with scarcely a human look on his contracted face, finished the terrible description of Nereje's death. Le Bossu was the first to recover from the overpowering emotion which held both as in a chain of steel. Filling a glass of brandy, he handed it to the young man, saying in tones which suddenly had regained their natural accents, "Drink!"

Armand obeyed mechanically, and drained the glass. Le Bossu resumed his seat, and after a few moments of silence, during which he gave his son time to recover from his emotion, he continued:

"When I returned to myself I was no longer in the temple, but in a hospital bed in Delhi, with a sweet-faced Sister of Charity bending over me. Three months had passed since your mother's tragic death, and for the first time I had the normal use of my senses. I tried to remember, but both mind and body being too weak to stand the shock, the all-wise nature kept me two days in a hazy sort of a dream. Then, little by little, the terrible reality came back to me, and I questioned.

"On the advice of the physician in attendance, my questions were answered, that the excitement of my waking brain might be calmed. This is what had happened after that blissful swoon, which had shut out from my sight your dying mother:

"Naja, in escaping, had guessed to what fate we were exposed. She had therefore gone to the authorities of the city to tell of the kidnaping. Being a poor, ignorant native, she had been refused admittance, and for almost a week had vainly sought to interest some one in our fate. At last, desperate, she forced her way into the palace of the resident governor and told her story. So eloquent were her pleadings, so sincere her appearance, that he was interested, and sent out a company of soldiers to investigate. It was they who rescued me after I had fainted, but who arrived too late to save your mother. I was taken back on a stretch to Delhi, and there in the hospital it was discovered that in my mad struggles I had strained my back to such a point that I would be deformed for life, provided I did not die. For the three months which followed my life and my reason hung on a thread. Then, because my work in this world was not completed, I lived!

"When I was strong enough, the faithful Naja brought you to me, telling me that the body of my beloved Nereje had been brought back to Delhi and buried. The first day I was able to walk out I went to visit the spot, and there over that shallow mound I swore to live for the sake of her child and that of my revenge."

"Revenge!" repeated Armand in surprise.

"Yes, revenge on all who in any way were connected with Nereje's death. I have kept my oath, and now only one remains to meet the fate of the others, and that one I shall soon have."

Armand looked at the hard, set face and shivered. Le Bossu saw this, and smiled scornfully.

"You shiver at the thought," he said. "Well, I shall spare you the details. It is sufficient to say that, when I recovered entirely, I returned disguised to the Radips worshipers, and there, unknown to any of them, I took, one by one, the lives of those who had had anything to do with the condemnation and death of Nereje. They all died as she had died, bled to death by the spiders they adored. It took me ten years to accomplish this task. Then, my work being done in India, and my other victim having returned to Europe as soon as he had heard I had recovered, I left the accursed land, and returned to Toulouse, where, by the death of all other heirs, I had come into the possession of this home and other family estates, which gave me an income of twenty-five thousand francs a year. I hah sent you back to France with Naja, years before, while I had gone out in quest of my revenge. I then had you come to Toulouse, leaving you in possession of this home, and while preparing my vengeance on the most guilty of all—the man who betrayed us into the hands of Radips—I went to live in an old haunted castle, which came to me with the title of Baron de Lasouche, which name I took to lull my victim into the enjoyment of a false security. For fifteen years without ceasing I have worked out my vengeance, a vengeance as slow and as sure as death! It is now within my clasp, and soon my work on earth will be done."

"Why did you take so long before killing the only real guilty one?" asked Armand.

"Because I know by experience that death is a blessing when compared to other tortures, and I have learned the art of torture. He had a wife he adored. That wife is dead. He had a son he worshiped. That son is dead. He loved gold and power. He is now almost ruined; and before I consent to let him die, I shall have disgraced his name forever."

"Did—did you kill them—the wife and child?"

"Not personally, but the fact is they are both dead," answered Le Bossu, darkly. "But enough for tonight. Retire to your room."

"You did not tell me that man's name?"

"Nor will I. He belongs to me and to me alone. Come, leave me. I wish to be alone."

Armand looked up to the hard, stern face, and with a husky "good night," left Le Bossu to his thoughts.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week.

* * *

The tired wheel likes a good roadbed.

The Wall Street Nemesis;
Or, A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE
By George T. Hargreaves

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 7, Feb. 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER X.
TRICKED BY A DETECTIVE.

CORRA DENNARD, settling herself comfortably into her car seat, opened a copy of a morning paper and turned intuitively to the financial page. Half way down the account of the previous day's market session, she read the following paragraph:

"Some curiosity was aroused by the strength of St. Louis & Southern. The stock has long been dormant, and was believed to have lost all interest for either investor or speculator. But there was active bidding for it throughout the session, and at the close it had recorded a net gain for the day of nearly two full points. Gossip was to the effect that a contest for control had begun between two powerful parties in the street. But the identity of the manipulators was thoroughly concealed."

Corra glanced out of the car window and across the green fields swaying in a light summer breeze. She smiled slightly at this reference to herself. "Two powerful parties" amused her. Yet in an instant to her lips tightened and her hands closed tensely. She seemed to feel anew the large responsibilities of her situation.

Raising a hand to smooth a rebellious wisp of hair from her brow, the paper slipped from her grasp and was wafted down into the aisle. Tod Riker, who had been, intently watching the figure across from him ever since the journey began, darted quickly forward, and seizing the newspaper, extended it toward Corra with a reserved smile. She took it with a nod of thanks.

Riker accepted the opportunity to lean across the aisle and ask above the rattle of the train:

"Pardon me, but I happened to buy my ticket just behind : ' in the station, and overheard you get one for New London. Do you happen to know a family by the name of Chester there?"

"I am almost entirely unacquainted there," replied Corra, distinctly.

"That so?" said the detective in surprise, yet secretly elated by the chance discovery that the woman he was tracking was going into a strange town, where it would be easier to effect his mission to put her under restraint than if she were about to mingle with friends. "Well, well! You look so much like one of the Chester girls that I thought you must be related to them," and Riker got up confidently and seated himself with amazing assurance beside Miss Dennard.

She looked him squarely in the eye, as if in resentment at his boldness. But before she could return to her paper, he began again:

"You see, the Chester family have always interested me greatly. The father used to be a noted sea captain, but retired when he had amassed a competence, and built him a great, rambling home in New London. Then he invested in stocks, got caught in a panic, and lost all he had. The result was that at sixty he had to go back to the sea for a living. But he was a brave old man, and did it without a whimper. He had two daughters that were just as brave as he was. They looked tremendously like you."

Astonished at the easy assurance of the man, Corra did not know whether to ignore him or laugh at him. She finally looked away and out of the window without replying to him. The movement was unfortunate—for her. For in the moment following, Riker's hand slipped deftly down beside her, opened the handbag which had been lying on the seat, and shoved within it two tightly rolled ten-dollar bills. Cautiously he reclasped the bag and drew his hand up to his chin.

"Yes, tremendously like you," he repeated, with a show of growing interest. "See if they don't. He tucked his hand away in an inside pocket and drew forth a long leather wallet. "I've carried the pictures of them for several years. Kind of like them, you know." He opened the wallet and ostentatiously displayed a part of its contents. There were a few letters, a layer of small bills, and a few business cards. He went through them all with care and deliberation.

"Well, that's strange," he exclaimed, so loudly that Cora looked across at him in surprise. "I had those pictures when I left home this morning, and now they're gone. That's mighty odd, isn't it?" and he looked at her with the faintest expression of suspicion.

"Well, I haven't got them," she said decidedly, "so you needn't look at me in that way."

"Oh, I'm not saying that you have," he replied apologetically, "but it is astonishing how they got away from me, now isn't it?"

He closed his wallet and slipped it into an outer pocket of his coat upon the side where Corra sat.

"You'll have to answer that question yourself, sir," returned she, stiffly. "Moreover," and there was a ring of warning in her voice, "since the train is far from crowded, and you have a full seat of your own, I fail to see why I should share mine with you."

"Oh, please don't be offended," Riker urged. "I didn't mean any harm. I thought maybe we'd be able to kill a little time on our journey. I hope you won't take any offense." He rose in well-feigned embarrassment. "I certainly didn't mean any. A thousand pardons, a thousand pardons!" and he backed away into his own seat.

Corra felt strangely uncomfortable during the rest of the journey. She felt impelled many times to glance across the aisle at the stranger, but she did not dare to do so, because she imagined—and rightly, too—that his eyes were riveted upon her.

Just before the train drew into the station at New London, she became aware that her unusual neighbor was strangely excited. He rose from his seat, felt in all his pockets repeatedly, got down on one knee to look beneath the seat, and then stood up in the aisle to repeat the examination of his pockets.

"Robbed!" she heard him mutter. Then she was conscious that he was looking down harshly upon her. Uneasily she gathered up her belongings and moved down the car aisle toward the door. He caught up with her as she brushed down the steps to alight.

"I say, lady," he began, brusquely, "you didn't see anything of some money lying about in your seat, did you?"

"No, sir," Corra answered haughtily. "I did not."

With a premonition of something untoward, she hastened down the station platform. But Riker was close after her.

"You're sure about that?" he persisted.

"Now, see here," she turned and addressed him sternly, "if you do not cease this annoyance, I'll have to call official attention to it."

"I guess it'll be me who'll have to call attention to the annoyance," he shot back, meaningly. At the same time Corra saw him beckon to a uniformed police officer.

Angry and irritated, she started forward, but she had proceeded but a few steps when she felt the touch of a harsh hand upon her shoulder. The policeman had stopped her.

"You'll pardon me, madam," he said, "but you'll have to accompany me to the station."

Corra's cheeks flamed as she turned. Her eyes flashed angrily as she beheld the strange man of the train a step behind the policeman with a faint smirk upon his face.

"What for?" she demanded. "Why this insult?"

"This gentleman here," and the bluecoat pointed to Riker, "claims you have picked his pocket."

"Picked his pocket?" exclaimed Corra, stepping back aghast. "It's a lie."

"No, it's not," put in the detective, stepping forward. "I remember that little trick you worked on my pocket when I was sitting beside you. You've got twenty dollars of mine, I'm sure. It couldn't have got anywhere else."

"Oh, it's a shameful lie!" burst out the accused woman. "I never stole a cent in my life." She had to grip herself to keep control of her feelings. Her eyes seemed ready to overflow with tears.

"She's probably got the money tucked away in that handbag of hers right now," volunteered Riker. "Take a look in it and see."

"Yes, look for yourself," and Cora thrust her handbag toward the policeman.

He took it diffidently and opened it clumsily. Then, with a look at her in which she read his belief in her guilt, he drew forth the two tightly rolled ten-dollar bills that the detective had surreptitiously thrust into her receptacle.

Corra felt as if she were about to faint. One hand sought her fevered cheek. The other dropped her grip and clutched the arm of the policeman.

"Oh, it's all a mistake!" she cried brokenly. "You believe me, don't you?"

"Mistake not," put in the detective. "Those are my bills. I'm a careful man, and keep the numbers of them when they come in tens." He drew forth his wallet and consulted a card. "You'll find the numbers on them E1994 and A1291. Look and see now if that isn't right."

The policeman unfolded the bills and read the numbers. They corresponded exactly.

"A clear case, madam," decided the bluecoat. "Now you will go along with me quietly or I will have to put the handcuffs on you?"

"Oh, I'll go with you," she answered, pantingly. Then she fastened her lustrous eyes on her accuser. "So," she hissed. "Paul Kendall's got a tool like you, has he? Well, we'll even this up before we're through with him! See if we don't!"

CHAPTER XI.
THE AUTO CHASE.

At the police station, to which the detective accompanied Corra and the policeman in order to enter his charge against her, she was shown a little more consideration. Her handsome face, her evident good breeding and her visible effort to control herself in an embarrassing position won some sympathy from the man in charge.

Instead of locking her in a cell, he arranged to have her taken before a Police Court Judge at once. Riker protested that he could not spare the time to appear agaist her so soon, as he had important business to attend to.

"I understood you to say on the train that you were here on a visit to the Chester family," put in Corra.

"That's only part of my business," replied the sleuth, with a flustered stumble in his speech.

"By the way," asked Miss Dennard, turning to the police superior, "do you know a family in town that is named Chester in which there are two handsome daughters, who this man says"— she darted a cutting glance at Riker—"look like me?"

But neither the superior nor the subordinate, although they scratched their heads in the effort to recall such a name, could think of such a family as Corra stated.

"What's more," said the police, "we know just about everybody in town."

"I thought so," declared Miss Dennard. "We'll have the solution of this nasty little trick very shortly, I'm sure."

Before she was required to appear in Police Court, she secured the services of an attorney. To him she imparted her suspicion that Riker had trumped up his charge for the purpose of holding her in duress. Acco[illegible]ingly, the detective was th[illegible]oughly [illegible]prised when the lawyer, Rals[illegible]n Ever[illegible]gham by name, rose in cour[illegible]nd ex[illegible]ding his finger toward Riker, [illegible]id to [illegible] Judge:

"Your honor, I [illegible] to in cha[illegible] this man with conspiracy to [illegible]ere[illegible]th the liberty of Miss Dennard. We [illegible]k that he be taken into custod[illegible] with[illegible]

The sleuth [illegible] to his l[illegible]rlace of bravado drew himself to [illegible] feet.

"Nothing to [illegible] that, Judge; nothing to that, at all," he spluttered. "You can't hold me for anything like that."

"Your honor," insisted the attorney, "the word of this woman is certainly as believable as that of this strange man."

"I'll entertain the charge," decided the Judge. "I don't just like the looks of this affair."

Riker glanced furtively toward the door, as if he would like to make a break for liberty, but an officer quickly reached his side.

The Judge set the hearing for both cases a week ahead. When it came to a question of bond, Corra drew from her purse a draft for five thousand dollars on the banking house of Dorgan & Company, and spread it out for his inspection. He glanced at her quizzically, then announced that she was free to go, on her promise to reappear on the date he had set.

But with Riker it was different. He had no funds with which to furnish a cash bond, and he did not dare to disclose his New York connections, because that would give the lie to the story he had told to Corra on the train. So he was forced to the humiliation of being led away to a cell in the shambling city jail.

But an hour later he had managed to bribe the jailer to permit him to use the telephone. Over a long distance wire he called up his New York headquarters and briefly stated his predicament. Vauker at once set afoot a relie[illegible] that involved the employment of [illegible] New London attorney, and res[illegible] hours later in the parole of t[illegible]tive.

Meanwhile Miss Denna[illegible] lowed time to go to w[illegible] from the stifling courtroom, [illegible] up her list of St. Louis & Southern stockholders. There were two prospects here in New London—Philip Marsden with 1,000 shares, and Claudius Heston with 900 shares—both worth while to make a dicker with.

She found Marsden, a retired sea captain, living in a rambling old place that squatted comfortably amid a grove of century-old oaks. To her surprise it was not hard to deal with him, after she had convinced him that she was able to carry through financially any trade settled upon.

Marsden was ready to turn over his thousand shares because he was getting no interest return on his investment. He had bought the stock when he quit the sea ten years before. It was paying six per cent then, and he figured that the income would very comfortably support himself and his growing family. But when the dividends began to be reduced, and then stopped altogether, he was forced to borrow money on his stock in order to live. A hundred times, he explained to Corra, he had been tempted to sell his shares outright, but he was afraid to send them to any New York broker—"they were such tricky fellows"—he was afraid he would get neither stock nor money back. It was different when she brought the money right to him—and, moreover, offered him two dollars a share more than the price ruling in the big city.

A trip to the captain's bank was necessary to complete the dicker. There Corra deposited ten thousand dollars of her New York credit to clinch the bargain, arranging that the balance of the purchase price would be sent on within three days, when the stock was to be delivered to her, the bank meanwhile holding possession.

"You're some woman," said Captain Marsden, as they left the bank together. "Why, you ain t as flustered over handlin' ten thousand dollars as my old wife [illegible] be over handlin' a ten-dollar bi[illegible] York must be a great place, [illegible] woman kin have sech a heap [illegible] as you've got, and then not [illegible] out and spend it on clothes [illegible] Eh?"

"Oh, there are other things [illegible] women besides clothes and bonn[illegible] responded Corra, with a smile [illegible] mostly sadness.

Yet she was conscious of some[illegible] as she recalled that she had got [illegible] a thousand shares of S. L. S. that w[illegible] not appear among the Stock Exchange

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

sales, and that Paul Kendall could secure possession of by no hook or crook.

Hence she turned briskly to the pursuit of the next stockholder—Claudius Heston. Inquiry showed that he lived three miles out of town. He was old, like Marsden, and had made his money in the same way—from the briny sea. But on retiring he had preferred country to city life, and had secluded himself upon broad reaches of rolling Connecticut farm land. He seclected the place; he told his friends with a sardonic grin, because the waving fields of grain reminded him of the swell of the deep.

Corra decided that she would make the journey to the Heston farm in an automobile. She rented a machine from a garage. She could have operated it herself. To drive a car was one of the things Kendall had taught her in their long association, and she found an exultant joy in sending one along a good country road at a fifty-mile-an-hour gait. But here she needed a guide as well as a driver.

While she waited at the garage door until a chauffeur was found, her quick eye noted a familiar figure in a cafe doorway a block away. The figure, she saw, was watching her closely. It was her train companion of the morning.

"Free, eh?" she said to herself. "And aiming to make more trouble for me, I see. Well, let him come on. I'm ready," and her jaws set, as running her fingers about in the depths of her handbag, they closed upon her little revolver.

Her chauffeur proved to be an uncouth youth, who cranked the car like an amateur and turned on the speed as if he was afraid of the result. As the machine swerved about a far corner, Corra watched Riker make a hurried dash for the garage she had just left. She was not surprised, therefore, when a mile out of town she heard a powerful automobile thundering along behind her.

They were descending a rather steep hill that led to a narrow bridge across a meandering stream. Through the cloud of dust thrown out by Corra's car she glanced hastily backward. Dimly she beheld Riker alone at the wheel of a long, lean, sixty-horse-power machine. He was coming down the hill behind them, like a great hungry tiger after its scampering prey. There was the light of anger, of hate in his eyes. He appeared to gloat, as he saw that he was fast overtaking the forward car.

"Turn on all speed," shouted Corra to her driver, "or he'll strike us. He means to, anyway."

The chauffeur, in alarm, turned first to look backward. Corra noticed his face was gray with fear as he beheld the pursuer. With trembling fingers he fumbled with the speed control. Then he wheeled the car close to the edge of the ditch. With an exclamation of chagrin, Corra climbed into the forward seat and grasped the steering wheel out of the driver's hands.

"He means to kill us, that's plain," she hissed, "but we'll not die alone!"

CHAPTER XII.

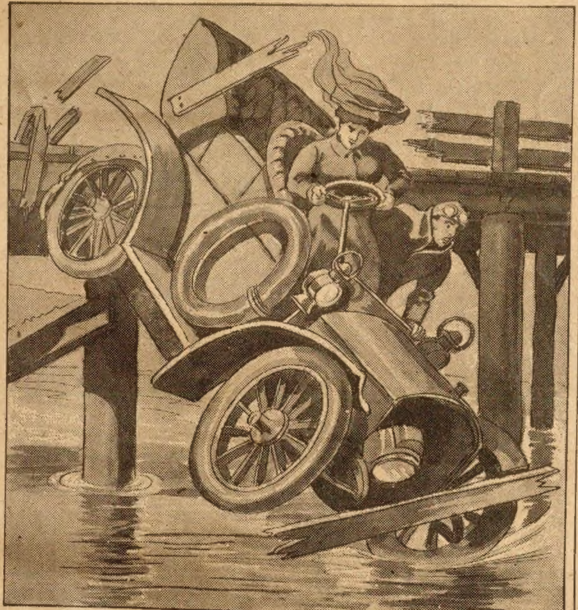
A FATAL PURSUIT.

Corra Dennard was no mean automobile driver. She had hurtled a powerful car along the Motor Parkway on Long Island at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. She had spun ordinary touring cars along country roads, where there was no fear of arrest for fast driving until the speed was so high that only two wheels of the machine appeared to be on the ground at the same time. She was able to strip a wheel of a punctured tire and repair it as quickly and deftly as a man. She could regulate motors, grind valves, and adjust controls with the ability of a mechanic.

But all her knowledge had not equipped her with the information necessary to escape disaster in front of a car almost twice as fast and fully twice as powerful as her own. So, for an instant, as she settled herself in the chauffeur's seat, she seemed to see only a blur of green country ahead of her.

But she quickly mastered her nervousness. One hundred yards ahead lay the ramshackle bridge. It was not more than twenty feet wide, and no footway for pedestrians divided its narrow course. Along each side straggled a wooden rail to guard travelers against falling into the muddy, slow-moving current below.

Corra felt that if she escaped being struck by this ponderous car, sweeping down on her from behind, she must act at once and boldly. Her pursuer could not overtake her before she reached the bridge, but he was certain to run her down in the stiff climb up the road that led away from the farther side of the span. Nor was she mistaken in the purpose of Riker. With head bent forward, eyes glaring through the clouds of dust, and fingers tensely pushing the controls to highest speed, he seemed fairly to drag his machine forward toward his prey.



It crashed through the bridge guard.

He started his pursuit with anger suffusing his heart. Under the spell of the hurricane speed at which he drove the machine, it had turned to a wildly intoxicating desire to strike this woman who had so neatly balked his despicable strategy, to grind her smaller car into the dust, to behold her crushed and broken in the wreck he knew he could cause. Out of this desire sprang the recollection of the last words of instruction he had received from Vauker, as he started on this assignment:

"Don't forget, Tod, that if this young woman never comes back, there's two thousand dollars in it for us. And if you turn the trick, three-quarters of that will be for you."

"To turn the trick" looked so easy now as to provoke a sinister grin upon the sleuth's face. Suppose he struck the car ahead and buried this clever woman in the wreckage and suppose she should be dragged out lifeless? Well, he could claim that it was all an accident, couldn't he? That his steering wheel had refused to answer when he tried to avoid hitting the machine in front of him? Or that a bowlder in the roadway diverted the course of his car beyond his control? So, with a thundering roar and amid a cloud of dust that effectually screened him, he drove malevolently forward at breakneck speed.

But Corra was not without resource. She recognized as well as Riker that a blow from his ponderous machine would undoubtedly crush her car and bury her and her chauffeur, maimed and probably dead, in the debris. There was a single avenue of escape, she decided. She must somehow leave the road and allow her pursuer to go thundering on without hitting her. But how?

Within fifty feet of the edge of the bridge the inspiration came to her. It was dangerous, to be sure, almost foolhardy, but it seemed the only way. Moreover she was in a hectic flush of excitement that inspired the rashest of acts.

A single darting glance revealed to her that the bed of the stream was shallow and that its banks were of the softest ooze, partly concealed by clumps of marsh grass. Afterward she recalled that she wondered whether or not the slimy water and the mud at its edge would spoil her gown.

With arms as of steel she held the machine true as it struck the bridge and trembled under the heavy impact. Then, half way across, with a little gasp of apprehension, as she heard the car of Riker not more than fifty feet behind, she jerked the steering wheel.

The auto answered instantly. It swerved sharply to the left and then, with an impetus like that of a hurdler, it crashed through the bridge guard rail and hurled itself forward into a cushion of ooze on the farther bank of the stream.

Corra did not lose her self-possession for an instant. She even tried to balance the car as it swept from the bridge that it might not turn turtle. She also thought to turn off the power completely. She remembered, too, to cry to her panic-stricken driver, crumpled in the seat beside her, to hang on for his life.

Then she was conscious of a tremendous jar, as a shower of slime rose about her, and of a pain as from a knife thrust in her left forearm. Her chest struck the wheel with an impact that rendered her breathless. Her eyes, wavering into unconsciousness, received a dull impression of the grotesque figure her chauffeur cut as he was catapulted twenty feet forward into the thin mud. Then she drooped quite helpless backward into her seat.

Riker, in pursuit, meanwhile had his own troubles. With a gloat in his eye and the half-suppressed cry in his throat of the hound that is only a few bounds from its prey, he jammed on the last atom of power in his car. He was obsessed with a single idea—to strike the light machine ahead of him and literally annihilate it. He did not pause to think what might be his fate in such a desperate maneuver. He only wanted to strike the woman ahead with the most powerful instrument at hand. And that was his sixty-horse-power auto.

As his car bounded down the hill toward the bridge at terrific speed, he was as a man intoxicated. His head felt flighty. The blood tingled through his veins like myriad needles. His jaws set themselves as those of some steel trap upon a puny victim. Maybe it was the outgrowth of the speed mania; maybe it was the animal passion of the man becoming supreme; whatever the animus, there filled him an unconquerable desire to take life.

So he was really half-insane as he shot down upon the bridge, close behind the car of Corra. There the dust that had partly hidden her in the descent of the hill suddenly cleared and gave him a perfect view of his quarry. In that instant he saw the woman's machine quit the middle of the bridge and dive from its side.

A WOMAN DOCTOR

Was Quick to See That Coffee Poison Was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

"I had neuralgic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and have suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110.

"I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day, a woman doctor advised me to drink Postum. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned.

"So I began to drink Postum, and gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and am still gaining, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough, I expect, to get the coffee poison out of my system.

"Now that a few months have passed since I began to use Postum, I can gladly say that I never know what a neuralgic headache is like any more, and it was nothing but Postum that relieved me.

"Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and would not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they have been for years." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

Well Known Rochester Citizen Saved From Serious Trouble.

I have used your preparation Swamp-Root with great success, and for kidney and bladder trouble I have never found anything to equal it. I have recommended it to a great many people and have never been disappointed as to results obtained from its use. I feel it my duty to write you this as it may be the means of persuading others to give this grand remedy a trial.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root saved me from Bright's Disease and Dropsy in 1884, after the doctors said I could not possibly live.

Yours very truly,
A. J. BROWN,
99 Pembroke St. Rochester, N. Y.

State of New York
County of Monroe } ss.

Personally appeared before me, this 21st day of August, 1911, A. J. Brown, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

NELSON E. SPENCER,
Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Chicago Ledger. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

The Camera that needs No Plates

Make 500% Profit

The PLATELESS TRADE MARK DAYDARK

—Patented U. S. and Foreign—

Pictures Taken Direct on Paper and Finished in 30 Seconds

No Plates—No Printing

Simple, accurate, self-focused—complete. A 10-year-old boy may successfully make Full Size Photo Post Cards of any subject at the rate of one per minute.

A Guarantee for absolute satisfaction is furnished with each ***Plateless Daydark***, and your money will be refunded without a single question if dissatisfied. ***The Plateless Daydark*** and the ***Direct Positive Process*** on paper is something entirely new—something that eliminates all possible chance of failure, making every effort a successful one.

Special inducements NOW on Complete Outfits, $12.50 to $25.00.

Write for full information to-day.

Desk 14 **Daydark Specialty Co., St. Louis, Mo.**

DO YOU WANT A GOOD Position as a Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman

Where You Can Earn From $1,000 to $5,000 a Year and Your Expenses?

We will teach you to be an expert Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in six to eight weeks and our **Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you learn.** We cannot begin to supply the demand of leading business houses in all parts of America for our students. If you want to enter the best paid, most independent profession in the world, **write today for our handsome free catalog, "A Knight of the Grip,"** also testimonial letters from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions; list of positions now open, and full particulars of the special offer we are now making new students.

Address our nearest office. Dept. 159

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n
Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle
New Orleans Toronto

Will You Risk 1 Cent for $1.00?

If you are in a territory where you buy your whisky by mail, send me your name and address and I will send you something by return mail that will positively be worth $1.00 to you. No strings attached to this offer. I want your name and am willing to pay for it. Send it today to **R. G. Van,** Sales Manager, **Consumers' Distributing Co., St. Louis, Mo.,** and see what I will send you.

WATCHES SILVERWARE CURTAINS CAMERAS FREE

etc., or Cash, given for selling only 20 of our **New Mottoes and Pictures** size 12x16 in., such as, Rock of Ages, Family Record, Lord's Prayer, God Bless Our Home, Love One Another, etc. Send for 20 today and sell them at 10c each. When sold send us $2.00 and we will send you any premium you want from our large list of presents. Satisfaction guaranteed. **H. E. BECKER & CO. 508 So. Dearborn St., Dept. 33, CHICAGO**

MEN WOMEN AMAZING PROFITS

IN MUSHROOMS. Anybody can add $8 to $40 per week to their income, in spare time, entire year growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, barns, boxes, etc. I tell you where to sell at highest prices. Free Illustrated Instruction Booklet. **HIRAM BARTON, 314 W. 48th St., New York**

FUTURE—Past, Present revealed. Silver dime; birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second St., Kewanee, Ill.

LADIES, Send me $1 and your combings and I will make them into Switches, Puffs, etc. Mme. Gates, Hair Dealer, Norfolk, Va.

Stunned with surprise, one hand left the steering wheel in a gesture of astonishment. The move was fatal. The car, moving at tremendous speed, seemed to feel that it was not under perfect control. There was the slightest wabble of the front wheels, and before Riker could clamp his loose hand down on the wheel again the machine squirmed away from him like a frightened snake.

Once started awry, nothing could stay its erratic flight. With a cry of horror the detective felt the car plunge sideways, and then, with a crash through the bridge guard rail, leap like a thing of life from the right side of the span. In the air, the car turned partly on its side and jammed its way into the mud and water on the opposite side of the bridge from that on which Corra had gone down. Riker, held by the wheel, was buried in a foot of slime by the savage impact. Had there been any life left he would have been unable to raise a finger to aid himself, for he was pinned beneath the weight of the car.

Corra's chauffeur, dragging himself out of the mud into which he had fallen, beheld the pursuing machine take its dive from the other side of the bridge. When no cry came from the wreck, he decided intuitively that the daredevil who had driven it must be dead.

He felt like running away from the spot, until he beheld Miss Dennard slowly returning to consciousness. Then he went to her, dashed a cupped handful of water into her face, and stood in mud half way to his knees, as in embarrassment he watched her return to full sensibility.

"Where is he?" was her first inquiry, as with gray-white face she nursed her injured left arm against her breast.

"Over there." The chauffeur pointed without daring to look.

"Wrecked?" she asked, as she leaned down to look beyond the bridge. "My God, yes!" she exclaimed, as she beheld the half-buried car. Let's get to him."

She made her driver carry her to dry footing, and hurried him by the lash of her tongue to the side of the wrecked big car. Gingerly he reached down to grasp a wisp of hair he noticed swaying just below the surface of the water. But he let go with a shudder when he found it belonged to a human head, lifeless and staring-eyed.

"He's drowned!" he whispered in awe to Corra, on the brink of the stream.

"Do you know who he is?" she asked.

"Nope; never saw his face before."

"Dive your hand into his pockets, and see if you can find anything by which to identify him," she directed.

The chauffer stooped and drew forth a package from the dead man's inner coat pocket. He paused before he passed it over to Corra, in order to look with bulging eyes at the photograph, water-soaked, yet decipherable, which topped the packet.

"Why, if it ain't you!" the man exclaimed, glancing from the picture to Miss Dennard and then back again.

She took the bundle and looked with dazed eyes at the photograph. Astonished for a moment that her picture should have been found under such tragic circumstances, she solved the mystery when she turned it over and beheld on the back, written in her own hand, but with the ink now badly smeared: "To Paul from Corra."

"And to think that he would set a bloodhound like this on me!" she murmured with a sigh. She had little need to look farther for an identification of the automobile's victim. A card showed his name and connections: "Theodore Riker. Vauker Detective Agency, New York."

"Come," she said, weakly, as she caught the edge of the bridge for support, "my arm pains dreadfully. Try to get me to a hospital."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PLUNGER'S STRATEGY.

Meantime Paul Kendall, chained in body, had been active in mind. He readily apprehended the purpose of his imprisonment. He was convinced now that Corra Dennard was really his antagonist in a desperate stock market battle, and that, like himself, she was not to halt at the boldest and most unscrupulous measures to effect his defeat.

With ankles and wrists still shackled, he sat on the narrow bed in his little room on the second floor of the Frothingham garage, chin sunk in his hands, and tried to evolve some new expedient for escape from his present dilemma.

Twenty-four hours had passed, he estimated, since his incarceration had begun. He had been decently fed, but the drink had been aggravating. It had been only water. His throat thirsted for wine.

His efforts toward freedom had failed. Twice he had proposed bribes to Benson, his chauffeur-jailer, but they had availed naught but gruff refusals. Once he had crawled to the door of his prison room and hammered it with his shackled wrists until it shook upon its fastenings. But that had only resulted in his being thrown back violently upon the bed and bound there with a strap. Once, too, he had managed to snap the gag loose from his mouth and emit a frenzied call for help. But Benson was close at hand, and he had cuffed him so relentlessly for the outbreak that he was cowed into silence thereafter.

Most of his thoughts were devoted to his deal in the market. He wondered fretfully whether Corra intended to keep him prisoner until the time limit for the completion of it had expired. That, he admitted, would be a terrible revenge, for it would involve the loss of his fortune and the branding of his name in Wall street with the ignominy of failure.

In his pent-up anger the desire surged through him to be able to fasten his fingers in the throat of this human Nemesis, who appeared to be cleverer than he, and to squeeze the breath out of her. He found himself hoping that Tod Riker would be able to claim the reward he had promised for the permanent disappearance of the woman he had loved. Out of his broken sleep he wakened frequently to find his fingers clenched and his face working in an excess of hate. And through it all the thirst for strong drink possessed him.

His chance came when, in the evening of the second day, a strange guard appeared. Benson, worn out by his long vigil, had appealed to Ted Frothingham for relief, and between them they had impressed into their service a stalwart young chauffeur from a neighboring garage. Buck Tyson was his name, and mighty was his strength. But his countenance was boyish and pleasant, and Kendall, in his extremity, decided to make an appeal to him.

With signs of pain that the new guard could not mistake, the speculator secured the removal of the gag from his mouth.

"Kid," he whispered, when he was free to speak, "I'm just about dead. I've been strung up this way for twenty-four hours. I don't know what you're getting for your part in this job, but I'll guarantee to double it if you'll only help me to stop some of my pain. See—" and he held up his wrists in the dim light to show where the carking handcuffs had rubbed the flesh raw in spots. "Loosen these blamed things so that I can have a little rest, and I'll gladly give you a ten-spot."

"Quit your 'kidding,'" was the laughing reply. "You haven't got a ten-spot to give."

"Stick your hand in my trouser's pocket and pull out what you find there," returned Kendall, encouraged.

Tyson, with a smirk, did as requested, drawing out a roll of greenbacks large enough to fill even his giant fist.

"Now count them," instructed the plunger.

Tyson gingerly began to peel off the bills. They were all tens, and when he had completed the count, he found there were sixty of them.

"Six hundred dollars," he announced with bulging eyes.

"I'll give you ten of them for ten minutes' rest from these bracelets," Kendall tempted.

The guardsman looked warily around. Then his eyes went back to the roll of bills in his hand.

"But I can't," he said, half-regretfully, "I haven't got the key."

"Get a file downstairs then, and file them apart," suggested the Wall street man.

"Then they'd know I'd helped to let you loose," Tyson returned.

"No, they wouldn't," argued the prisoner. "I'll tell 'em I broke them loose myself."

"Oh, you know well enough they wouldn't believe that stall," scoffed the chauffeur.

"How much are you getting for your part in this little drama?" inquired Kendall, artlessly.

"Twenty dollars," returned Tyson, promptly.

"And you'll turn down an offer of a hundred dollars when you can earn it in ten minutes? Come, kid, don't be foolish now," exhorted the prisoner.

"Well, then, it's only for ten minutes," the young man assented.

"Only for ten minutes," agreed Kendall, "and you can count out your pay right now."

"Oh, I ain't afraid of not getting that," grinned the chauffeur, thrusting the roll of bills deep into his own pocket. "I'm going to be your banker for a while."

For the first time since he had been caught, Paul allowed himself the luxury of a smile, as his guard descended the stairs of the garage in search of a file. He returned with two, but set to work diffidently upon the handcuffs.

"Say," he said, looking up uncertainly at Kendall, "this is going to get me in mighty bad with these folks," and he nodded toward the house.

"You can afford to get in mighty bad, kid," encouraged the plunger. "I'll make your pay two hundred instead of one hundred dollars."

Whereupon Tyson set to work more diligently. It required ten minutes of active work, however, to wrench the handcuffs apart. With a groan Kendall stretched out his freed arms.

"Say, but that feels better," he panted. "Another hour of those would have just about driven me nutty."

Tyson drew out his watch and marked the time.

"Ten minutes to eight," he announced. "At eight o'clock I've got to get you back into these somehow."

"That's too easy," returned the prisoner. "I'll show you a trick about them when the time's up."

He eyed the chauffeur closely for a moment. Then he proposed:

"Kid, I'm just about dying for a drink of brandy. You don't know what it is to be tied up this way for twenty-four hours when you're used to a drink about every half-hour. I tell you it's about as bad as hell. Be a good fellow, now, and help me to a swallow."

Tyson looked up inquiringly.

"Oh, it's easy. Run out and buy me a bottle of Cognac, and when you come back with it I'll be glad to give you the whole roll you're carrying."

"You're joking," blurted the guard incredulously.

"I'm in deadly earnest," insisted Kendall. "Listen, boy; six hundred dollars for a drink. You'll never have the chance again to pick up money so easily."

"Six hundred bucks. Wow!" exclaimed Tyson. "You're something of a tempter."

"Well, hustle along now," urged the prisoner, "or my ten minutes of freedom will be up."

"And you'll agree not to make any getaway while I'm gone?" dickered the tempted man.

"How can I get away with these bracelets on my ankles?" scoffed Kendall. "Get along with you, now."

And Tyson with the six hundred dollars burning in his pocket, locked the door behind him and scooted down the garage stairway and away in search of a bottle of brandy.

As he heard the outer door of the building close, Kendall sprang into feverish action. He grabbed up the larger of the two files Tyson had brought from the toolroom below, and set to work to rasp the steel anklets loose. It was no easy task. The file grated the skin of his delicate fingers until here and there a thin drop of blood exuded. His wrists, made raw by the chafing of the handcuffs, burned and smarted sharply. His head, bent low over his work, swam sickeningly.

But he toiled with desperate energy. Once he halted as he thought he heard Tyson's returning footsteps, then set to work more vigorously, cursing himself

(Continued on page twenty-five.)

Have You Tried This?

Simple Prescription Said to Work Wonders for Rheumatism.

This has been well known to the best doctors for years as the quickest and most reliable cure obtainable for rheumatism and back-ache. It has been published here for several winters and hundreds of the worst cases cured by it in a short time. "From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime." Results come the first day. If your druggist does not have Toris Compound in stock he will get it in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take some patient medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original, one ounce, sealed, yellow package.

* * *

But an office seeker would rather occupy a seat in the political band wagon than own an automobile.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

A man may think he has a will of his own, but it doesn't cut much of a figure at home if he has a wife.

* * *

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (Z)

* * *

Some men are born great and some others roll up their trousers and wade right into the midst of greatness.

* * *

I CAN CURE YOU OF RHEUMATISM FREE

This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effect of rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

After spending $20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty-six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free.

Don't send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it promptly.

Your absolute satisfaction at all times is positively guaranteed.

Every day lost means one day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 96 C, Delano Building, Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

Beware of the big-browed girl, young man. She is apt to know more about the aorist tense of Greek verbs than she does about hash manufacturing.

Let A

The

Maker

Save You $48.75

Take Your Own Time to Pay

The Adler Plan Wipes Out The

All Records Broken In Mos
Nation-wide Sale of Organs Ever
petition Entirely Swept Away B
From-Factory, Free-Home-Trial
It Will Pay You To Read Every

An *Adler Organ* in your home will
ing source of pleasure, refinement, ed
ture, making home the most attractive
paying for itself over and over again
your home life that which money can
ness and contentment.

Its value cannot be measured in d
Think what a satisfaction it will be to l
music—what pleasure to sing to its acc
songs we love with the ones we love be

I firmly believe that if there were
in every home in America we would
ness men, better working men, bette
citizens because of the elevating pow
because I wanted to make it possible
to know the delights of music, I hav
wonderful *Adler* plan of selling organs
the "*Adler*" a household word; mor
these famous organs are now in the
people. The time has arrived—this
to send for my Wonderful Free Org
how you can have the World's Be
highest prize at St. Louis World'
home for 30 Days Trial withou

So easy, too, to buy an "*Ad*
my Catalog. Select the Adler C
I will ship it at once. *Have it a mo*
money until you decide to buy. T
to keep it, after thorough examina
your convenience in small amount
interest. I will do even more than that
a year, the "*Adler*" fails to make g
I claim for it, I will refund every doll
And more: I will give you the long
guarantee ever made on an organ—
You see how easy it is to own the

I can and will save you $48.75 be
from the $500,000 *Adler* Organ Fa
existence) at lowest wholesale fac
Adler Plan thoroughly wrecks
absolutely sponging out *all*
middlemen's profits you pay on othe

Mail Coupon! You can't afford
until you see my
$48.75. So write for my Organ Book
The Coupon or a Postal will bring it

CYRUS L. ADLER, Pr
Adler Manufacturing Co.

CYRUS L. ADLER, Pres't., Adle
3206 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, K
Send me my copy of the Wonderf
trated Adler Organ Book.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

Accept This Swell

One of Many Styles

Yes, FREE. We start our
representatives out looki
our outfit *free*, at once, big
ple books, attractive fabrics
plates, with our *new*, remark
making offer, *your* extr
as well. Swell-dressed,
you can make big m
superior line of men's
samples—orders com
easy. Spare time or a
or experience necess
or red tape. We tru

YOU CAN

$5 Per D
$30 to
Other ag
do as wel
five territory and spec
price so you can unde
and make *big profit*.
see your suit they will
swellest, hand-tailored
garments. They will sav
up. Fit, workmanship, m
by bond. Finest for sty

SAMPLE SUIT
Everything in
Just for you.
FREE To You
OUTFIT

We back one man this way in each **SEN**
locality. Chance of your lifetime
to get swell clothes and make most money.
risk. *Everything sent express paid.* Hur

Great Central Tailoring Co.

L. O., P. & G. RA
LAND DEPARTME
Is opening up for settlement some o
ing lands in Florida, all in the bea
River Valley, close to railroad, go
markets. Wonderful opportuni
making in this section.
FARMS FREE To settler
very easy
the most liberal offer ever heard of a
JOHN H. MULHOLL
Land Commissioner, P.O. Box 8

$2.50 GUARANTEED
To advertise our busines
duce our great cata
send this go
to any add
$2.50.
and gold finished
is of standard A
ruby jeweled, qui
a marvelously corr
guaranteed for 10 y
tisement with $2.
to you by return
wanted. Gents or Lad
or money refunded. Sen

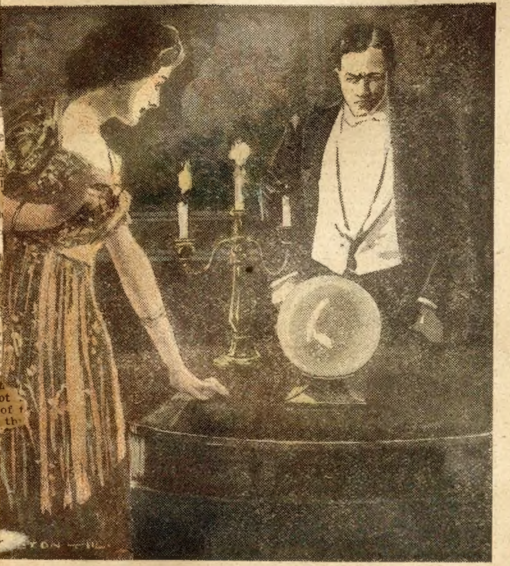
R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dear

B CEL
AND RIN
This beautiful
ished and
bracelet and
ring both
selling only 12 of
Motto Pictures at
Write for pictures
anteed. HAMPDEN MFG.

HE VANISHED BRIDE;

Or, THE MYSTIC PROFILE

By EDYTH KIRKWOOD



"Let me try what I can do."

ht 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]
No. 5, February 3. Subscrip-
n begin with that issue, or
es can be obtained from news
ur agents or by mail from the
publication.

CHAPTER XVIII.

…! I have found,
is ugly riddle, a good sign."

IN THE "white chamber" over at Wolverton's the light fell softly on a curious scene. The snowy draperies of velvet and silver gave a strange impression of silence, a solemn hush such as occurs after a deep storm in mid-
nter of the apartment was a
ed with a white cloth on
a large globe of purest crys-
unlight entered freely, danc-
descent gleams across the
casting a beam athwart the
n which was depicted the

people were in the room.
efore the table was Ellyn
yes were fixed on the crystal
dark hair was pushed back
eautiful face, which looked
rigid in the hypnotic trance.
you see?" asked Mr. Wolver-

moved, but no sound was
looked wrapt, intent, as
ning. "What do you hear?"
r. Allison, with authority.
of the sea," she answered,
The waves lashing against

the rocks," he said "and
waves. What next?"
and an island. The inlet is
highest bowlders, narrow
ed; but the water there is
fe."
land?" queried Tom.
a thick blue mist. I cannot

gh the mist."
al clouds. I cannot see."
drooped suddenly and rested

ted!" cried Christine
P forward to her aid.
iments are fatal to health."
thing," said Tom Allison,
oked a trifle pale. "She will
ediately."
ght. In a moment she was
evidently had no recollection
had seen in her trance.
sfactory?" she asked, with

her, though you have helped
," said Alan Emery. "Allow
you for your efforts in my
elieve you have materially
ne of our seamen about here
ssibility of an inlet beyond
the circle of rocks on which stand the ruins of the lighthouse."

"No," agreed Mr. Wolverton. "The circle is supposed to be impenetrable."

"Let me try what I can do," said Romaine, coming forward from beyond.

"Try what?" said Dr. Bolton as he entered. "They told me you were up here, and I said I would join you," he added, turning to Mr. Wolverton, who welcomed him cordially. "But what was Romaine going to try?"

"My skill," she replied. "I am very successful in crystal gazing."

"Fudge!" said the doctor. "Stuff! Nonsense! Why do you want to use up your nerve force in such exhausting practices?"

"You forget," said Romaine, quietly. "It comes natural to me. I am like that girl in the story, who could handle the poison flower with impunity because they had been brought up together. Magic and I are old friends."

Mr. Wolverton winced.

Dr. Bolton frowned and shrugged his shoulders. Crossing over to where Mr. Wolverton was standing, he said a few words in a low tone.

The reply was equally low, but Romaine, guessing that she was about to be forbidden, did not wait for interdiction. She was already kneeling before the crystal, gazing steadily into its pellucid depths.

"Have you passed through the inlet?" asked Tom Allison. "Yes, but the mist is thick. I see a few steps ascending. Shall I go up?"

"Yes; go."

They waited in silence; but not long. Romaine's face expressed wonder and awe.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Indescribable!"

"But tell us more. What is beautiful? What is indescribable?" demanded Tom eagerly.

"I cannot tell," she murmured, ecstatically. "It is like a great dome, but the top is open to the sky. The sun shines through on a lonely lake. Glittering stalactites hang everywhere about, and by the borders of the lake there stands a pretty cottage."

"Are there people there?"

"Yes, two ladies. One is tall and dark. She is dressed in a combination of brown—light and dark brown—that scarcely shows against the walls of the inclosure, as the colors are the same. The other one has on a blue gown. She is young and very fair."

"Do they seem friendly?" asked Tom, anxiously.

Romaine did not answer at once. She seemed to be watching and weighing. After a while she frowned and shivered.

"No," she said, sadly; "they are at variance. The young lady pleads, the older one is evidently refusing something that she wishes. There is a strange looking old woman coming and going about the place. One of her shoulders is higher than the other, and her face has a sinister cast. She seems to be watching something that is lying on the floor of the cave."

"What is it?"

Romaine looked puzzled.

"I—don't know," she replied. "It is like a huge vegetable—a citron or pumpkin of mammoth size. But it is moving as though it were alive; struggling, writhing—as though pulling at a chain."

An exclamation of wonder broke from the others.

"Try," said Tom, earnestly. "Try to tell us what it is."

"I cannot," returned Romaine, helplessly, "for I do not know. I don't think it is anything alive, though it is certainly moving."

"It is very strange," continued Romaine, after a moment's silence, "but they seem to know that I am observing them—one of them, at least. She is looking directly into my eyes. She waves her hand. I—am—afraid——"

Mr. Wolverton and Dr. Bolton stepped forward.

Mr. Allison was in an agony of impatience. Romaine seemed at the very point of success, and yet she was about to fail.

"Everything is growing blurred—misty. The cave has vanished. I see only the lighthouse, and off to one side, very faint and far away, a shadowy island with a hut and one tree."

"Try to reach the hut," said Tom, quickly.

"I have reached it. The door stands open; but there is little to see. It is merely a shelter. I am so tired!"

"That will do then," said Tom, throwing a cloth over the crystal and arousing the girl from her trance.

She looked up brightly, albeit she was pale.

"Did I find what you wanted?" she asked.

"Yes," said Tom, quietly, "and we thank you. Tomorrow," he continued, turning to Mr. Emery, "we shall begin the search."

"Why not today?" asked Mr. Emery, with frenzied impatience.

"Today, if you like," said Tom promptly. "I am ready."

"Then now, now, now—let us be off!"

"Wait. We must organize a little. How many of us are to go?"

"We four men," said Mr. Wolverton. "Every one of us. We shall need all our forces if we are not to be outwitted again. Are you free today, Dr. Bolton?"

"Comparatively so, yes. I have seen most of my patients, and the others can wait. Let me advise a basket of luncheon, in case of some unexpected delay, and a few shawls and rugs."

"How about arms—weapons?"

"They will not be needed," said Mr. Wolverton, nervously. Tom Allison turned toward Mr. Emery, and by a quick motion showed him a revolver in an inner pocket.

The other nodded silently and this little byplay was unnoticed.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Mystic was the life she led;
  Picking herbs in secret nooks—
Finding, as the people said,
  'Tongues in trees and books in
    brooks.' "

An hour or two later, Mr. Wolverton's steam yacht was gliding swiftly toward the lighthouse.

The sea, smooth as glass beyond, grew rough and angry as they approached, and what with shoals and intervening rapids, they were compelled to have a small boat lowered, and trust themselves to cross to the inlet by dint of rowing, paddling, or pushing. The inlet itself which gave entrance to the interior of the island, was extremely swift, and at first they despaired of getting through. Then, all at once, they succeeded.

"At last!" exclaimed Mr. Emery. "We are in at last. Now may the fates be kind!"

The others were too absorbed in gazing about them to reply, and the place justified their interest.

Almost perfectly circular, with jagged rocks of various hues from delicate rose to dullest gray, it was as though they lay in the heart of a huge yet exquisite shell. Anxious though they were and impatient to push on, they paused, one and all, to admire the wondrous beauty of the spot.

But only for a moment. At the farther end the waves lapped gently against a flight of steps roughly hewn in the rock. They landed, made fast the boat, and ascended.

If the entrance was beautiful, what words can describe the interior? It was a large cave, glittering with stalactites, dazzlingly splendid under the dancing sunlight. For the dome-shaped roof was open at the top, open to the sky, the intense blue of which was reflected in the pool that lay in the center. On one side was a neat construction, too dainty to be called a hut, yet not pretentious enough for the term cottage. It contained several rooms and appeared to be under the care of a weird-looking wom-

MILLINERY CATALOG FREE

LATEST STYLES of Millinery FOR SPRING & SUMMER 1912 John M. Smyth Mdse. Co. CHICAGO

To convince those who have never bought millinery of us that our hats are prettiest and prices lowest, we will sell as long as they last, 7600 beautiful turbans like picture at only $1.80. It's an exquisitely pretty turban, the very latest city style for Spring 1912; imported Paris shape. Hand made on 11 in. wide wire frame, daintily covered with rich champagne colored imported straw cloth with over lay on top crown of rich silk and pyroxylin braid. On left side appear six lovely, medium sized, yellow muslin roses and foliage. Completing this charming hat is a pretty sash of champagne color Jap silk carried around the crown and finished at left side with fascinating loops and knot. We recommend the hat in colors described, but when desired will supply black, brown, white, navy or light blue, with pink, white, light blue, yellow or red flowers.

Send $1.80 Order No. 24X80, state color of trimming wanted and we will send this exquisitely pretty turban hat, the very latest Paris style for 1912 to you by express. Examine it at your leisure, criticise it, compare it with your home milliners' turbans at double our price, try it on and see how pretty it looks on you, and then if you find the hat the prettiest, daintiest turban you ever tried on, the most chic and becoming hat you ever wore, keep it. Otherwise return it to us at our expense and we will gladly and promptly refund your $1.80. Order this lovely turban hat today or send now for our **Big, Free Millinery Catalogue** which shows hundreds of pictures of rich, beautifully trimmed hats for women, misses and children, exact copies of exquisite Spring of 1912 Paris styles especially designed for us by famous milliners at a cost of $20 to $60 each. Every hat at less than half your milliners' price. We also show in this great catalogue a wonder line of ostrich feathers, flowers, millinery trimmings at wholesale prices. Amazon plumes 65c up, French Curl $1.69 up. Full line of imported flowers and foliage and beautiful Spring ready to wear hats, children's hats, shapes and trimmings.

$1.80

Start a Millinery Store Invest $25.00 and make from $15.00 to $25.00 a week. No experience necessary. Full particulars given in our Special Millinery Catalogue. WRITE FOR IT TODAY—IT'S FREE.

JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO. 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

$50 A Week—EASY

Here's the easiest, quickest money you ever heard of. Just send name and address—we will ship—express prepaid—Swellest Big Outfit of Samples and Color Plates, showing over 100 correct and latest styles in Men's Made-to-Measure Clothing; also special offer of a free suit to you. We back you to win, no money or experience necessary.

Best Tailoring On Earth

Appeals to every thinking man. Suits and Top Coats, $9.50 up; Pants, $2.50 up. Perfect work guaranteed or money back. Special confidential, inside wholesale prices and guarantee you can undersell all others. You coin money with our goods. We put you in big paying business and take all risk, show you how and give you exclusive territory. Most liberal attractive offer ever made, *bar none!* Your one best chance. Keep this private and write us today.

ELK TAILORING CO.
753 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

THIS SUIT and Big Outfit FREE

I DEVELOPED MY BUST

gained a splendid figure, clear complexion and good health by the method used by the most beautiful Frenchwomen. This is the ONLY way. I know that others say the same but I PROVE it, and they do not. My book, "Womanly Beauty," tells all about every known method, and shows intelligent women what to choose and what to avoid. Testimonials that anyone can write are not PROOF, nor are pictures of actresses, nor exagerations, nor misleading "Free" offers. I show how you may be absolutely SURE before you spend a cent. **I PROVE to YOU that my method is better than any other, yet costs less.** You are the judge. If I fail to PROVE this I will give you a full treatment free. I mean just what I say—FREE—there are no strings to this. If you have ever been disappointed and are looking for a "square deal", you need the book. Why not have it? I will send it with pleasure, SEALED and POSTPAID, if you write NOW. A postal will do. Address **MADAM WILLIAMS**

D. A. SANATIVE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE You Can Have This Switch FREE

Send us a sample of your hair and we will mail you this beautiful **22-inch human hair switch to match.** If satisfactory send us **$1.50** any time within 10 days, or sell 3 to your friends for $1.50 each and get yours **absolutely free.** Extra shades a little higher. Souvenir catalog showing latest styles of fashionable hairdressing, etc., on request. Enclose 5c postage. **Marguerite Colly,** Dept. 270, 115 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

FREE WATCH RING & CHAIN

STEM WIND AND SET

For Giving Away Twelve Large Beautiful Pictures

With 12 boxes of our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** you sell for us at 25c per box. Big seller. No two pictures alike. Big cash commission if you prefer. Everyone buys after you show pictures. Agents make $3.00 daily. Send name and address at once—we send Cloverine and pictures by return mail. Write today.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 72, Tyrone, Pa.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU may be able to write a big seller. Thousands of dollars in successful songs. Send us your WORDS or MELODIES. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Washington only place to secure copyright.

H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 220, Washington, D. C.

GIVEN BOY'S AIR RIFLE

This dandy rifle free for selling 20 pkgs. ART Post Cards at 10c per pkge. Send for cards today. When sold, send us $2.00 and rifle will be sent you at once.

GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 502, CHICAGO.

BE A CHAUFFEUR. Earn $200 per month; travel; be employed the year round. Write Cliff Hogan, 1502 Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Fashions for Spring & Summer 1912

Where Many of the Well Dressed Women Come From

In almost every community in the United States; in almost every country on the globe, there are well dressed women who buy their clothes from Montgomery Ward & Co. They buy through our Women's Fashion Book, an authority for the latest, the best creations for women's wear. The fit, the fabric, the style, the wearing qualities of their clothes are of the same high grade that is found in the clothing of the most fashionably dressed women of the big cities. And yet, these Montgomery Ward & Co. customers are paying only two-thirds, and often only one-half of what other women who buy from retail stores are paying.

And, madam, you, too, can have the best quality of clothing that money and brains can manufacture if you will buy them through the pages of our WOMEN'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION BOOK. You need only put your name and address on the coupon below and the number 30, which is the number of this book, and it will be sent to you at once, free of charge. Remember that we guarantee the fit, style, fabric, workmanship—everything—about each single garment, to please you perfectly. If for any reason you are not entirely pleased, you may return your purchase at once and we will refund your money and any transportation charges you have paid.

Put the numbers of the other books you want on the coupon also.

2. Pianos.
3. Organs.
4. Trunks.
7. Furniture.
9. Wall paper.
11. Grocery List.
15. Carpets & Rugs.
17. Baby Carriages.
19. Sewing Machines.
24. Underwear Samples.
27. Baby's Dress and Toilet.
30. Women's Spring Fashion-Book.
35. Dry Goods.
36. Muslin Wear.
37. Millinery.

Put the numbers of the books you need on this coupon, and your name and adress, and send it to us immediately.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

Chicago Avenue Bridge, CHICAGO
19th and Campbell Sts. KANSAS CITY

Please send me the following books free of charge:

Book Numbers 30, ...

Name ....

P. O. 162

State ....

Send coupon to the nearer address

We Give to Every Woman Beautiful 31-Piece Dinner Set

For a few hours work. Simply send your name and address for 12 boxes of *White Cloverine Salve* in Handsome tin boxes, postpaid, also 12 different Beautiful Art—kind usually sold for $1.00 each. Sell the salve at 25c per box with one picture free. When all are sold send us $3.00 and we will send you this beautiful 31-piece dinner set. Every piece full size, handsomely decorated with violets and gold border. *White Cloverine Salve*-used by millions for over 15 years. Is the best remedy known for sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, colds, etc. Write to-day—now.

$3.00 Daily Earned By Regular Agents.

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. 76, Tyrone, Pa.

FREE TO YOU

LIBERTY BELL BANGLE PIN

We mean what we say. We will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE THIS LOVELY BANGLE PIN which is the latest and best Jewelry Novelty if you will send us the names and addresses of two friends and your own name and address.

REED MFG. CO., 19 Sun St., PROVIDENCE, R.I.

GUARANTEED **WATCH AND RING FREE**

We give an American made, stem wind and set Watch, GUARANTEED 5 YEARS, also fine Congo Gem Ring for selling only 20 of our

NEW MOTTO PICTURES

at 10c each. Regular price 25c. Send for pictures and large premium list to-day. We send them postpaid. When sold, send us the $2.00 and Watch and Ring and a nice Chain will be sent promptly.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Alton Watch Co. Dept 1101 Chicago

START IN BUSINESS For Yourself. Book giving many plans that require almost no capital sent for 50c coin or stamps. E. L. Browning, Haymarket Theatre Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

MONEY IN IDEAS—EDISON Greatest Inventor, tells "How to Invent" in booklet, sent free, by HENRY N. COPP, Registered Patent Attorney 61, Washington, D.C.

Asthma REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 986 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

an who was stooping before a basket of freshly washed linen.

She turned a forbidding face as Mr. Wolverton addressed her, and shook her head as though she was too deaf to hear.

Dr. Bolton at once perceived that she was feigning.

"My good woman," he said, curtly, "we have neither time nor inclination for nonsense. We are looking for Mrs. Alan Emery."

"She is not here," replied the hag.

"Where is she?"

The old woman laughed a cracked, cackling, rattling laugh, but her merriment was genuine and hearty, and struck the seekers with dismay.

"Where is she?" repeated Mr. Emery, faintly. "Where is my wife?"

"Where you cannot follow," sneered the woman.

"Explain yourself!" he cried. "What can you mean? Is she dead?"

"No."

"Then what on earth can you mean?"

"Just what I say. She is where you cannot follow."

"Can I speak with her?"

"Dear sakes, no! She is too far off."

"Can I see her?"

"I don't know if she is still within sight." As she spoke, she gazed up through the dome into the sky.

The gentlemen looked at each other significantly. "She is crazy," their glances implied.

"Wait a minute," she continued. "I'll go and find out if we can see them yet."

She stepped to the opening of the cave and looked up. The others followed and did likewise.

"Yonder—yonder!" exclaimed the hag. "See! yonder speck!"

"An airship! A balloon!" exclaimed Tom Allison. "What murderous freak is this?"

Mr. Wolverton smote his breat in misery. Dr. Bolton and Mr. Emery were speechless with horror.

"Wait," said the practical Tom. "And idea occurs to me." Then, turning to the old woman, who was chuckling with delight over their dismay, he demanded: "Is this a frequent pastime with these ladies?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, calmly.

"Ah! indeed. Then who manages the aseent?"

"I do," said the dame, proudly, "when there is no one else. There isn't much to do."

"How do you get them down?" he queried significantly. "It is a captive balloon, of course, with a rope attached; but it must take prodigious strength."

"The machinery is perfect," replied the woman, "a new sort. A child could work it."

"I'm fond of machinery," said Tom, musingly, as though speaking to himself. "I would like to see anything new in the airship line."

"Then you have come to the wrong place," she answered, snappishly. "You will see nothing here."

Turning back, she went into the cave and shut herself up in the cottage.

"We are foiled again," said Mr. Emery, hopelessly. "I begin to think that to seek my wife is only to endanger her."

Mr. Allison bit his mustache with an absent air. He was pondering. Presently he drew Mr. Wolverton aside.

"There is absolutely nothing to be done," he said. "To seize the apparatus and force a descent might cause some horrible disaster. We can only wait for a better chance. Don't you think it would be best to try to find the island off to the left—the island with the single tree?"

"If you like," replied Mr. Wolverton, listlessly. He looked haggard and tired.

The others weer more alert. The old woman, now that she was about to get rid of them, emerged, and showed herself more amiable. She pointed out the beauties of the cave which they had been too absorbed to observe. She even grew confidential and offered to show them an easier way to get out, for which they were duly grateful.

As they pushed off to regain the yacht, the tinkle of a bell was heard and the creaking of machinery.

"Look up! Look up!" exclaimed Dr. Bolton. "The balloon is coming down!"

CHAPTER XX.

"From evil and forbidden things
Some good she thinks to win,
And to the last analysis
Experiments with sin."

High, high up above the earth, Caryl Emery cowered in deadly fear. Crouched on the floor of the car, she gave herself up to despair.

Delphine did not maltreat her in the sense of being rude or violent; she merely made it apparent that she meant to keep her from her husband.

The outlook from the airship was superb and wondrously varied. Clouds were banked one upon another, rounded, peaked, in chains like mountains, or spread evenly like snow. The sun's rays, lying over these humid masses, caused them to assume the loveliest hues imaginable; violet blended into rose and changed again to purest white. Rifts and partings gave rise to new effects. The air was now icy, now balmy. A puff of wind in this direction or that sent the clouds scurrying and brought about the most unexpected, astonishing changes in an instant of time. Sounds arose with curious distinctness. A bird's whistle, the rumble of wheels, the shouting of men below, reached them as though nearby. Words, even, could be distinguished.

Delphine Wolverton had adjusted a powerful field glass and was watching events below. As she saw the group gathered at the entrance of the cave gazing up helplessly at the floating balloon, a cruel smile played over her beautiful lips.

"Here," she said to Caryl. "Rouse yourself. Take these glasses and look down yonder, if you want to see your husband.

"Don't you recognize him?" she went on, as the girl, forgetting her fear, seized the glasses and looked eagerly down.

Ah! with what rapture she beheld her heart's love, from whom she had been torn by the pitiless woman beside her. His face, so clear cut and fair, was raised as though to meet her own. Their eyes met for one instant, and he was too far away to know it, though some subtle influence thrilled his heart and made him answer with a smile—a sad, wan smile; but it satisfied her.

She returned the glasses with a gentle word of thanks, and resumed her seat on the cushion, and the keen-eyed Delphine saw in her some indefinable change. Her fear had vanished. A sweet resignation shone in the placid face.

"Well, do you find Mr. Emery altered?" queried Delphine.

"I would rather not talk about it," replied Caryl, quickly. "You do not seem to understand what pain you are inflicting. At least, you will respect my desire not to discuss my private affairs with you."

Delphine laughed again—a hollow, mirthless laugh—but caught her breath suddenly and pressed her hand to her side.

"Are you ill?" asked Caryl, with an effort. "Is there anything that I can do?"

"Ill? Not in the least. It was only a pang— a 'stitch' in the side. I laughed too hard."

"If you won't allow me to return to my husband," said Caryl, returning to the subject, "may I not go home to my mother? You say your motive in detaining me is anger against Mr. Emery for separating you from your daughter. Do you never think of my dear mother's anguish, or of the sick longing I have to lay my head on her bosom? Have you no pity for any one but yourself?"

"None," replied Delphine, coolly. "I never give a thought to your mother, and your own grief is perfectly indifferent to me. I am, I admit it, totally heartless. I have never cared for anything or any one but my child. It is an affair of temperament. The ardor of my nature is concentrated on that one affection, and hence my insatiable desire for revenge on the lawyer who parted us."

It was on Caryl's lips to say that but for Delphine's own folly the parting need never have been; but she was generous even to her enemy, and she refrained.

Meanwhile the wind had arisen, and the balloon was tugging at its rope, swaying, as the currents crossed, with a motion like a ship in an angry sea.

Caryl felt sick and dizzy, but her companion looked as though she enjoyed it.

Then came a flash of lightning followed by a booming reverberation—a violent storm was coming up. Delphine gave the signal for descent, but though a few jerks were felt, there was no downward motion—nothing but the swaying and pull. After that—it was an awful moment—there was a creaking sound and a snap. The rope had broken.

Lightly, buoyantly, the airship floated off as though glad to be free; higher and high it rose; on and still on it drifted.

The sublimity of the storm was lost on the two who were crouching side by side in the car. Little they reckoned of the yellow flashes over the purple clouds, or of the strange glimpses of the world down yonder, with its fantastic lights and weirdly mournful sounds. The shrieking of a passing train mingled for an instant with the whistling wind and rolling thunder.

The afternoon waned. Evening was approaching. Delphine for once was caught. Relying confidently on the safety of the apparatus, she had made no provision for an accident. They had, fortunately, a well-stocked lunch basket, but they were too frightened to be capable of touching food. Unaccustomed to being thwarted, Delphine fretted and chafed until exhausted.

"What will become of us?" asked Caryl, in an awed tone, after some hours had passed.

"I don't know," replied Delphine, curtly.

"But what happens when balloons go up without ropes?"

"Oh, they come down again," said Delphine, vaguely; "but if they happen to drop in front of an express train, or in mid-ocean, or to catch on a telegraph wire, it is not usually an agreeable moment for the passengers."

Caryl shuddered. "Horrible!" she exclaimed. "And can we really do nothing."

"Nothing whatever." And Delphine settled herself philosophically to abide events.

The storm raged and in due time ceased, as they drifted on. Night was falling. The air grew icy cold. The moon shone brightly among the heavy black clouds, gilding and coloring them with rainbow lines of most transcendent

SUITS TO ORDER $8.98 UP

Anyone can take your measure

Sit down, right now, and write us a letter or postal and say: "Send me your great ordering outfit No. 84X" and by return mail we'll send you free a sample of the fine all-wool cloth from which we will cut and make you an elegant

SUIT TO ORDER AT ONLY $8.98

Also 100 other samples of the world's best and prettiest cloths from which we cut and make suits to order at $9.98, $10.50, $11.25, $11.98, $12.50, $12.70, $12.95, $12.98, $13.00, $13.25, $13.50, $13.75, $13.98, $14.00, $14.25, $14.50, $14.95, $15.00, and upwards to $27.00. Trousers at $3.00 to $9.00. In the **FREE ORDERING OUTFIT** you will find any cloth you want; fancy Cheviots, fancy Worsteds, unfinished Worsteds, Cassimeres; Serges, Imported Broadcloth, Crepes, Corduroys, Moleskins, fancy and plain trouserings, and popular plain black, blue and gray suitings. Every pattern a beauty. Every quality the finest—the pick of five thousand cloths. The Cream of the World's Woolen and Worsted Mills. Also in the outfit we send a reliable linen tape line to measure with, a big set of 1912 fashion plates, a mighty interesting construction chart and best of all simple instructions for measuring, with which any friend or member of your family can take your measure as easily and accurately as any expert cutter. We cut and make every pair of Trousers and

EVERY SUIT STRICTLY TO ORDER Every stitch just right—Masterful workmanship showing everywhere. Every garment full of style. Bright, snappy, up-to-date raiment. Everything just right—coat collar fits snug as it should, close to shirt collar. Shoulders are hand-padded and delicately hand worked into a fashionable concave effect. Front drapes gracefully. Coat, vest, trousers fit perfectly as you like to have them.

WE TAKE ALL THE RISK

Should we fail to fit you, should you be disappointed for any reason whatever send the clothes back at our expense, and we'll gladly refund your money. *Write now today for the samples and ordering outfit* and see for yourself how to save $10 to $25 on your new suit.

JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO. 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

STOP LOOK **WOMAN** STOP READ

Latest Invention. Just Out.

COMBINATION SANITARY BELT and SHIELD

CAN BE WORN OVER OR UNDER THE CORSET.

NO RUBBER
NO METAL
NO LUMPS
NO CHAFING
NO WORRY
Etc.

Made of French waterproof cloth by a secret process.

Comfortable
WASHABLE
DURABLE
DESIRABLE
Serviceable
Etc.

Light weight. Snug fit. Adjustable. All women delighted.

Sent to you by mail in plain wrapper, prepaid.

75c Post Paid MME. ANTONETE CIE., Dept. F, CHICAGO, ILL. 75c Post Paid

Elegant Thin Model 20 YEAR Watch $3.75

Hunting case beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set, fitted with 7 jeweled American lever movement, guaranteed 20 years, with long gold finished chain for Ladies, vest chain or fob for Gents.

$3.75 Double Guaranteed 20 Years Case

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it C.O.D. for examination at your nearest express office, and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent our special sales price $3.75. Mention if you want Ladies', Man's or Boys' size.

Diamond Jewelry Co., A 15, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

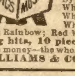
Given FREE to GIRLS

Beautiful Gold Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also new stylish Signet Ring, for selling 8 pkgs. of our souvenir post cards. Order 8 pkgs.; when sold send us money collected and we positively send you Bracelet and Ring free. Write for cards today. Address S. M. Wright, Dept. 147, Topeka, Kansas

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

OPIUM AND ALL DRUG HABITS. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence.

ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago



SONGS Alexander's Rag Time Band; Steamboat Bill; Grizzly Bear; Stop, Stop, Stop; Let It Alone; Casey Jones; Winter; Cubanola Glide; All that I Ask Is Love; Naughty Eyes; Silver Bell; Clover Blossoms; Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet; By the Light of the Silvery Moon; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now; Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love; I Wish I Had a Girl; When I Marry You; My Pony Boy; Baby Doll; Rainbow; Red Wing; Dreaming, etc. List 500 latest song hits, 10 pieces music, and also a sample of best stage money—the whole lot for only 10 cents, postpaid. Address WILLIAMS & CO., McKinley Park, Chicago, Ill.

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 12 packages of our beautiful high grade gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c pkg. Return us the $1.20 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address, R.F. MOSER, 341 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME.

$1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. Ontario Veterinary Correspondence School, London, Can.

How to Entertain Book with 250 Jokes and Riddles, 73 Toasts, 67 Parlor Tricks, 8 Fortune-telling Secrets, 52 Money-Making Secrets, 22 Funny Readings. All 10c Postpaid. Parker Novelty Co., Desk 105, Chicago

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 768, Augusta, Me.

10 Perfumed Postcards; your name in gold 10c
F. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Now look here all you weak-eyed, spectacle-wearing readers of this paper, you've just got to quit wearing your dim, scratchy, headache-producing, sight-destroying spectacles at once as I am going to send you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge.

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible even by the dim firelight—

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on—

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree top on the cloudiest days—

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to distinguish a horse from a cow at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach—

Now please remember these wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses are free—absolutely free to every reader of this paper—not a cent need you pay for them now and never.

I therefore insist that you sit down right now—this very minute—and write me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester and a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you to a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge—just as cheerfully as I have sent them to nearly all the other spectacle-wearers in your county. Address—

DR. HAUX—The Spectacle Man—
ST. LOUIS, MO.

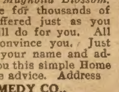
NOTE.—The above house is perfectly reliable.

Magnolia Blossom

Women If Sick Or Discouraged

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results *Magnolia Blossom* can accomplish. If you suffer from *Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains,* or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our *Free Box of Magnolia Blossom.* We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
Box 47 South Bend, Indiana



Portable Stove COOKING —AND— HEATING

Right size. No flues or chimneys. Light—pick it up, set anywhere. COMBINED COOKING AND HEATING Quick meals, washing, ironing, canning fruit, camping. Summer and winter stove. Heats rooms, offices, stores, etc. Intense heat under control. Not Dangerous Like Gasoline. No valves—no wicks. Nothing to get out of order. "The Radiator is a grand heater," Mrs. Kate Devlin, Pa. "Stove kept the rooms warm," John C. Hussey, N. Y. "Baked, cooked, washed, ironed; can do anything my range does," Mrs. M. E. King, Ky. "Only used half a gallon of oil last week for cooking, baking and ironing," E. N. Helwig, Ont. "Safe and clean as a lamp," Mrs. E. R. McClellan, Ill. PORTABLE OIL GAS STOVE SAVES FUEL BILLS, time, anxiety, expense. Get rid of kindling, wood, coal, dirt, ashes. Gives economy, genuine comfort and convenience. Simple, durable, lasts for years. Try it. Not sold in stores. Many thousands sent to families. Write for description.

AGENTS. "Was out one day, sold 11 stoves," B. L. Huested, Mich. "You have the best stove on the market; sold 9 in 2 hours," W. E. Beard, S. C. J. W. Hunter, Ala., secured 1—tested it—ordered 200 since. J. G. Gauthreaux, La., ordered 1—155 since. THESE MEN MAKE MONEY—You have the same chance. Price low—$3.25 up; any number of burners. Send no money. Write today, Agent's selling plan, etc.

The World Mfg. Co., 1319 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O

LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY

and make $2000 a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diploma with degree. Particulars Free. Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO. PARNASSUS, PA.

beauty. Faintly the stars glimmered above, and on, on they went.

Hunger overcame fear; they ate the food and drank the water which Delphine had provided; then, each wrapping a heavy shawl about her, they lay down to rest.

Long, long into the night Caryl lay staring at the sky, scarcely ever giving a glance to the world below, where the artificial lights made a shining mist, while ever and anon a flashing streak of flame announced the passing of a railway train and the shrill whistle seemed to shriek in her ears. The wind had veered to another direction, and the balloon, so it seemed to her, was circling back to its starting point or thereabouts. She grew too weary to care, and at last sank into a heavy sleep. When she awoke she was still afloat, though at a lower plane. The sun was rising. Caryl sat up and looked about her.

To her unspeakable horror, she perceived that she was alone.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Prison roof shall break one day
And Heaven beam overhead."

Caryl's first thought was that Delphine had fallen out of the balloon. Her blood froze with horror at the idea, and for some time she sat as one stunned.

When the immediate shock passed off, she began to reject the supposition of an accident, for there were indications that she had been deliberately deserted by her wily and cruel companion.

How had it been accomplished?

Caryl sat up and looked carefully about her. The anchor was missing. The balloon was hovering uncertainly, now diving down, now starting suddenly up. It was not impossible to imagine that, if they had passed along a hillside, Delphine might have managed to throw out the anchor, and profiting by some neighboring crag or friendly tree, have effected a landing. Then she had cut the rope and set the balloon free to carry her victim where it would. This surmise was, in fact, correct. As was afterward ascertained, it was exactly what Delphine had done.

As the conviction fastened itself on her mind, Caryl gave herself up to despair. Her situation seemed hopeless. She had nothing to eat or drink, and even if she landed safely, she had no money, and who would credit her story?

Fate was about to take her in hand by playing one of those singular tricks which seem too fantastic for belief.

A change in the wind took the balloon briskly along with it. Miles of open country gave place to a city, which was rapidly and safely crossed, though the church spires and tall chimneys of the factories seemed dangerously near.

The outskirts were reached, and it became apparent that the gas was almost exhausted, the airship was descending. Down, down it went. By some instinct Caryl sprang up and clung to the sides of the rigging, and so avoided the shock of the landing.

But judge of her dismay when she beheld about her the familiar sights of the sanitarium garden, and perceived that she had been deposited again within the walls of her prison. She drew the shawl about her face, sprang out, and slipped behind some shrubbery before any one arrived.

The porter was the first to see the balloon, and ran to spread the news. In a moment the garden was crowded with the doctors, nurses, and patients, all eager to examine the limp object which was feebly fluttering, but unequal to another ascent without inflation.

The name and island address of Delphine Wolverton were found on the inside of the car. Much comment was made on the fact that the passengers were missing and the absence of the anchor was also observed. It was decided that the porter should put the balloon in a place of safety until Mrs. Wolverton could be notified.

Rosalie Lynn, returning to the house by herself, heard some one softly call her name.

She stopped.

"Who called me?"

"Hush! don't betray me. It is I, Caryl Emery."

"Where are you?"

"Here in the clump of shrubbery. I will explain later. I am fainting for food and so tired."

Miss Lynn looked about her.

"Quick, then," she said, "while they are all occupied. Come with me to my room. No one enters it without my permission. You will be safe."

Caryl obeyed. In a few moments she was lying luxuriously on a soft lounge, and as though by magic the deft nurse prepared a cup of broth, which revived Caryl so that she was soon able to relate her adventures.

These, accustomed as was Miss Lynn to the most extravagant narrations, astounded her. Had it not been for the balloon in the garden and for Caryl's otherwise unaccountable return, she might not have credited the tale. But she could not deny the evidence of her own senses, and she was forced to accept the facts.

"And you know absolutely nothing about Mrs. Wolverton?"

"Nothing."

"Do you suppose she is injured or possibly killed?"

"No, I don't think so. She has some mortal malady—heart disease or consumption—I don't know what ails her; but unless the exposure or shock of descent has aggravated her complaint, I do not think she has come to any harm. She is very cautious."

"Her life seems to be spent in making others unhappy, in devising mischief," said Rosalie, thoughtfully, "yet we have no right to wish her ill."

"Nor do we," said Caryl; "but though I may even be sorry for her, I do feel that I must end this complication. I am wearying for my mother and my husband—oh! I saw his face for a moment through a telescope, and he is changed almost beyond recognition—so careworn and haggard—my heart aches for him. Can't you get me away soon—take me to my mother?"

Rosalie Lynn reflected.

"My dear child," she said, at last, "you know how extremely difficult it is to pass the gates. Out of consideration for Romaine Wolverton, all concerned are anxious to spare her mother, and for Mr. Emery to claim you would make a sensation. The newspapers would be full of it, and it would be very painful and annoying to the Wolvertons. Mr. Allison—you remember Tom?—may suggest something."

"Then I must wait?" Caryl's voice was full of tears.

"Not long, dearest. Mr. Allison comes here occasionally, at Dr. Grey's request, to play to the convalescents. He is due today. He may be here now. Shall I go and inquire?"

"Oh, yes! Please do. I am so impatient to end it—I must get home."

"I shall, and soon. But you will help very much by being patient. Lie still and try to sleep while we do the planning."

Rosalie found Tom Allison staring at the balloon with the others. Something in his perplexed expression, an anxious look in his eyes, made her instantly believe—absurd though the idea appeared—that he had some knowledge of the events which Caryl had just been narrating.

She drew him aside and questioned him. He told her all he knew, and listened to her hurried sketch of Caryl's story.

"She is exhausted, hysterical, and simply frantic to get away, ended Rosalie. "Now what shall we do?"

"Why not make a dash for it now," he said. "They are all absorbed in wonder over the balloon, and the porter is going to help the other men to put it away. If you tell him you are going out with a convalescent, he will not be likely to scrutinize your 'pass' as closely as usual, and will let us through. I will go with you."

"We can try it, at least," agreed Rosalie, after a moment's reflection.

Caryl was eager to be off. She dressed herself with feverish haste, and could hardly restrain her impatient longing to run; her face burned, her limbs trembled, but she did her best to control her emotion.

It was just as Tom Allison predicted. The porter glanced at the pass with a muttered, "Of course it's all right as it's you, Miss Lynn," and the three went through the gates.

Caryl was free. Half an hour later she was in her mother's arms.

Rosalie returned to the sanitarium and resumed her duties before she was missed, while Tom Allison took the express train and hastened to notify Alan Emery.

This dramatic story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

His Business.

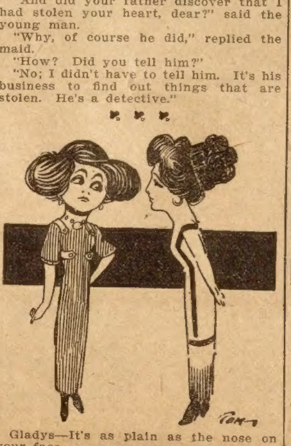
"And did your father discover that I had stolen your heart, dear?" said the young man.

"Why, of course he did," replied the maid.

"How? Did you tell him?"

"No; I didn't have to tell him. It's his business to find out things that are stolen. He's a detective."

* * *



Gladys—It's as plain as the nose on your face.

Erminie—Or the face your nose is on.

HEAD NOISES?

300 Treatments FREE

The pity of those Head Noises, those wearing—annoying sounds in your head!! You have thought at times they would drive you crazy, if they did not stop.

Perhaps your hearing is already failing. Even if it is still good, you have the added burden of knowing that these Head Noises are only the signals of approaching deafness. The whistle of the locomotive does not indicate any plainer the approach of the train, than Head Noises indicate the approach of Deafness.

You may only have the Noises in the head occasionally, or when you have a cold, but you are in danger all the same. You need immediate treatment.

Deafness Specialist Sproule has studied and perfected a method of treatment which has brought untold joy to many, many people troubled with Head Noises. This treatment has, in hundreds of cases, stopped the sounds and left the head clear as a bell.

GIVEN AWAY

300 of these treatments are being offered Free. If you want one, write to-day. You may try for yourself the method of this successful Specialist. You will see it is scientific, and why it has cured, where others failed.

Deafness Specialist Sproule wants to help all who suffer from these fierce Head Noises. He knows what intense misery those sounds of escaping steam—that bell ringing in the ear—that singing of crickets or insects—the humming—the puffing—the buzzing—the distant roaring—that dull heavy throbbing—means. **He therefore offers treatment, FREE, to all who write at once.** His treatment has cured hundreds upon hundreds. In place of those roaring noises, there is a perfect quietness, in which every natural sound is heard quickly and distinctly.

Just sit down and write a post card or letter request asking for a treatment—Free—for Head Noises. Sign your name and address, and send it off NOW. The treatment will come to you by return mail and will cost you nothing. Don't delay—send **NOW**. Write

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE,
306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

This $25 Suit Yours

Send No Money

Just For You

Be sure and get our free attractive sales representative's outfit—and sample suit for yourself, with everything in it—at once.

Be swell dressed and make *big money* every day showing our magnificent line of men's suits and overcoat samples, either in your spare time or all your time.

You don't need either capital or experience. We trust you absolutely, putting you in a big paying business with our money, help you get customers and stand right back of you in every way.

Orders come easy—and lots of 'em—for our swell dressed sales representatives. You can make

$5 to $6 per Day-Easy

Hundreds of our representatives are—so can you. We make you special inside wholesale prices so that you can beat the the world on price—your friends will be mighty well pleased at the chance to order, through you, our perfectly tailored, classy suits, pants or overcoats at the specially low prices you make for these swell clothes.

Sample Suit and Free Outfit!

Style, fit, workmanship and material fully guaranteed. Don't send us a single penny—just send us a hurry up postal card and get in on this good thing—quick. There is still exclusive territory in your locality for one man—better be the lucky fellow. Don't miss this chance to get a swell suit, free, and make big money. Get busy today and we will send you big *free* sales representative's sample suit offer, latest fashion color plates and full particulars the same day we get your card—*everything prepaid.*

ECONOMY TAILORING CO., Dept. D ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE WATCH, RING AND CHAIN.

This handsome, genuine American Watch with your initial, stem wind, stem set, and a new pattern Signet Ring FREE for selling only 25 packs Grandpa's Hair Tonic at 10c per pack. New plan, new goods, makes it easy to sell. Write for 25 packs, sell and return $2.50 and get watch, Ring and Chain FREE. Address

Howard & Co., 51 Lake St., Palmyra, Pa.

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars FREE. Write today.

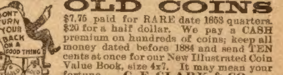
NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
M 72 Marden Building
Washington, D. C.

E. R. MARDEN
President

DONT TURN YOUR BACK ON A GOOD THING

OLD COINS

$7.75 paid for RARE date 1853 quarters. $20 for a half dollar. We pay a CASH premium on hundreds of coins; keep all money dated before 1884 and send TEN cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. CLARK & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 58, LeRoy, N.Y.



Lockstitch Awl sews shoes, harness, rugs, canvas. Sews Lockstitch like sewing machine. 65c post'd; 2 for $1, $4.50 doz. Free thread. No stamps. W. G. STEPHENS AWL MFG. 801 N. Cardinal, St. Louis, Mo

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500 Dearborn Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,000,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

What a man is when alone is what he is.

Did women talk the dead languages to death?

A romance of reel life: The average fish story.

Wise is the man who knows just when not to laugh.

The tongue of a long-headed man is apt to be short.

Being popular has more drawbacks than comebacks.

When a man sings a lullaby it naturally sounds rocky.

What a man has doesn't count so much as what he does with it.

Some things that come to those who wait are badly moth-eaten.

People are willing to admit a man's ability after he gets there.

If a man's hope of a future life misses fire he has no kick coming.

If a man's mind is fully occupied he has no time to be miserable.

Give the average man half a chance and he'll want the other half.

"Fine feathers make thin pocket books," so a married man says.

Half a dozen drinks a day will hurt no man—if he sticks to water.

Are you there when it comes to making the best of the worst of it?

An ounce of flattery goes farther with a woman than a pound of pity.

The woman who looks younger than she is hasn't much cause for worry.

Many a man in search of a job ought to stay at home and send his wife.

Some men are so skeptical that they even refuse to believe half they say.

A man who needs the money has no time to meddle in other people's affairs.

Most women seem to think that they can settle perplexing questions by crying over them.

Being a vice-president is almost as unimportant as being the bridegroom at a church wedding.

Every man is satisfied that he is worth more to his employer than his pay envelope indicates.

It's a sign that a woman is happily married if she feels sorry for the country because her husband isn't president of it.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

The Third Party.

In a little sequestered country town, where the court of justice is over the general store, and where the Judge is an old, grizzled farmer, thoroughly familiar with pitching hay and milking cows, but having a very limited knowledge of the law, the prisoner had pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of burglary. The lawyer for the prosecution was endeavoring to show the Court that the accused was a man of low character.

"What were you doing the night before the robbery?" he questioned severely.

"I was playin' penuchle with Jed Parker and another fellow," answered the prisoner evasively.

"Ah, I thought so," shouted the lawyer triumphantly. "Playing cards, and with that loafer Jed Parker! Gambling and in bad company! But you mention a third party, sir. Who was the other good-for-nothing."

The prisoner hesitated.

"Answer me!" bellowed the lawyer.

"Wa-al, sir, if ye must know," said the accused, "it was the Judge here."

A Real Echo.

"Hoot, mon," said Christie MacDonald, in "The Spring Maid," "we've got fine echoes in Scotland, but they canna beat your American liars. An American and a Highlander were walking one day on the top of one of the Scotch mountains. The Scotchman, wishing to impress the visitor, produced a famous echo to be heard in that place. When the echo returned clearly after nearly four minutes the proud Scotchman, turning to the Yankee, exclaimed:

"'There, mon, ye canna show anything like that in your country.'

"To which the other replied: 'I guess we can better that. Why, in my camp in the Rockies, when I go to bed I just lean out of the window and call out, 'Time to get up; wake up!' and eight hours afterward the echo comes back and wakes me.'"

The Wrong Jeffs.

Two fishermen named Jeffs, living near each other, had met with misfortune, one having lost his wife and the other his boat. A lady visitor called on the one who had lost his boat, thinking it was the one who had lost his wife, and the following conversation ensued:

"Good morning, Mr. Jeffs, I am sorry to hear of your sad loss."

"Oh, it ain't of much consequence, mum; she warn't up to much."

"Dear me, you don't say so!"

"Ay, she was a rickety old crock. When I went out with her I was always in danger of my life."

"Indeed!"

"I offered her to my mate only last week, but he wouldn't have her; but I have had my eye on another for some time now, and——"

But the lady could stand no more of the old man's innocent denunciation of the weaker sex, and hurriedly took her departure.

Asking Too Much.

An old negro preacher did the honors, and the candidate for baptism was a coal-black negro woman. The preacher led his victim far out in the stream where she could be thoroughly immersed, and at the auspicious moment he cried, in a loud voice:

"Be stiddy, sistah, be stiddy, an' you'll come up whitah dan snow."

"Oh, parson," she exclaimed, "dat's askin' too much; a cream color'll do!"

Avoiding Trouble.

It was a prohibition State. As soon as the train pulled up a seedy little man with a covered basket on his arm hurried to the open windows of the smokers and exhibited a quart bottle filled with a brown liquid.

"Want to buy some nice cold tea?" he asked with a suspicious wink.

Two thirsty-looking cattlemen brightened visibly, and each paid a dollar for a bottle.

"Wait till you get out o' the station before you take a drink," he cautioned them; "I don't want to get into trouble."

He had three other customers before the train left, and he cautioned each the same.

"You seem to be doing a pretty good business," remarked a man who had watched it all, "but I don't see why you run any more risk if they took a drink before the train started."

"You don't hey? Well, what them bottles had in 'em was real cold tea."

Usefulness of Cold Storage.

"What's the idea of keeping your playing cards in the refrigerator?"

"It's a little precaution the boys agreed on," replied Three Finger Sam. "Some pretty queer hands were played, so we kept changing the pack, and if any stray cards get into the deal we can recognize 'em by the temperature."

Willie's Duties.

The Salina Journal notes that punctuation is very important at times. See what the lack of a period made of this little Beloit boy's excuse: "Dear Teacher—Please excuse Willie for being absent yesterday he had to stay at home and help wash his mother."

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

FARMS FOR SALE

FOR SALE—10½ acres orchard farm, 500 Alberta peach trees bearing this year; located ½ mile from Netches, Texas. Cash bargain. Charles F. Funk, 27 West Illinois St., Chicago.

FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, subdivided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5-acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Morgan Park, Illinois.

CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS—Along the C. & O. R'y, as low as $15 per acre; abundant rainfall; rich soil; mild winters; nearby eastern markets. Fertile 10-acre adjoining farms, $275; $20 acres, $500. Write today for our illustrated booklet, "Country life in Virginia," 134 pages, and low excursion rates. Address K. T. Crawley, Industrial Agent, C. & O. Ry., Room 97, Richmond, Va.

FERTILE Virginia Farms—$15 per acre and up; easy payments, productive soil, close markets, good roads, schools; write for our beautiful descriptive literature and low excursion rates. F. H. LaBaume, Agricultural Agent, Norfolk & Western Railway, Box 4042, Roanoke, Virginia.

MISCELLANEOUS

$10 Cash paid per 1,000 for Cancelled Postage Stamps. Send 10c for price list paid. A. Scott, Cohoes, N.Y.

FOR SALE—Erickson hot air pumping engine with pump and pipe, $60. J. L. Lucas & Son, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FREE—Whiskey formula 2c. Books, photos, etc.; gentlemen like. Ord Co., Long Beach, California.

$7.75 Paid for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Box 70, LeRoy, N.Y.

BARGAIN—Three fine neckties $1. Gold-plated Pin free. Ties and pin retail at $2.50. This offer is for short time only. Send $1 at once. Money refunded by return mail if not satisfied. Name colors desired. W. C. Watkins, Parnassus, Pa.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BOYS! GIRLS! Funniest thing on earth—6 for dime. A. B. Perry, Norwalk, Connecticut.

SEND me your name for 8 many-color art pictures (16x20) to sell at 25c each. Return the $2.00 to me and I will send you a baseball glove. Rosborough, 26-E, Lewis Block, Buffalo, New York.

FOR WOMEN

E Z WASH actually washes clothes without rubbing; absolutely harmless. Send 25 cents, 10 washings. Agents wanted. Easy Wash Company, Independence, Kansas.

SCHOOLS

ELECTRICTY, Plumbing, Bricklaying, Painting and Decorating taught by practical instruction. Positions secured for graduates. Write for illustrated catalog. Coyne Trades School, 136 E. Illinois St., Chicago

INSTRUCTION

WHERE can I find it? Why, just ask us. Enclose 25c and we will tell you where to buy, sell or find most anything quickly. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

COLLECT MONEY. By a sure, simple system. Income $1,000 to $5,000 a year. No capital required. Quick results. Instructive book, "Skillful Collecting," free. National Collection Ass'n, Boyce St., Newark, Ohio.

POST CARDS

12 POST CARDS and 12 flirtation cards 10c. Sun Book Company, Dept. 79, Harrison, Michigan.

WANT ADS

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks. Average $90.00 month. Rapid advancement. Every second week off duty with full pay. Short hours; no "layoffs"; work very interesting, as you travel continually on free pass. Examinations everywhere May 4th. Common education sufficient, "Pull" unnecessary; farmers stand excellent chance. Write for free sample questions and schedule showing examination places. Franklin Institute, Dept. T-31, Rochester, New York.

WANTED—Active man in each locality. To join this Society. And introduce our Memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. Make $50 to $500 a month. Write. Box LH-293, Covington, Ky.

MEN learn Automobile Business. $25 weekly job guaranteed. Home instructions. Start now; be ready for spring. Booklet free. Rochester Auto School, 872, Rochester, New York.

GOVERNMENT Farmers Wanted. Examination April 10; $60 monthly; many needed. Write Ozment, 68F, St. Louis.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks. Examination May 4; $1,200 yearly; write for free trial lesson to-day. Ozment, K, St. Louis.

FREE Illustrated Book tells about over 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES—Make supporters; $10 per 100; no canvassing; material furnished. Stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Desk A, Chicago.

BE a trained nurse. Earn $15 to $35 weekly. Train at home in a short time. Free catalogue. Rochester Nurses Institute, 872, Rochester, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

FREE, Prepaid to Agents—35c sample. Lindsay, Antigo, Wisconsin, called on 56 Phone users; sold fifty—180% profit. Saniphone Co., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—Sell rich looking imported 36x68 rugs. $1 each. R. Carter, Milan, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; his profit, $51. You can do as well. Write for sample offer and unique selling plan; exclusive territory. B. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WRITE for the squarest proposition ever offered. Exclusive territory for article of proven merit, a household necessity. Absolutely no competition. 100% net profit. Treasurer, 19 Doane St., Boston, Mass.

$25.00 WORTH information including samples merchandise, goods, etc. for 10c postage. Kellner Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Kentucky.

PORTRAITS—Photo pillow tops, photo china plates, frames, sheet pictures, etc., at prices below the lowest and guaranteed. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalogue and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk O, Chicago.

AGENTS—Men or women—make big money handling Grab's Famous Household Specialties. Fastest selling articles of the age. Easy, fascinating work. Spare time or permanent. Hurry; write today. Victor M. Grab & Co., C-18, Ashland Block, Chicago, Illinois.

MAIL Order Houses can obtain names of Live agents. Particulars. P. & B. Skirt Co., Lynn, Massachusetts.

AGENTS on salary or commission. The greatest agent's seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to $620 in six days; another $32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., X-96, La Crosse, Wis.

FREE—"Investing For Profit" Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R. 453, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

TRUSTWORTHY men or women wanted as local representative of responsible manufacturer. High class merchandise and clean selling methods. $12.00 per week guaranteed on easy conditions, with possibility of $30.00 and advance. Experience not necessary. Manufacturer, Box BP-278, Philadelphia.

MUSICAL

STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN for sale cheap. Excellent sweet toned. Sent on trial. Miss Bertha Mardisee, Route 5, Rosedale, Kansas.

RAGTIME Piano Playing taught by mail. Write for free book. Christensen Musical College, 85 Auditorium, Chicago.

SONG WRITERS: Sell your Song-Poems. Poems wanted at once. New idea. Only way for amateurs to make money. Write now. Fleming Studio, Room 502, Gaiety Theatre Building, New York.

LOST PERSONS

WILLIAM J. VANN; age 22; height 5 feet 6 inches; light complexion; blue eyes; dark hair; weighs about 140 pounds; usually follows farming. Last heard of in Chico, California, Jan. 14, 1883. Address Mrs. Mollie James, Merit, Texas.

W. E. HYDE—5 ft. 6 in.; black hair and eyes. Last heard from ten years ago in Illinois. Address Mary M. Hyde, Blanchard, Michigan.

AUGUST JOHN CARLSON, of Skollerstod, Sweden; 5 ft. 7 in. high; weighs 135 pounds; brown hair and eyes; age 44. Address C. J. Carlson, Box 63, Route 2, Elmonico, Washington County, Oregon.

PERSONAL

MARRY—Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minnesota.

FORTUNE TOLD—Mysteries of life unveiled. Three 2c stamps and birthdate brings wonderful reading Prof. Millet, Box 725, St. John, Newfoundland.

MARRY—Book of Descriptions; mailed sealed free many wealthy. The Exchange, Box 525 A, Kansas City, Missouri.

MARRY—500 ladies and gentlemen will marry; highest characters; send 25c for 500 names and addresses; write direct to them. Dr. Hutchison, Dept. 47, Sedalia, Mo.

MARRY RICH—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free; sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois.

MARRIAGE PAPER free; best published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport Connecticut.

MARRY—Best plan on earth, sent free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Dept. 674, Marshall, Mich.

MARRY—Catalogue with hundreds of photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 674, Tekonsha, Michigan.

EVERY Woman is interested and should send for our free booklet of special Toilet and other goods, giving information, directions and full particulars, invaluable to every married lady, illustrating the new Elite method, etc. Florence Mfg. Co., Birmingham, Ala.

MARRIAGE Paper; highest character; incorporated; 16th year; 8,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colorado.

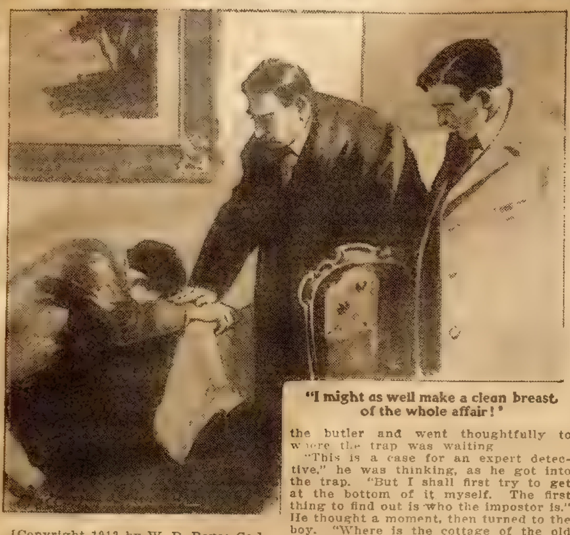
MARRY—Hundreds wealthy members, all ages. Descriptions free. Reliable Club, H. Box 26, Oakland, California.

CLAIRVOYANT—Locates, finds, tells you concerning on all affairs. By mail 4c stamp. Prof. Daverkorsen. Janesville, Wisconsin.

FORTUNE Told—Send birthdate, three questions; five 2c stamps will reveal secrets of future in a wonderful reading. H. Karma, 1132 McAllister, San Francisco, California.

Escaping The Snare

By Emma Howard Wight.



"I might as well make a clean breast of the whole affair!"

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 8, February 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII

THE IMPOSTOR.

JACK'S heart gave a bound, the blood rushed through his veins, then he grew very calm. The suspense, the uncertainty were over. There was no longer any room for doubt. The man known as Sir Gerard Courtnay was an impostor. It remained for him, Jack, to unmask him.

"Dark hair and blue eyes are characteristic of the Courtnays," the butler was saying. "Sir Gerard has blue eyes and fair coloring, but he has bright gold-colored hair like his mother's."

Jack looked at the unsuspecting old man very gravely. Where was the real Sir Gerard Courtnay? He took leave of the butler and went thoughtfully to where the trap was waiting

"This is a case for an expert detective," he was thinking, as he got into the trap. "But I shall first try to get at the bottom of it myself. The first thing to find out is who the impostor is." He thought a moment, then turned to the boy. "Where is the cottage of the old gamekeeper, Lenny Clock?" he asked.

"On t'other side of that there piece of woods," the boy replied, pointing with his whip to a grove of fine oaks on the right of the avenue.

"Can you drive me there?" asked Jack.

The boy shook his head.

"No, sir, there ain't nothin' but a path through the woods."

Jack reflected a moment, his eyes fixed upon the beginning of the path which wound through the woods.

"Put down here," he said, with a sudden resolution. "I want to make a call on the old gamekeeper. You need not wait for me. I'll walk back to Lancaster."

The boy stopped his horse. Jack alighted and struck out along the path which wound among the beautiful old trees. A five minutes' walk, and he emerged from the wood, coming abruptly upon a cottage built of gray stone like the lodge.

An old man, seated upon the little porch, looked up as Jack approached. His hair was very white, his face brown and wrinkled, his eyes blue and alert. He returned Jack's greeting very cordially, and invited him to take a seat on the stone bench beside him.

"You be a stranger in these parts?" he remarked, as Jack sat down

"Yes, I am from America," Jack explained

"'Deedy?'" exclaimed the old gamekeeper, with interest. "Sir Gerard, he be in America."

"Sir Gerard Courtnay? He is the owner of Courtnay Manor?" questioned Jack.

"Yes, and a bonny young gentleman he be," declared the old man, "with a smile and a kind word for everybody. It's many the times him and me has gone huntin' together."

"You have lived on the estate for a long time, have you not?" queried Jack.

"Ay, sir, for thirty years. I was gamekeeper in Sir Bernard's time. Sir Bernard was Sir Gerard's grandfather."

"Is Sir Gerard the son of Sir Bernard's eldest son?"

"Yes, Mr. Edward's son. He married the daughter of a Scotch earl. She was fair and golden haired. Sir Gerard, he favors his mother's family. The younger son, what died, was like the Courtnays, blue eyed, fair skinned and dark haired."

"Had Sir Bernard Courtnay only the one son?"

"No, there was another son, Mr. Charles."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, he died in America."

"In America?" exclaimed Jack, as though surprised.

"Yes, Mr. Charles married beneath him, and his father cast him off."

"Whom did he marry, his mother's companion, or the governess?" asked Jack, smilingly.

Lenny Clock shook his head.

"He done worse than that. He married Anna Kent, the lodgekeeper's daughter. They kept it secret for a while, but when there began to be whisperin' about Anna, Mr. Charles up and told that she was his wife, for her wasn't goin' to allow it to be said that she was followin' in the footsteps of her sister. Mr. Charles, he was different to his brother, Edward. He wasn't no seducer of women."

"And his brother—was?"

"Well, it was Mr. Edward Courtnay as got Dorcas, Anna's sister, into trouble. He was the father of Dorcas' child Many's the time I've seen Mr. Edward and Dorcas Kent together o' nights. Dorcas' child was born the very night Mr. Edward was married. That was nigh on to twenty-seven years ago."

"What became of the child?" asked Jack.

"He stayed on at the lodge until he was about eighteen years old. Then one day him and Sir Gerard had some words, and Sir Gerard struck Luther Kent across the face with his riding whip. A few days after that Luther disappeared from the lodge. 'Twas said that Dorcas had sent him to an uncle of hers in Liverpool, fearin' he might do Mr. Gerard an injury if he stayed on at the lodge. I know myself that Luther hated Sir Gerard. P'raps 'twas only nat'ral."

"What is he like, this Luther Kent?" asked Jack, who had been listening with almost breathless attention.

"Luther, he was a well-set-up, handsome chap, dark, favored his mother's family."

Jack sat erect, trembling with excitement. He knew who the impostor was who was impersonating Sir Gerard Courtnay—his half-brother, the illegitimate son of Dorcas Kent. What had become of Sir Gerard Courtnay?

That was for others to find out. Jack had but one thought—to return at once to America and save Dorothy from the danger threatening her. He did not think of himself or of his hopes, but only of Dorothy. It was a wrong to her to allow her to remain in ignorance a moment longer than was necessary.

"My God!" he thought, starting to his feet, "if he had succeeded in making her his wife! I understand now why I felt such an antipathy for the fellow."

He took his departure, first bestowing a pound note on the old gamekeeper, much to the latter's amazement and delight.

Jack walked rapidly along the path through the woods, and then along the avenue toward the lodge. At the lodge he stopped, looking with great interest at the house in which Dorothy's mother had been born.

"Do you want me to open the gates, sir?" asked a quiet voice behind him

Jack started and turned, finding himself face to face with Dorcas Kent

"They told me at the hotel in Lancaster that I might perhaps get board here at the lodge for a few days," said Jack, using the first thing that occurred to him to detain her as an excuse to talk with her. "I am an American artist, and I want to sketch parts of Courtnay Manor Park."

She looked at him a little quickly and with interest when he mentioned America. She must know that her son was in America, Jack reasoned. Did she know of the imposture he was practicing? Was she a party to it?

"I sometimes take a boarder," she replied. "But I don't care much about doing it. You say you're an artist?" and she glanced at him questioningly.

"Yes," replied Jack. "I want very much to see Sir Gerard Courtnay," he added, with truth. "I understand he is in America." He watched her closely while he spoke, but her face betrayed nothing

"Yes," she said, quietly," he is, I believe, in America."

"I do not suppose there is any use waiting for him here," continued Jack. "I had better try to locate him in America.

The woman made no remark. Her entire manner gave the impression of absolute indifference. Jack came to the conclusion that she was either a woman of wonderful self-control, or she knew nothing of the imposture of which her son was guilty. He was inclined to believe, however, that she was in ignorance, that he would gain nothing by a sojourn at the lodge, under the same roof with Dorcas Kent. She was a woman who had sinned; no doubt through love for the man who tempted her and it was written upon her face that she had sinned. But that she was wicked enough to aid and abet her son in crime, Jack could not bring himself to believe.

He told her that he would let her hear from him if he decided to remain in the neighborhood, and walked slowly and thoughtfully back to the hotel. By the time he reached the town, he had decided upon the course he intended to pursue. Upon the following morning he started for London and went at once to Scotland Yard. He was shown into the office of the chief inspector. Jack put him into possession of all the facts relative to the imposture of Luther Kent.

"I want you to find out what has become of the real Sir Gerard Courtnay," he concluded.

CHAPTER IX.

Ten days later Jack walked quietly

Smoke of Herbs Cures Catarrh.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga

He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

Every Minute Counts When You Are in Pain

Instant Relief for Indigestion and Stomach Troubles Afforded by a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet.

Free Trial Package.

There is no occasion to suffer five minutes from indigestion or any similar stomach trouble when you can so easily get Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

The Time It Takes a Messenger to Get Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Seem an Age to a Sick Stomach.

When millions are used every year—and when every other man or woman that you meet will recommend Stuart's to you if you will but inquire—why do you continue to suffer from stomach trouble? What more evidence can you ask? And as still further proof you can even send and get a sample package entirely free. The sample will surely convince you.

The reasons why Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets accomplish such results are very easy to understand. These tablets contain almost the same elements as the gastric juices of the stomach. And when your stomach is sick and not working just right, it does not give out enough of the natural digestive juices to properly take care of the food you eat. So if you will only give the stomach a little help by taking a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet you will relieve it of its chief duty and allow it the rest it needs to recuperate. One grain of the active principle in a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet will digest 3,000 grains of food, whether you place it in a glass jar or in your stomach.

All druggists sell them. The price is 50 cents per box. If you prefer to try them first write to F. A. Stuart Co., 320 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich., and a sample package will be sent you free.

Rémoh Gems

NOT IMITATIONS

LOOK LIKE DIAMONDS
WEAR LIKE DIAMONDS

A Marvelous Synthetic Gem

The greatest triumph of the Oxy-Hydrogen Furnace. Will cut glass. Stands filing, fire and acid tests—guaranteed to contain no glass—have no paste, foil or artificial backing—brilliancy guaranteed forever. 1-30 the cost of diamonds. Set only in 14-karat, Solid Gold Mountings. Sent on approval—money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Write for our De-Luxe Jewel Book, in four colors—it's FREE.

Remoh Jewelry Co.,
421 N. Broadway St. Louis, Mo.

World's Champion Motorcycle

The famous 1912 Arrow Motorcycle—the machine that is know from coast to coast as the fastest and most durable motor cycle ever manufactured now offered to you on an astounding ultra liberal offer. Only $[illegible] down, then only a month for 10 months, only $[illegible] in all for this greatest of all motor cycles.

$12.50

Powerful Aviation Type Motor

Write today for handsome catalogue and full particulars of this wonderful offer. No obligations whatever. We will tell you all about the wonderful Aviation Type Motor with which the "Arrow" is equipped.

Write today. Do not delay an instant. Just send your name and address on a postal or a letter, but do it now.

ARROW MOTORCYCLE COMPANY
Dept. 5028 2845 W. 19th St., Chicago, Ill.

Fish Will Bite

like hungry wolves, fill your nets traps or trotline if you bait with Magic-Fish-Lure.

Best bait ever discovered for attracting all kinds of fish. 25cts. a box. Write for Free Booklet and my special offer of one box to help introduce it. Address J. F. Gregory, K-27, St. Louis, Mo

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS EARN $25 to $100 A WEEK

We can positively show you by mail HOW TO INCREASE YOUR SALARY. Book mailed free. PAGE-DAVIS Dept. 77, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED in every town in the United States to sell Fibre-Silk Hosiery and Underwear—a permanent, pleasant and profitable business; $150 to $200 per month easily made. A young woman Fibre-Silk agent in Minnesota made $8,000 last year. Our sales instructor tells you how. Get our free book—From the Mill to the Home. Write today. Address WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO. DEPT. 58. BAY CITY, MICH.

AGENTS wanted to sell the Original Native Herbs. $1 box, 250 Tablets, for 60c. For rheumatism, liver, kidney and stomach trouble. C. MELROSE, Columbus, Ohio

AGENTS Don't accept an agency until you read our new book 'Piling Dollars' It's free. DARLING CO., Derry, N. H.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

AGENTS PORTRAITS, 35c; FRAMES, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 5058—1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN Good Pay Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx.814, Danville, Va.

BOTTLE CLOTHES SPRINKLER AGENTS WANTED Make $3 to $5 a day Send 15 cents for sample and large catalog 100 articles. Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. 7, Bath, N.Y.

AGENTS $5.00 per hundred for collecting names and addresses at home. Steady work. Particulars for stamp Valentine, Box 28, Desk G, Rocky Ridge, Md.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry powders; money-back guarantee; outfit free; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER CO., X 520, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

OUTFIT FREE TO AGENTS Best selling Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods and Fancy Goods on the market. Quick sellers, big profits. Deal direct with manufacturer. Send stamp for particulars. Address Maricopa Mfg. Co., 88 Water St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS FREE OUTFIT You can easily make big money selling our [illegible] Tailored Garments, Dress Goods, Waists, Millinery, Lingerie, etc. Free sample outfit; big profits; exclusive territory; pleasant, easy work. Our low prices can't be equaled. Write today Schwartz Importing Co., Dept. 206, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O.Box A

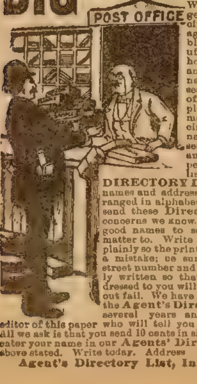
Agents, Signists—1000% Profit Beautiful window letters. Very low prices; easy proposition. Something new. *Free* mounted sample gets orders. Embossed Sixty Co., 2564 Milwaukee Av., Chicago

BIG MONEY FOR YOU $50 to $100 Per Week Easily Earned. selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on Nice, pleasant business Big demand. Write today for free sample and full particulars. Address METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 416 North Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Live Agents Wanted Hustlers to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made $65 in 47 hrs., another $21 in 8 hrs., another $22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. DAVIS SOAP WORKS, 807 Davis Bldg., CHICAGO

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size postpaid. DR. LYONS, 2201 Locust St., Box B, St. Louis, Mo.

MARVEL SOLDER INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS in all kinds of household utensils—enameled, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. Solders Without Heat. Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening, it makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for motorists. Send 10c for trial tube. MARVEL SOLDER CO. 1937 Broadway Dept. 6 New York AGENTS WANTED QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS



BIG MAIL FREE! Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

into the office where his father was sitting.

"Why, Jack!" the latter exclaimed, in astonishment.

"You didn't expect to see me back so soon, did you father?" said Jack, with a smile.

"I did not, indeed, but I am right down glad to see you, my boy," Ashley replied, as they shook hands. "And how well you're looking! You don't look like the same fellow you did when you went away."

Jack laughed.

"I don't feel like the same fellow, father," he declared.

His father regarded him a little curiously: It seemed hardly possible that Jack could have got over his grief and disappointment so quickly. Jack read his thoughts, but the time had not come for him to explain.

"Is Sir Gerard Courtnay still here, father?" he asked, quietly.

"No, Sir Gerard Courtnay is in New York," was the reply. Jack breathed a sigh of relief. It was maddening to him to think of Luther Kent as Dorothy's lover. He had been wondering how he would be able to endure to see it until the time was ripe for him to expose the fellow. "He went away about a week ago," continued Ashley. "I don't think he will return until a day or so before the wedding." He hesitated a moment, and then added, "That is set for the first day in November."

"Indeed!" remarked the young man, quietly, and his father wondered more than ever.

Jack went up to his room, had a bath, came down, ate a hearty lunch, and then started along the beach for Dr. Ainslie's. A sudden thrill went through him at the sight of a graceful figure standing on the beach. It was Dorothy. She was standing, looking out over the sea, and she did not know of Jack's presence until he reached her side and spoke her name.

"Dorothy!"

She started and turned.

"Jack!" she cried, wonderingly, her eyes lighting joyously, the lovely color deepening on her cheeks

As he looked at her, Jack's heart gave a great bound of joy.

"Dorothy," he said, taking her hand as he spoke and controlling himself with an effort, "are you glad to see me?"

She looked at him with eyes that set his pulses quivering.

"I am very, very glad," she replied. "You don't know how I have missed you, Jack."

The softness of her voice, the touch of her slim, clinging fingers swept away Jack's self-control. With a murmured exclamation of tenderness and passion, he caught her in his arms and kissed her upon the lips. For the moment she yielded to his embrace, then she struggled from his arms and stood, flushed and trembling, looking at him with passionately reproachfully eyes.

"That was cowardly," she murmured.

He laughed gladly, exultantly.

"I had the right, Dorothy," he declared. "You love me."

She gave him a quick, startled look.

"You had no right, you know you had not!" she exclaimed.

"Do you deny what your eyes, your voice told me so plainly a few moments ago?"

She broke down and covered her face with her hands.

"How cruel you are!" she murmured, brokenly. "It is unmanly to press me like this."

"I could not be cruel to you, my darling," Jack protested. "I could not help doing what I did—when you showed that you loved me."

She dropped her hands from her face and turned to him with a sudden calmness.

"You are right—I do love you," she said. "I found that out after you went away. I missed you so. But it is too late now. I am the promised wife of another man."

"You would marry a man you do not love?" exclaimed Jack

To Develop the Bust

To Beauty Editor: I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger, but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development. MARY S.

The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by The Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increases the bust measure four to six inches in a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 92 C B, Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and will give a full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that the treatment was used

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts became flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or bust forms, as they never look natural and have a bad effect upon the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.—Advertisement.

"I shall keep my word," she replied, with firmness.

"Tell me, Dorothy, what induced you to promise to marry—Sir Gerard Courtnay?" asked Jack, curiously.

She thought a moment, then shook her head helplessly.

"I do not know. From the first moment that I saw him here, almost upon this very spot, he possessed a strange fascination for me. I thought it was—love."

Jack stood thinking. What was this strange attraction? Was it, as Dorothy had once half jokingly claimed, the call of the blood? The tie of blood between her and the false Sir Gerard Courtnay wast twofold. Or was there some fatality that brought about the intermingling of the destinies of the highborn Courtnays and the plebeian Kents?

He turned gravely to Dorothy.

"If I prove to you that the man you have promised to marry is unworthy, will you marry me?" he asked.

She looked at him, startled.

"What do you mean, Jack?" she exclaimed.

"I cannot say anything more now," he replied.

She was silent for a moment.

"Yes," she said, at length, in a low voice. "If you do what you say, I will break my engagement and marry—you."

"Very well," said Jack. "Now, let me take you home. I want to see the Doctor. There is something I wish to say in the presence of you both."

An hour later Jack had told Dorothy and her father all.

"Thank God! we found out the truth before it was too late to save Dorothy from such a fate!" exclaimed Dr. Ainslie, as he walked agitatedly up and down the room, while Dorothy sat pale, silent, inexpressibly shocked. He stopped and laid his hand on Jack's shoulder. "Dorothy and I can never repay you for what you have done for us, Jack," he said, with much feeling. Jack smiled a little and glanced at Dorothy. A little color crept into her pale cheeks, but she could not recover readily from the shock of what she had just heard. Jack decided not to say anything to the Doctor until she was more herself

"I think you can guess how glad I am," he said, quietly.

"I never did want Dorothy to marry that fellow," said Dr. Ainslie. "I was never the least elated over her engagement to a baronet. My God! It's horrible to think that my child has the same blood in her veins as that impostor, that scoundrel, that baseborn degenerate! What steps have you taken to expose him, Jack?"

"I have put the case in the hands of the Scotland Yard detectives," replied Jack. "I think it best to wait for a report from them before taking steps to expose the impostor."

The servant summoned Dr. Ainslie from the room to see a patient in the office. Jack turned and looked questioningly at Dorothy.

"You said you would marry me if I proved that man unworthy?" he said

She smiled and her cheeks flushed.

"Father says we can never repay you for what you have done," she murmured.

"You can more than repay me," he answered, going to her and kneeling beside her.

She slipped her arms about his neck and rested her cheek against his with a little sigh of content.

"I shall spend the rest of my life trying," she murmured, softly.

CHAPTER X.

"SIR GERARD IS DEAD."

Three weeks later Jack was seated in the office, when a tall, broad-shouldered man entered and came up to the desk.

"I would like to see Mr. Ashley," he said.

"I am Jack Ashley," Jack explained. "Do you wish to see me or my father?"

The keen gray eyes of the man looked Jack over quickly, then he smiled.

"It's you I wish to see Mr. Ashley. He took from his pocket a card and handed it to Jack. On it was inscribed: "Marcus Wells, Detective, Scotland Yard, London, England."

Jack looked from the card to the detective, quickly, eagerly.

"You have news for me?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Sir Gerard Courtnay is dead."

"Dead?" repeated Jack.

"Sir Gerard Courtnay was murdered by Luther Kent, the man who is impersonating him," Marcus Wells explained, as he took the chair which Jack placed for him.

"A murderer!" murmured Jack, in a hushed, shocked voice. "No wonder he repelled me." Then he thought of Dorothy nearly married to such a man and shuddered. "Thank God it was in my power to save her," he murmured, with unspeakable gratitude.

"The case was assigned to me by our inspector," continued the detective. "I went down to Courtnay Manor and found that Sir Gerard Courtnay had left there on the 28th day of last January, with the intention of sailing from Liverpool for America. I found out that this fact had been communicated by Dorcas Kent to her son, who was working on the docks in Liverpool."

"Then his mother is his accomplice?" exclaimed Jack.

"No. She knows nothing beyond the fact that her son is in America. It appears she just happened to mention in a letter to her son that Sir Gerard Courtnay was going to America, and would sail from Liverpool. The unfortunate woman little knew what terrible consequences would

3 Years to Pay For the Sweet-Toned Meister Piano $175 30 Days' Free Trial IN YOUR OWN HOME We Pay the Freight If the piano proves to be all we claim for it and you decide to buy it, these are the terms of sale: $1 a Week or $5 a Month No cash payment down. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf Free. Sold direct from the maker to you at a guaranteed saving of $100. No dealer's profit for you to pay. Send now for our beautiful Free Catalog which shows eight styles of Meister Pianos. Our resources exceed $4,000,000. We sell more pianos direct to the home than any other concern in the world. Rothschild & Company Dept. 12 S Chicago, Illinois

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 436 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

LOCKET CHAIN & RING FREE This splendid gold finished Locket, Chain and Brilliant stone set ring both given for selling only 12 pkgs. Souvenir Post Cards at 10c pkg. Write for cards. Satisfaction guar. REGAL MFG. CO., DEPT. C 2 CHICAGO

RHEUMATISM POSITIVELY CURED Lumbago, Gout, Neuralgia, Pleurisy and all pain., Guaranteed to do as we say or money refunded on request. Apply externally to parts affected and get immediate relief. No poison; perfectly harmless. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1.00. Agents wanted in every locality. Write us. Ainge's Wonderful Rheumatic Remedy Co. 247 Kenilworth Ave., Detroit, Mich.

You Can Make $6.00 PER 100 COLLECTING YOUR neighbors names for our Directory —all kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and Outfit. We want a million names quick ROCKWELL DIRECTORY CO. OGDEN PARK, CHICAGO ILL.

LIFE'S HOROSCOPE Prospects and souvenir only 10c and birth date. ASTO PUB. CO., Charlestown Massachusetts

AGENTS WANTED

THE FALCON 11-IN-1
Solid Steel Guaranteed
THE HOUSEWIFE'S CHEST OF TOOLS

100% to AGENTS $25 A Week SAMPLE FREE Built expressly for the housewife. *The* tool for every purpose around the home. Low price makes it sell like wild-fire. Any agent should sell a dozen with about three hours' work a day, making a good, steady income. If you mean business, write for terms and free sample. THOMAS TOOL CO., 917 Barny St., DAYTON, O.

AGENTS READ THIS EARN MORE MONEY Sell Photo Decorated Knives, Razors, Shears. All blades forged and Scientifically Tempered. $20 to $75 per week Easily Earned. Quality Guaranteed with each knife. Name, address, photos, lodge emblems, etc. under transparent handles. Sell on sight. Write quick for terms and territory. Canton Cutlery Co., Dept. D 5, Canton, O.

AGENTS! BIG PROFITS The only Stropper that strops the razor diagonally. Guaranteed for Life. Brandt's patented Automatic Razor Stropper. Automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor OLD style or SAFETY. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quick for terms, prices, territory Address A. T. Brandt Cutlery Co., 84 W. Broadway, N.Y.

A Money Proposition Do you want to own a mail order business—be independent—your own boss? Would you manage an Agency for me in your vicinity or elsewhere? All printed matter furnished for one-half the profits. Write for particulars. HAZEN A. HORTON, Desk B, Tekonsha, Michigan

GENERAL AGENTS wanted to appoint children agents for our fast selling 10c Perfumes. Easiest agents work offered. Traveling agents write for our side line offer Money paid daily or weekly. WALDEN & CO., BOX 484, CHICAGO. OUTFIT FREE

result from her information. It is evident that Luther Kent watched for Sir Gerard Courtnay's arrival, whether with the intention of murdering him or otherwise, it is impossible to say. Sir Gerard Courtnay arrived in Liverpool on the evening of January 31st, at about nine o'clock. He left the train and passed out of the station, carrying a small satchel. The last person who saw him alive was a cabman who offered him his services. Sir Gerard Courtnay declined to take a cab, remarking that it was such a lovely night he preferred to walk to the hotel. That was the last seen of him alive.

"Upon the following morning a man registered at the Hotel Stanham as Sir Gerard Courtnay. He came to the hotel in a cab, carrying a small satchel. He handed over several checks at the office, instructing them to send to the station for his trunks. He is described as tall, dark, and handsome. He remained for a couple of days at the hotel, going out very seldom. Then he sailed for America on the steamer Urania.

"A week later the body of a man was washed up on the shore of a small fishing village about twenty-five miles from Liverpool. The villagers, ignorant fishermen, knew of no way to try to identify the body. They had a rough coffin made and buried the body in the little cemetery outside the town. The body has recently been exhumed and identified by certain peculiarities as the body of Sir Gerard Courtnay. It has also been found that death was not due to drowning, but to a blow on the head which fractured the skull. Sir Gerard Courtnay was first murdered, and then the body was thrown into the water. Now, Mr. Ashley, where is this Luther Kent, alias Sir Gerard Courtnay, to be found? I have a warrant for his arrest on the charge of murder."

"He is in New York at the Hotel Astor," replied Jack. "I would like to go with you to New York," he added.

"I shall be glad to have you," declared the detective. "You've done some fine detective work for an amateur, Mr. Ashley. You've missed your vocation. You ought to be one of us."

"I am afraid you overrate my ability," said Jack, with a smile, remembering what his incentive had been.

It was arranged that they would start for New York on the afternoon train. Jack took Marcus Wells to the dining-room and left him to do justice to a substantial lunch, while he went to inform Dr. Ainslie and Dorothy of the startling developments. As he passed out of the lobby, Dr. Ainslie was coming up the steps to the veranda.

"I was just going to your house, Doctor," Jack exclaimed. "I have some news for you."

"You are coming to tell me that Sir Gerard Courtnay is dead?" queried Dr. Ainslie.

"Why, yes," Jack answered, somewhat surprised. "How did you know?"

"I received a letter this morning from Sir Gerard Courtnay's lawyer in London," the Doctor explained, "informing me of Sir Gerard Courtnay's death." He looked at Jack and smiled a little. "You seem to have forgotten that Dorothy, as next of kin, succeeds to the estates."

Jack started and a look of dismay overspread his face.

"I—I had forgotten," he murmured.

"I'll tell you a secret, Jack," said Dr. Ainslie, with a whimsical smile. "I am no more pleased over it—than you are."

Jack flushed with a touch of embarrassment.

"I suppose I ought to be glad for Dorothy," he said, wistfully.

Dr. Ainslie laid his hand affectionately on Jack's shoulder.

"I am more pleased over the fact that Dorothy will one day be your wife, Jack," he said, "than in the knowledge that she is mistress of Courtnay Manor with an income of sixty thousand dollars a year. And—I am sure Dorothy is, too."

Jack's face cleared.

"If that's so, sir, then it's all right," he declared. "I couldn't help feeling dismayed when I heard that Dorothy was a great lady. Come in, Doctor. I want you to talk with the Scotland Yard detective who is here to arrest Luther Kent for the murder of Sir Gerard Courtnay."

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUESTION.

Luther Kent, alias Sir Gerard Courtnay, sat in the smokingroom of the Hotel Astor, a high-priced cigar between his lips and a cocktail on a table at his elbow. He leisurely finished his cocktail, dropped his half-finished cigar into a receiver, arose, and strolled out into the lobby. He lingered about the lobby for a little while, then went toward the elevator, which was just about to ascend. As he entered, he found himself face to face with Miss Cromwell

"Why, Sir Gerard!" she exclaimed, her sallow face flushing.

He smiled and held out his hand.

"Miss Cromwell! This is quite an unexpected pleasure," he said. "Are you stopping in this hotel?"

"No," she replied. "I am calling upon a friend who is stopping here. This is my floor," she added, as the elevator came to a stop. "So pleased to have seen you again! Good morning!"

There was a thoughtful look on Luther Kent's face as he entered his suite of rooms on the floor above.

"I believe it would have been far wiser to have married the Cromwell woman," he was thinking. "I would have married her and made a good thing of it if I had never seen Dorothy Ainslie. My passion for her may prove my undoing. I wonder what has become of that fellow, Ashley? He had a way of looking me through that got on my nerves. I am glad he is out of the way."

There came a knock on the door. Before Luther Kent had time to reach it, the door opened and Jack Ashley entered, followed closely by the detective. Luther Kent stood motionless, looking swiftly from Jack to the detective. There was a moment's silence, then Jack spoke.

"Luther Kent, where is Sir Gerard Courtnay?" he asked.

The dark, handsome face of the impostor turned to a chalky white; he shrank and trembled. Then he made a great effort at self-control.

"Is this some joke, Mr. Jack Ashley?" he queried, with a ghastly smile.

"It will avail you nothing to take that tone, Kent," declared Jack. "You are found out. You are the illegitimate son of Dorcas Kent, half-brother to the man you first murdered and then impersonated."

"Admitting that I am Luther Kent, what proof have you that I murdered Sir Gerard Courtnay?" asked Kent. "How do you know that he was murdered?"

"Sir Gerard Courtnay's body has been found and identified." Luther Kent started. "He was killed by a blow on the head and his body thrown into the water. This gentleman," indicating Marcus Wells, "is a detective from Scotland Yard with a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Sir Gerard Courtnay upon the night of January 31st."

A sudden fierce light leaped into Kent's black eyes.

"Yes, I killed him," he said, in a low, concentrated voice. "I hated him. I had always hated him from the moment I was old enough to understand that I was the baseborn son of the same father. I hated him because I was an outcast; while he was the pampered grandson of Sir Bernard Courtnay. I hated him the more passionately for every taunt flung at me. Then, one day, when I was what he called insolent, he struck me across the face with his riding whip." The man's hands were clenched and his eyes had a wild beast glare in them. He seemed almost to have forgotten the presence of the two men who watched and listened to him fascinated. "From that hour I was possessed by a longing to kill him. The sight of that fair, womanish face of his aroused a devil within me. My mother told me that I must go away, or she would have to leave the lodge. I was not sorry to go away where the shame of my birth was not known. I went to Liverpool. I was strong, and I obtained work along the docks.

"I was bitterly discontented. One day I read in the papers that Edward Courtnay was dead. I cursed him in his grave. Not long after that old Sir Bernard Courtnay died, and Gerard was master at Courtnay Manor."

He paused. Neither Jack nor the detective spoke, fearing by a word to break the spell that held the man and seemed to cause him to tell all without any volition of his own. They waited almost breathlessly. After a moment Luther Kent continued:

"When I learned that Gerard Courtnay was coming to Liverpool, I waited and watched for him. I did not know myself just what I intended doing when he did come, except that I would give back to him the blow he had struck me. I watched for several days, then he came. It was in the evening, and when I saw his smiling, womanish face, the old hatred swept over me with redoubled force. I longed to kill him. I followed him. Chance favored me. He did not take a cab; he started to walk to the hotel along the water front. Steadily I gained upon him. He walked along whistling, carrying a small satchel. I had in my hand a heavy stick. I crept up behind him. The blood beat in my temples, a red light flashed before my eyes. The whistling suddenly ceased. On the ground at my feet there was a dark, huddled-up form. I had struck him down.

"I threw the stick into the river, and kneeling down, felt for his heart. It had ceased to beat. He was dead. I lifted the body and threw it into the water." Again he paused, staring straight before him somberly.

"When did it first occur to you to impersonate Sir Gerard Courtnay?" asked the detective.

Luther Kent started, and, for the first time since he had been speaking, looked at the two men, a little dazedly.

"What—what have I been saying?" he murmured, passing his hand bewilderedly over his brow.

"You've been telling us how you killed Sir Gerard Courtnay," replied the detective quickly. "So you might as well make a clean breast of the entire thing. It won't make matters any worse for you to give the details, the imposture stands for itself."

Luther Kent dropped down upon a chair, looking white and exhausted. They had all been standing while he was speaking.

"You're right, I might as well make a clean breast of the whole thing," he acquiesced, with a mixture of weariness and moodiness. "After I threw the body into the water, I took the satchel and went to my boarding place. I opened the satchel and examined the contents. It contained several changes of linen, and toilet articles, a large sum of money, letters of credit upon American banks, a check book, checks for trunks which were at the station. As I looked through the contents of the satchel it suddenly occurred to me to impersonate the dead man for a time. It was comparatively easy to do that by going to some place where he was unknown. He had intended going to America. I would go there as Sir Gerard Courtnay. The money in the satchel and the letter of credit would be sufficient for my needs for some time. In the meanwhileI would learn to imitate the dead man's handwriting." He broke off abruptly, petulantly. "You know the rest."

"Yes," said the detective. "I have traced your movements from the time you appeared at the hotel in Liverpool as Sir Gerard Courtnay. You must have known that you could not keep up such an imposture."

"I intended to marry some rich American woman, get possession of a large sum of money, and depart for parts unknown," Kent explained, coolly. The detective smiled. Jack looked disgusted. "I intended marrying Miss Cromwell." He looked at Jack darkly. "I met her first here in New York. She was willing enough to become Lady Courtnay. I followed her when she went to the seaside and there——" he paused.

"And there you discovered the heiress to Courtnay Manor, and thought it might prove more advantageous to marry her," supplemented Jack.

Kent looked at him, and an odd smile crept about his lips.

"You have shown yourself pretty clever in this matter, Jack Ashley," he said. "But you are wrong in this instance. I intended to marry Dorothy

(Continued on page twenty.)

Famous Expert Tells

How Fat May Be Removed Rapidly and Safely by a Simple Home Remedy Without Causing Wrinkles, Disturbing the Diet or Necessity for Exercise.

"Fat is nothing but unused energy," says a prominent physician, and the man or woman who is burdened with it can easily get rid of it if they wish. All they need is ½ ounce of Marmola, ½ ounce of Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic and 3½ ounces of Peppermint Water; all of which they can get at any good drug store for a few cents. Then let them take one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime until they are down to the weight they want to be.

This simple home recipe is far and away better than any or all the patent or secret medicines, for it reduces the fat safely and harmlessly. The ingredients are in fact beneficial to the system, having both tonic and purifying qualities, and so help rather than distress the stomach. The remedy does not cause wrinkles, for it reduces one gradually and naturally, preserving a good outline, and, best of all, needs neither physical exercise to help it do the work nor does it require any change in diet—one can get results and still take thinks easy—eating meanwhile just what, when and how he or she pleases. Be sure and get the Marmola in a sealed package, so that you get Marmola and not a substitute

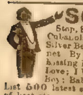
$10 A DAY And Free Suit

YOU can easily make big money with our new co-operative plan, showing our wool samples and snappy fashions to your friends. It's new. They'll buy on sight, for you save them from $4 to $5, give them the latest striking city fashions and the finest tailoring in the world.

Get This Suit FREE

Your Own Suit for Nothing by making enough on the first two or three orders to pay for it. Why not dress swell, get your clothes at a confidential, inside figure and easily make from $5 to $10 a day? No money or experience needed. Agent's complete outfit sent FREE—60 rich woolen samples—perfect measuring system—full instructions—everything necessary to start you in a big paying business. All clothes made to measure. Remember We Pay Express Charges and take all the risk. Everything sent subject to examination and approval before payment is made. Clothes must fit and satisfy or your money back. Send no money—we furnish everything FREE. Just mail a postal today and the dollars will soon be flowing your way. We appoint only one agent in a town, so write quick and be the lucky man to get in on the big money. (2)

RELIABLE TAILORING COMPANY
302 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.



SONGS Alexander's Rag Time Band; Steamboat Bill; Grizzly Bear, Stop, Stop, Stop; Let It Alone, Casey Jones; Winter; Cubanola Glide, All That I Ask Is Love; Naughty Eyes; Silver Bell, Clover Blossoms; Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet. By the Light of the Silvery Moon; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now, Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love; I Wish I Had a Girl, When I Marry You; My Pony Boy; Baby Doll, Rainbow; Red Wing; Dreaming, etc. List 500 latest song hits, 10 pieces music, and also a sample of best stage money—the whole lot for only 10 cents, post, id. JOHN ROCKWELL, 3010 W. 61st Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

$$$$$$ For Smart Men

We teach you how and start you in the Mail Order business—learn on the side—make money hand over fist. Your friends will wonder how you do it. Get into the big money class. Particulars free.
ANTISEPTIC MFG. CO., 1548-1556 Barry Ave., CHICAGO

SILK EMBROIDERED All Wool VOILE SKIRT $3.75 SHIRTWAIST FREE

As a special adv. for our great Ladies Apparel Dept. we will sell 8,000 elegant, all wool voile dress skirts, exactly like picture at $3.75, and we'll give as a grand premium, with each skirt, a beautiful, dainty lace, embroidery and sheer lawn shirtwaist. This exquisite, dressy skirt is made in the lovely six gore style of extra quality, fine, all-wool black voile, a rich, beautiful fabric of exquisite finish. Front and back gores are richly silk embroidered in a lovely design. Lower section of first side gores are laid in accurate side plaits. Knife plaits slightly to left side of back. Tailored to perfection. Drapes gracefully. Equals any $6.00 skirt or no sale. 100 in. sweep. Black color only. Sizes, waist 22 to 30 inches, length 36 to 43 inches. No larger or smaller sizes.

The Dainty Free Shirtwaist which we give with each skirt at $3.75, is fine, sheer white lawn, elegantly trimmed with lace or Swiss embroidery. Full length or 3-4 sleeves. Open front or back. Waist comes in a variety of charming designs, all like and similar to picture. Sizes 34 to 44 inch bust.

Send $1 Deposit

Mention No. XB72, give measure around waist, measure down skirt front from skirt band to bottom, state size of shirtwaist you wear and whether you want full length or 3-4 sleeves and front or back opening and we will send you this elegant, silk embroidered, strictly all wool, black voile dress skirt and the dainty, free shirtwaist C. O. D. by express, subject to examination. The balance $2.75 and express charges you pay the agent after you find the skirt and shirtwaist perfectly satisfactory, as swell and stylish garments as you ever saw and the equal of any skirt and shirtwaist sold elsewhere at $8.00; otherwise tell the agent to return them at our expense and we will promptly refund your $1. Order this silk embroidered skirt today or send for our BIG

Free Special Fashion Book

which shows over 100 elegant pictures of rare, beautiful Spring and Summer garments at wonder prices. Wash dresses, 89c up, Silk Dresses, $5.50 up; Fabric Dresses, $3.95 up; Tailor Made Suits, $8.75 up, Jackets and Long Coats, $3.90 up; Dress Skirts, $1.95 up; Wash Skirts, 75c up, Petticoats, 45c up, Shirtwaists, 45c, and everything to clothe ladies, misses, children, and infants, including immense assortments of dainty muslin and knit underwear at equally low prices. We are headquarters for

Free Waist

Dry Goods and Notions at wholesale prices. Good Muslin 4 5-8c yd. Calico 4 3-4c yard, Apron Gingham 5 3-4c yd., 36 in. All Silk Taffeta 89c yd., 27 in. Wash Silk 20c yd. and thousands of other dry goods and notion items at world's lowest prices. If interested write TODAY for FREE SPECIAL DRY GOODS AND NOTION CATALOGUE and see for yourself.

JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO. 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

Free to Boys!

Baseball Outfits consist of Chest Protector (heavily padded), Steel Wire Mask, Large Catcher's Mitt or Fielder's Glove, and Baseball. ALL ONE PREMIUM. Made by one of the best manufacturers in the U. S. Act promptly, have your outfit early. Will send free this outfit as one premium. Surely this fine outfit will make you happy.

Baseball Suits

Our BASEBALL SUITS are made from carefully woven GRAY, BLUE, BLACK or RED MATERIAL. You can have any color you prefer. Our suits are made to your size and guaranteed to fit. The suit complete consists of pants (full padded), laced front shirt, cap and an extra good belt.

Boys! I will send you, at once, 8 of my Beautiful Premium Pictures which you are to dispose of at 25c each on my Special New Easy Plan. Send me the $2.00, I will send you either a BASEBALL SUIT—OR A PLAYER'S OUTFIT—as described.
M. CROFTON, Sec'y, 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 804 New York.

Peckham's Newest Creation
The Very Latest Style In Hat Trimming
White, Black And All Colors $4.95 PREPAID

Has all the naturalness of the French Curl Plume. You must see this magnificent plume to appreciate its exquisite loveliness. Finest selected male stock imported from South Africa. 18 inches long by 12 inches wide; only $4.95 sent prepaid. Your money cheerfully returned if you don't say it's the best and most beautiful ostrich plume you ever saw for the price.

HANDSOME PLUME CATALOG FREE
Most beautifully illustrated catalog ever issued—just off press—your copy now ready—write for it today.
Peckham's 664 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

This man makes Big money Do You?

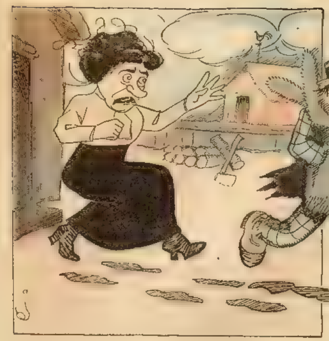
The Automobile Man enjoys the freest, healthiest, most interesting and best paying position of ANY wage earner to-day.
Our free 32 page booklet, "How to Drive," explains How and Why our practical methods produce EXPERTS. Send for it NOW.

GREER COLLEGE OF MOTORING
1472 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
NOT A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL. We teach by practical instruction with actual repair shop experience in resident courses ONLY.

WOULD YOU Show this wholly visible Typewriter to your friends, and let them see wherein it excels any $100 Typewriter made, if we would send one to you Free of One Cent of Cost for you to keep forever as your own? Then on a postal card, or in a letter to us, simply say: Mail particulars. Emerson Typewriter Co., Box H, Woodstock, Illinois

CARD PLAYER'S "Official Rule Book," Hoyle up-to-date, 200 pages 25c. Write for FREE offer. Hill & Co., Swanton, Ohio

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Conquered at Last. Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free. Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Mrs Goodsole—Here! Come back to that woodpile. Didn't you say if I gave you a square meal you'd work?
Sauntering Sam—Well, didn't I work you, lady?

He Would Make a Speech.

A young man who recently got married insisted that it was his duty to make a speech.

And this is how he did it

"My dear friends, I—er—it gives me great pleasure to tell—that is, to inform you that I shouldn't like to be a widow I mean a bachelor—again, and I'm sure my wife wouldn't, either. No, no! I should have said that my wife wouldn't be a spin—that is, a spinster if she could. Er—I cannot sit down—I mean I cannot resume my seat without thanking you for the birthday—er—I mean wedding presents which you have showered upon me with such confusion—er—profusion. You have made us very happy more than your presence—er—I mean—that is—I should have said exactly opposite to what I said when I said that I mean—I—she—or rather we—said——"

Here he gave it up

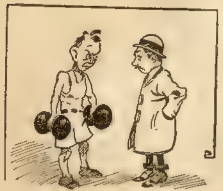
Distance.

He sat beside her lovingly;
She answered with a smile;
"You will not be so near to me,
When hoopskirts are in style."

Census Returns.

"Why are cities referred to in the feminine always?"

"It may be because some of them pad their figures."



Bacon—Heavens, man! Why are you reducing your weight so?
Stinginess—We have a scale at our house that weighs only to ninety-nine pounds; if I don't weigh less than that it's no good to me.

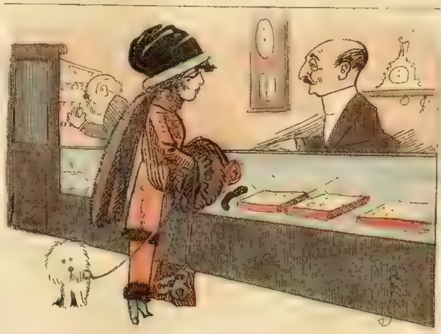
By the Law.

"Who is that handsome young man standing over there?" inquired an old gentleman of a rich old lady at a party.

"That's my son-in-law He's a very brilliant you man; made a large fortune by the law."

"Indeed!" said the old gentleman. "How's that?"

"The law made him my daughter's husband"



Great Actress—I want to buy one big diamond earring
Jeweler—Just one earring?
Great Actress—Yes. I'm going to have my photos taken profile and one earring is all that will show in the picture.

Both Ways.

"I think that partner you just danced with is the ugliest man I've ever seen."

"Huh, dear, you forget yourself!"

A Half Told Tale.

He—I dreamt that I proposed to a pretty girl last night.

She—Well, go on! What did I say?

Not Consoling.

One of the boys had broken one of the school rules, and no one would own up

The teacher announced that he would thrash the whole class if some one did not tell him who had committed the offense

All were silent, and he began with the first boy and thrashed every one in the class until finally he reached the last one. Then he said: "Now, if you will tell me who did this I won't thrash you"

"All right, sir, I did it," was the reply.

Childish Wisdom.

Mabel, did you go down to the drug store for that cold cream?

"Yeth, ma'am."

"Well, where is it?"

"I ate it, of course."

"Ate it? Why, child, what kind did you get?"

"Chocolate ice cream. It was the coldest kind I could get

Very Suspicious.

"How about this fare," demanded the stranger in New York.

"I haven't overcharged you, sir," declared the cabman

I know you haven't, and why haven't you? What sort of a deep game are you up to? Answer me, now."

Bark and Squeal.

"Nothing lost here but the squeal," declared the pork packer. "Are you as economical in conducting your business?"

"Just about," answered the visitor "I'm in the lumber business. We waste nothing but the bark."

Work for the Rector.

The Rector—Now, Molly, would you rather be beautiful or good?

Molly—I'd rather be beautiful and repent.

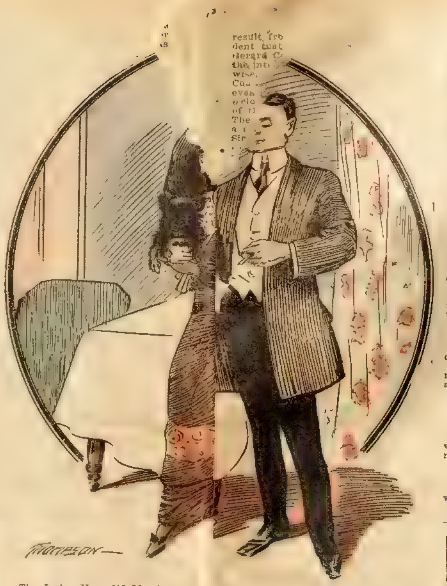
His Greatest Trouble.

"Do you have trouble when you are saying your lessons in school, Tommie?"

"Yes, sir."

"What seems to trouble you most?"

"The teacher!"



The Lady—How did Mrs Welthee liait of Fido?
The Artist—She wouldn't take it; hgold tooth when he smiled.

Not Unreasonable.

A train in Arizona was boarded by robbers, who went through the pockets of the luckless passengers. One of the happened to be a traveling [illegible] from New York, who, when his turn came, fished out $200, but rapidly took $4 from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket. "What do you mean by that?" asked the robber as he toyed with his revolver. Hurriedly came the answer: "Mine frent, you surely vould not refuse me 2 per zent discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis?"

Some Difference.

Flypp—I see that a woman who wore men's clothes for twenty years has been declared insane

Blypp—Yes, and any man who would wear women's clothes might count on being in the asylum before the week was up.

Not Impressed.

"Dad, my coming-out gown will cost an even hundred."

"I once knew a girl who made her own gown, at a cost of two dollars, and thus won a husband"

"I don't want a two-dollar husband."

Careless Mother.

Lady—Why do you cry, little boy?

Little Boy—That mother o' mine—she's gone—an' lost me again!

A Grace for Others.

A little girl had been very naughty, so her mother told her she should have no pudding for dinner. Later the others ate a nice jam pudding, while the little culprit received only a piece of bread and butter.

"Now, Kitty," said her mother, at the end of the meal, "say grace

Kitty obeyed. Closing her eyes and folding her hands, she said with emphasis:

"For what they have received may they be truly thankful."

His Suspicions Aroused.

"John, do you love your little wife?"

"Yes"

"Do you love her very much?"

"Oh, yes."

"Will you always love me?"

"Yes—say, woman what have you gone and ordered sent home now?"

His Motto.

"Reckon the old man will get on the water wagon this year?"

"Don't think so. He always says there isn't room enough for him, and his motto is: 'Don't crowd!'"

Crafty Vegetarian.

Nebuchadnezzar went on all fours. "Men are mistaken for deer, even when they walk upright," he consoled himself.

The Generous Liveryman.

Young Man—Mr. Chargewell, I have managed to bring your horse back, but the sleigh is all smashed up. I had to walk all the way, and it has been an awful job; been walking all day; most tired to death. I suppose I'll have to pay for the sleigh

Liveryman—It was a miserable old sleigh, and couldn't have lasted long anyway. I won't charge anything for that. It wasn't worth ten dollars.

Young Man—I am glad to be relieved of that burden. How much do I owe you?

Liveryman—Let—me—see. You started at eight a. m., and it's now ten p. m.; fourteen hours at five an hour—seventy dollars.

Green's Move.

Three rival tailors lived in the same street. One had a notice board over his shop with "Brown, the Best Tailor in the World" upon it. White, not to be outdone, followed suit with a notice: "White, the Best Tailor in London."

Green, seeing his rivals getting in front of him, also had a board printed "Green, the best Tailor in This Street."

Not Silent.

St. Peter—H'm! I never heard much of you on earth.

Deacon Loudd—You didn't? Goodness me! My shoes squeaked louder than anybody's in church.

Married Men Preferred.

Old Editor—Where is Scribbler?

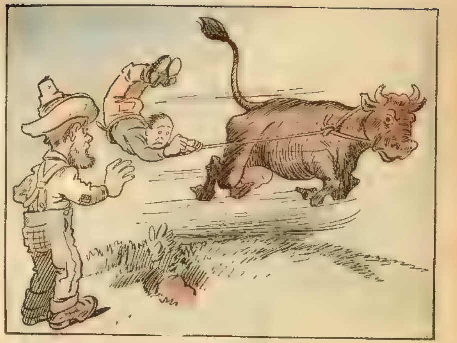
Assistant—Gone off to get married

Old Editor—Well, I'm glad of that. He won't kick so about staying here nights now

He Needs a Rest.

"Doctor, do you think a trip to Europe would do me any good?

"Yes. Let your wife take it."



Farmer—Hey! Where are you going with that cow?
Boy—I dunno. Ask the cow!

His Version of It.

A young lady who is proud of her scholars in a Brooklyn Sunday School has drilled them carefully to recite the twenty-third Psalm. One day while they were loudly repeating it in unison she paid particular attention to the little boy who sat next to her. To her horror she heard him shout:

"And surely the good Mrs Murphy will follow us all the days of our life."

The Call of Duty.

"I try to do my duty," said the exceeding sincere person, "and I do not hesitate to remind others of their duty."

"Go ahead," replied the easy-going citizen "You may prove to be a very useful member of society. But when you get through you'll have as many sincere friends and admirers as an alarm clock."

Took Precautions.

Mrs. Brown—I'm thinking of giving up using fresh milk. I read an article in the paper saying all kinds of infection can be got from it.

Milkman—Don't worry, madam; our water is always well boiled first.

A Great Nerve.

"I have just been reading about the remarkable fortitude of a Kansas bridegroom

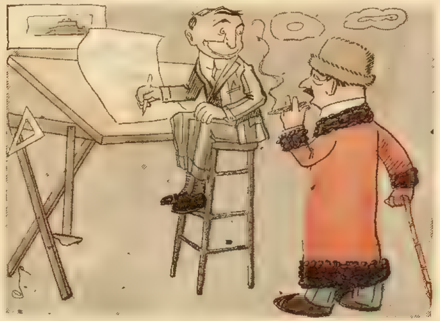
"What did he do?"

"It seems that he was able to sing at his own wedding."

He Knew.

"Don't you think that seeing is believing?"

"No. I see people every day that I wouldn't believe."



The Owner—In my new house I want a simple breakfast room in addition to the more elaborate diningroom.
The Architect—I see What you want is an oatmeal mush room and a grilled mushroom room

Prepared for Relatives.

Husband (at dinner)—My! My! This is a regular banquet—worthy of a Delmonico. Finest spread I've seen in an age. What's up? Did you expect company?

Wife—No, but I presume the cook does.

No I. O. U.'s.

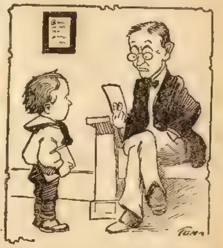
"Do you play by note?" asked Mrs. Cumrox

"Certainly not," replied the celebrated pianist. "My terms are strictly cash."

A Sure Sign.

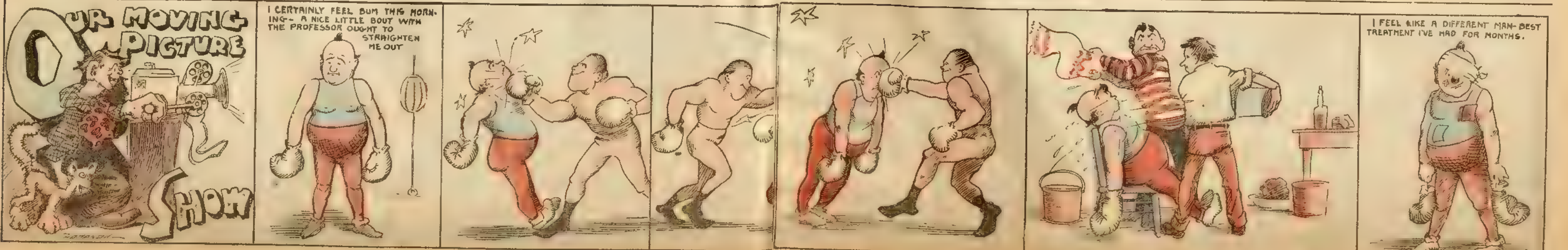
"How do you know they're man and wife?"

"I just overheard her telling him not to smoke another cigar tonight."



Stern Papa—Georgie, what does this zero mean on your school report?
Bright Georgie—I—I think that's a report of the last cold spell we had.

HIS PHYSICAL LTURE LESSON.


OUR MOVING PICTURE SHOW
I CERTAINLY FEEL BUM THIS MORNING— A NICE LITTLE BOUT WITH THE PROFESSOR OUGHT TO STRAIGHTEN ME OUT
I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN—BEST TREATMENT I'VE HAD FOR MONTHS.

THE ISLAND OF GOLD;

Or, THE SWORD OF THE SEA

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 6, Feb. 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII

A STRANGE TURN

ROBERT found himself leaning almost wholly upon Zattillo and his sagacity. The young American had courage enough, but with so many foes to deal with he felt that cunning, rather than open warfare, must be relied upon. Right there the ability of the native came into play. While in the sailboat there had been some effort at planning, but it had been decided that they must be governed by circumstances as they found them, and nothing was yet settled.

"The pirates seem asleep," said Robert, tentatively.

"Me see no light and hear no voice Best we first go to pit to see if gold-diggers, they busy. If they not there, we feel bolder."

"Good! Lead on!"

They went, and found the pit untenanted. Seeing this, Robert briefly forgot everything else and lowered himself. The pirates had used their spades effectively, and the cavity was deep, but he looked and felt in vain for further signs. His hand, trying to take the place of his eyes, ran along the ground carefully, but no ancient coin was encountered. If the freebooters had found anything valuable, there was nothing to tell of it.

Zattillo was standing patiently at the edge of the pit, and presently Robert swung himself back to the level.

"Now, then, what shall we do?" he asked crisply.

"Houses over there," the islander answered, quietly. "All together, so if girl here she pretty close. We go back."

Robert's spirits took a downward tumble. With men out over the island and a hundred foemen opposed to them, how was it to be done?

"I don't see," he murmured, dubiously, "how we are to learn which house she is in."

"Look in all till find her."

"Probably we shall awaken a lot of pirates in the first place we enter."

"Mustn't do that. You let Zattillo look. He step like rat."

"That's something I certainly can't do Lead on, good friend!"

"Come!"

Zattillo moved, and as Robert noted how his feet fell a faint ripple of hope came to the American. The native was surely soft-footed, but—the undertaking still looked large.

The leader moved toward the south end of the village, where the largest houses were. He was wholly composed, but his head turned frequently, and it was clear that he was trying to make sure that nobody else was astir. Absence of lights was no proof to the contrary, for the tropic air was warm enough to lead men to the outer air, and a lounger would have no need of a lamp In a short time Zattillo reached a certain house, paused by the door, listened, and then, turning to Robert long enough to make a warning gesture, he glided within.

To his companion it seemed little less than suicide. He had been prepared for a reconnaissance, but this bold intrusion took him by surprise. He stood motionless, gazing after his ally, but not daring to peer inside, and felt generally flustered.

The seconds passed. Utter silence was about him. It did not seem as if the native could be moving. Had he met with a set-back and been obliged to secrete himself? Was discovery impending?

Somebody came to the open door. Robert grew briefly exultant, and then his hopes ebbed, for it was not Zattillo. The movements of the man were deliberate, and it was clear that he did not suspect that mischief was afoot, but, being awake and active, he blocked the game wholly for the time. Zattillo was inside, and this stranger was an unconscious jailer.

Robert knew he was within the range of the man's vision, and that discovery was imminent. Detected, a cry of alarm would doubtless come from the dusky throat, and for him to shout was to arouse the whole village. The cry must be prevented, and, holding his knife, the sailor watched and waited, ready to leap forward and deal a blow.

Slowly, however, the pirate turned to look in another direction. Robert noiselessly retreated and gained the rear of the house. This looked like great good luck, and he was mentally congratulating himself, when he saw another man almost at his elbow.

"I have been waiting for you, master," was the quiet remark.

Robert started and looked hard. The speech was in English almost as ready as his own, but its softness of tone told that it was from an islander. As he could be no friend, it was clear that he was an enemy, and the dreaded discovery had come, though strangely.

"I have made my choice," pursued the unknown, "and I will accept your offer if you swear that I shall have all the money you have promised, but it is no small matter. Unless I win I shall die."

The hearer saw that he had been mistaken for somebody else. As he could not disavow his supposed identity, he resolved to make a bold push and accept it for the time being.

"Well," he replied, "now that you have decided, what next?"

"Not so fast, master. I have seen your man that you call Shrogg, and he says you are a crazy man. He is very [illegible] to agree."

"Why does Shrogg object?" asked Robert, seeking light.

"He says do not meddle with the girl."

"Ah!" muttered the American, his ideas quickening.

"He says no help will come for her that will so dangerous as the enmity of Arrowpack. Like you, he is sorry she was brought here, but as it is too late to undo the work, he says stick to Arrowpack and make no foes. I told him you wanted to be faithful to Arrowpack, but that you believed the girl would make trouble for all hands, so she ought to go back to Popoatto. Then he swear some, but says he will do as you order."

Robert saw light. He had been mistaken for Abner Caswell. And that man, disapproving of the kidnaping of Mary Lee was plotting against Arrowpack, and anxious to get her away from Watihoe. A ray of light was mingled with the darkness of the mix-up, and he made an effort to get further information. Shrogg was captain of Abner's brig, but Robert did not want to meet him.

"Well, what next?" he asked

"We will try to get the girl," replied the native

"Now?"

"It must be at once or never"

"I am ready"

"I will get her from the house, but you must talk with her. She has seen me, and she is afraid of me. I carry her supper to her, and when I see she shrinks from me I say, 'I am your friend, do not be afraid.' It was useless; she saw the many scars on my face, and then Hilo, that Malay girl who waits upon her, tells her that I am a bad pirate, and a butcher of men, so now the girl from Popoatoo fears me more than ever. I will take her away, but once it is done, you must be the one to talk with her."

"That will be according to my wish," Robert replied.

"Come now, and we get her quick."

The sailor was confused and uncertain. Dark as it was he had the impression that his companion was a man of the worst sort, a Malay with no alloy of good in his evil nature; and such a man was not a safe companion for him, much less for Mary Lee. Robert longed for the presence of Zattillo, but that man remained invisible. In his confusion and doubt one idea, however, rose plain and high—if he had chance to get Mary, he must accept it, and let the future look out for itself.

"Lead on!" he said, steadily.

Koko led, and Zattillo was left behind At the very beginning of the venture the rescuers were separated.

The Malay seemed never in doubt, but traversed the shapeless avenue among the houses with noiseless steps. Robert kept at his heels, more than once tempted to turn back, but lured on by that enticing bait, the promised finding of Mary Lee. Finally Koko paused by one of the larger houses

"Remember," he said, "no blood is to be spilled if we can help it."

"I agree fully."

"But we must not be discovered. If Arrowpack knows, we die, and it is better that others lose life than ourselves Draw your knife, ship-man!"

Robert's nerves grew a-tingle Matters were getting warm.

"It is drawn!" he answered.

"If anybody molests me, you kill him!"

"Ye-es."

"Ship-man, you promised!"

Koko had thrown his head back suddenly, and there was a shade of suspicion in his voice, but he seemed to remind and warn rather than to threaten. Slender as was the strand that bound the two strangely-assorted allies, it was not yet broken. Robert, however, wavered before the keen gaze bent upon him. If Koko learned that he was not with Abner Caswell, there would be serious trouble for Inchwood.

"Of course!" agreed Robert, as if impatient. "Now proceed!"

"I have brought what we need Wait for me!"

Koko slipped quietly through the door and was gone from sight. He had a foot as light as Zattillo, and it was as if a mere butterfly had winged its way inside, but the butterfly of this occasion was the grim and battle-scarred Malay pirate.

What was to happen his ally did not know, but the latter hungered for Zattillo more than ever. The moment that the Malay disappeared, the appointed watcher ran along the back track. Believing that the prison of Mary Lee was surely discovered, he was resolved to summon Zattillo at once and have his help.

A hundred yards Robert ran, and then, as he looked for the little building into which Zattillo had gone, he met with a painful discovery. Of the several houses near, he did not know which was the one that he wanted. With perfect quiet all around, he had no clew to the probable whereabouts of his native friend.

The dilemma was painful. Baffled in his favorite plan, was he to linger for his friend or hasten to Mary? After a moment the mental answer came convincingly. If Mary was to be seized by Koko, he surely must be there to guard her safety.

Returning hastily, he reached the other house, and then a sudden thought. Fate had, as he looked at it, decreed that he and Koko must fight to the death. The Malay had been tempted with money to betray Arrowpack, but he would not submit to another change of allegiance, and as his plan would be to take the girl quickly to some place—doubtless the brig White Wing—the design must be frustrated by forcible measures.

Wholly unaccustomed to such wild work, Robert had grown somewhat flurried as he ran about, but he cooled off remarkably. He was ready to fight it out with the Malay.

Once more he listened, but the former silence was unbroken. Where was Koko? Was he to disappear as Zattillo had disappeared?

While this question was being revolved in his mind, somebody came forth from the house. It was Koko, and in his arms he bore a slight form. The form was blanket-muffled, and no word came from its lips, but the struggle going on showed an unwilling, probably a greatly frightened, captive. Robert longed to attack the Malay then and there, but, aware that this would be suicidal, he held his hand, though it was hard to think of the girl in the arms of the pirate.

"Come!" said Koko, briefly.

Bearing his burden lightly he hastened away, and Robert walked close to his elbow. In a few seconds the village would be passed. Then would come the struggle with the stout Malay.

CHAPTER XIV

A TROUBLESOME CAPTIVE.

The Malay strode on with his burden held tightly in his long arms, and the ease with which he bore her, together with the firm planting of his feet, told Robert that the man would be a dangerous opponent. In New York the young man had been an admitted athlete, but it dawned upon him that scientific skill might count for but little in a rough-and-tumble fight. Koko undoubtedly knew how to use every grain of his supple strength, and he had been fighting ever since he was a child. A bad foe, that dusky Malay!

How was he to be mastered? One way

Doctor's Best Formula.

Breaks Severest Cold in a Day and Cures Any Curable Cough.

This has been published here for several winters and has proven the quickest and most reliable formula obtainable for coughs and colds. "From your druggist get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce Concentrated Pine compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake it well and take one or two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age. Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a sealed tin screw-top case. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Don't experiment with preparations because of cheapness. It don't pay to fool with a bad cold.

❧ ❧ ❧

A Gentle Sting.

Miss Oldgirl—When I am doing serious work I hate to have a lot of men hanging around bothering me.

Miss Pert—You do a great deal of serious work, do you not?

❧ ❧ ❧

FREE TO OUR READERS

DR. W. H. MORSE of Hartford, Conn., author of the medical textbook, "New Therapeutic Agents," and authority on new remedies, is sending free to any who suffer from Rheumatism in any of its forms, Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Neuralgia or Neuritis, information as to AN UNFAILING CURE. He has nothing to sell or prescribe. Be sure to mention this paper.

Fat is Dangerous

It is unsightly, uncomfortable, spoils the figure, causing wrinkles, flabbiness and loss of vigor.

Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; I Have Safely Reduced Many of Excess Fat, a Pound a Day!

Note what my Treatment has Done for Others:

Mrs. W. D. Smith, Box 34 Abbott, Me., writes: "I have lost 51 pounds by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and shortness of breath; now I am well and can walk and work with ease."

Mr. J. Bevilacqua, R. F. D. Box 24, Colfax, Placer Co., Calif., writes: "Your Treatment has reduced my weight 108 pounds; I never felt better and can do all my work with comfort."

Mrs. J. H. Wooldridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "Am wonderfully improved, have lost 98 pounds. Friends amazed."

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients. *Reduce YOUR weight!*

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, breathing becomes difficult and the end may come in **HEART FAILURE** and sudden death. Why not save yourself from these **DANGERS?** *BE WELL!*

I want to prove to you that my treatment is reducing fat people's weight to normal. No matter where the excess fat is located; stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, my treatment will apply without strenuous exercising or starving. Reduction of excess fat will beautify your figure, flabbiness and wrinkles disappear. In many cases fat is reduced at the rate of a pound a day, safely and lastingly, and rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles leave as the fat goes away. I will send you without a cent of charge to you my PROOF TREATMENT FOR SAFE WEIGHT REDUCTION. **FREE**

Don't miss this offer. My PROOF TREATMENT is FREE and should make you feel better at once. I will also send you Free my new book of advice, also a legion of convincing testimonials. **Write to-day. DR. H. C. BRADFORD,**
9 S Bradford Bldg., 20 East 22d St., New York.
(Licensed physician by the State of N.Y.)

PRICE LIST SENT FREE UPON APPLICATION
RIEGER'S MONOGRAM WHISKEY
Monogram Whiskey

RIEGER'S Monogram WHISKEY

Express Prepaid

8 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Private Stock **$5**

4 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine **$3**

FREE two sample bottles, gold tipped glass and corkscrew with every order

Over 100 000 customers have proven that our whiskey is far the best ever distilled. For smoothness and mellowness of flavor it cannot be equalled. Send remittance with order. Money refunded if whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory. Order today.

J. RIEGER & CO.
1656 Genesee Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

OWN A BUSINESS

WE WILL HELP YOU

"I made $88.16 first three days," writes Mr. Reed, of Ohio. Mr. Woodward earns $170 a month. Mr. M. L. Smith turned out $301 in two weeks. Rev. Crawford made $7.00 first day. See what others have done.

LET US START YOU

in Gold, Silver, Nickel and metal plating. Prof. Gray's new electro machine plates on watches, jewelry, tableware and metal goods. Prof. Gray's New Royal Immersion Process latest method. Goods come out instantly with fine, brilliant, beautiful thick plate, guaranteed 3 to 10 years. No polishing or grinding. Every family, hotel and restaurant want goods plated.

PLATERS HAVE ALL THEY CAN DO.

People bring it. You can hire boys to do the plating as we do. Men and women gather work for small per cent. Work is fine—no way to do it better. No experience required; we teach you. **Recipes, Formulas, Trade Secrets Free.** Outfits ready for work when received. Materials cost about ten cents to do $1.00 worth of plating.

Our new plan, testimonials, circulars and **SAMPLE FREE.** Don't wait. Send us your address anyway

GRAY & CO. PLATING WORKS,
1028 Gray Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

Reel Line FREE to Introduce. Write on Postal

KINGFISHER hook. Pat. Aug 3 1902; catches two fish to the common hook's one. Dealers wanted. Send 15c stamps for one KINGFISHER hook, 15 silver finish Cincinnati bass hooks and three good strong lines, postpaid. **PARDON HOOK CO.,** Room 29 OWENSBORO, KY.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes like the force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cts. to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 622 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land describ[illegible] open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS Box 1503, Parnassus, Pa.

Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press $5, Larger $18, Rotary $60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, etc. The Press Co., Meriden, Connecticut

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Give particulars Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, Suite 530 No. 400 W. 23d St., New York

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

and only one was promising. Robert was at his back and with drawn knife. A blow from that point, with Koko unprepared, would end it all. Robert would have been more than human if he had not thought of the chance, but, thinking, his manhood recoiled from it. Well aware that Koko would serve him in that way if their positions were reversed, he could not, would not bring himself to the wretched cowardice of stabbing any man in the back.

How, then, was he to overcome the Malay? While he hesitated they passed the last of the houses and were close to the pit where the gold-diggers had labored. Koko half paused and looked about him.

"Where," he asked, "is your Captain Shrogg?"

"I don't see him," Inchwood replied.

"He is late, the fool! I dare not call to him."

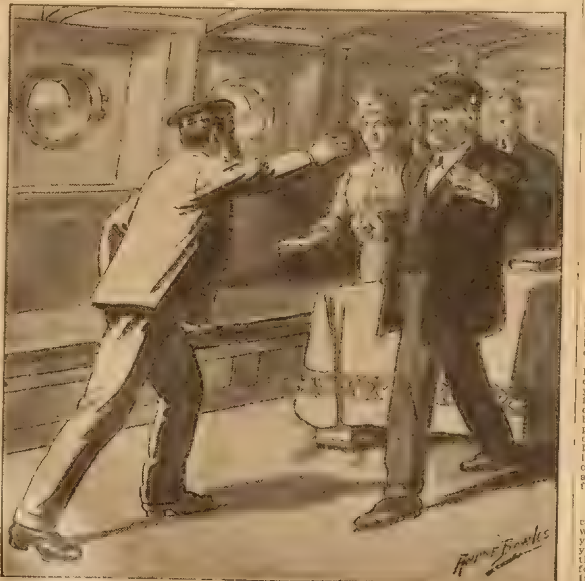
"Go search for him," advised the sailor, "and I will care for the girl."

"Go you! I have tied up her mouth, and am holding her arms so she cannot get clear. It will not do to change. Go for your man Shrogg!"

Robert stood still, eyeing the Malay intently. They were not far enough from the houses to make attack safe, but it seemed that the time had arrived. He shifted his knife about so he could deal his companion a blow upon the head, hoping to stun him, but now there was a variation of the situation. A man emerged from the darkness of the adjacent trees, and Koko uttered a little exclamation

"Shrogg!" he added

The chance was gone. Mercy had made Robert hesitat[illegible]ation had made


"Scuttled!"

his foes two. The captain of the White Wing loomed as an ominous figure. Not so tall as either of the other men, he had a great breadth of shoulders, and was a dangerous opponent.

"Oh!" growled the newcomer. "So you are here? Well, I've come to do my part in the fool trick. Got the gal, have you? Confound her! I hoped she would escape your clutches. Now, Malay, what next?"

Robert had dreaded being addressed by the skipper, for he was fully aware that he could not deceive Shrogg as he had Koko. The former had sailed with Abner Caswell from the Atlantic coast, and, though the darkness now deceived his eyes, he would notice a strange voice. As it was Koko that was spoken to, there was brief reprieve.

"My part," was the answer, "is well nigh finished. I have taken the girl, as I said I would. The sooner you send her away to her home in the canoe the better, but it is for you to act, not me. Shall I carry her to your ship?"

"Speak out, Caswell!" snapped Shrogg, his manner impatient.

Robert dared not let the captain hear his voice, so he held up a hand, sent forth a warning sound from his lips like "wsh!" and motioned them away.

"Come chicken-hearted, all of a sudden, eh?" scoffed Shrogg. "You need not be so cautious, and you must give orders, for I won't. Speak out, man! What next?"

Robert felt himself on the horns of a dilemma, but he suddenly reached out his arms for Koko's burden. The Malay scowled in the darkness, for, though willing to be rid of the girl, he disliked this voiceless procedure, and saw no reason for it, but he did not rebuff the silent command. He loosened his hold upon the girl, and was passing her over when she began to struggle desperately. Make an outcry she could not, with the cover on her mouth, but she was suddenly a writhing figure that, when halfway between the two men, deftly squirmed clear of both and unceremoniously took to flight.

At this Shrogg fell to swearing in English, and perhaps the Malay's ejaculations were to the same end in his native tongue, but Robert was still mute. Hope had new life within him, and he bounded away in pursuit, but immediately he heard the others at his heels.

"Run the jade down and throttle her!" cried Shrogg, the nature of the man showing clearly. "First you know she will be yelling like a loon, and that will stir up the whole town. I told you from the start that if you tried to save her from Arrowpack she would reward you by upsettin' your plans."

Robert scarcely heard the words, for all his attention was centered in the runaway. She was flitting between the trees like a phantom, and he could not gain an inch, but presently Koko passed him, in spite of all the speed he could summon.

"White man can't run fast as woman!" tauntingly cried the Malay.

It did not seem an inappropriate remark, but when another hundred yards had been gone even Koko lagged. Robert overtook him and found him staring here and there in uncertainty.

"Have you seen her?" he asked

"Seen her?"

"She is gone," muttered Koko. "Has she hid, or outrun us all? But she must be near. Beat up the bushes! Look in every shadowy place Hasten, ship-man, or we shall lose her!"

Shrogg was floundering after them and the combination made Robert desperate. All his schemes had gone wrong, and the girl's danger was acute Rather than permit her to give the alarm, the Malay was likely to use her without mercy when found

The three went here and there among the trees, and the hunt was close enough, but when ten minutes had elapsed it seemed certain that their chances were next to gone for a time. While they had sought helplessly, she had had opportunity to steal away. But where would she go.

It shocked him to think of Mary Lee on the island, cast upon her own resources, and so near her foes. Where would she hide? What could she do? Koko [illegible] he regretted that he could not shout to her that he was a friend, and could not w[illegible] off the calamity he apprehended.

The three searchers had become somewhat separated, though they were within easy view of each other, when a voice sounded in a hail.

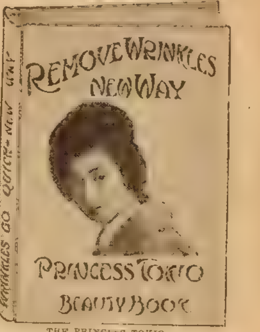
"Ahoy, there! What's doing here?"

Robert started. The voice was that of Abner Caswell, and turning, he saw a newly-come figure accosting Shrogg and Koko. The encounter gave him a shock. Both men knew that he whom they had believed was Abner was ahead of them, yet here was the real Abner accosting them from another point. Acute danger now threatened, and Robert stepped back

WRINKLES GO QUICK

Beauty Doctors and the Medical Profession Stand Aghast in Amazement, Marveling at this Wondrous New Method of Removing Wrinkles, Which Has For Ages Baffled the Leading Experts of the Earth.

WRINKLE BOOK FREE



THE PRINCESS TOKIO.

New Method of Removing Wrinkles; No Creams, No Plasters, No Massage, No Masks, No Rollers; Absolutely New Treatment, Never Before Offered by Others in America.

Did you ever see a Japanese woman with a clouded complexion? Did you ever see one with wrinkles irrespective of [illegible] how they achieve and [illegible] of splendid feminine [illegible] time in America, the Prin[illegible] methods are being made know[illegible] are a revelation. [illegible]ore have [illegible]tian women been a[illegible] the [illegible] these oriental beauties, whose faces [illegible] have been the marvel through the ages [illegible] at last the treasure-trove has been unlocked, and there is set before every American lady who writes immediately, the full knowledge of these methods.

The Princess Tokio Book of Beauty is a message full of sisterly feeling and sympathy for the American ladies. It tells, without hesitation, all about the Princess Tokio new method of removing wrinkles without harmful creams, pastes, lotions, or plasters, or mechanical appliances

Not Sent to Ladies Over 70.

The Princess Tokio book is FREE to every lady who writes, except those over seventy years of age. To these the Princess Tokio methods extend no hope—for they have neglected themselves for such a long period, it is impossible to benefit through this knowledge after 70 years of age.

If you are a matron, would you like to look like a girl again? If you are fifty years of age, would you wish to look like a splendid young woman of twenty-five? If you are forty would you like to look like a girl just out of her teens? Then to you this book will be of inestimable value. Do not send a penny. Keep that in mind. There is no charge for Princess Tokio Book of Beauty. It is a rare message for ladies wishing to learn of the new way, now used in that far-off sunrise land, Japan, where womanly grace and beauty have been the guiding influences for countless ages

SEND NO MONEY.

Under no circumstances will money be accepted for the Princess Tokio Book about wrinkles. Do not even send a stamp. It is yours absolutely free. It will be given to you with a willing hand, by one who believes that there has dawned the most splendid day for American women of all ages up to seventy. It is a message of the most hearty good cheer, and so unlike anything American, it is a treat in its direct instructions. All you need to do is to send and ask for a FREE copy, addressing the Princess Tokio Beauty Co. Suite 357, Central Bank Building, Denver, Colo.

You may rest assured that this book will be sent in a plain wrapper.

It tells how to remove every wrinkle by entirely new treatment in only eight days. In the same time blackheads and pimples and all facial blemishes also disappear. It explains the new method of beautifying the skin and making it soft and smooth.

TAILORING Salesmen who are willing to accept $200 a month showing our big samples and taking measurements for the finest made-to-order suits and overcoats at the lowest prices. No experience needed. Our new plan gets the money. Big clear profit on every sale. Send today for big outfit and new money getting plan.

WARRINGTON WOOLEN AND WORSTED MILLS 172 W. Adams Street, Dept. 445, Chicago.

FREE WATCH RING & CHAIN

We positively give to boys and girls a BEAUTIFUL American [illegible] watch with [illegible] case [illegible] GUARANTEED [illegible] stones [illegible] each [illegible] ring and chain. We Guarantee Satisfaction. Dale Watch Co., Dept. 26 Chicago

BE AN ILLUSTRATOR how to draw for magazines and newspapers. Send for Catalog. [illegible] to draw. We will teach you by mail School of Illustration, 77 Page Bldg Chicago, Ill.

SECRET OF HEALTH Plainly tells and illustrates what you want to know. Mailed upon request for 10c. Address SENECA MEDICINE CO., 12 Hawthorne Station, CHICAGO

No use looking so old! Change your gray mustache to a rich brown or black. Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H

FREE BOTTLE
RHEUMATISM
Backache and Piles

ZMO
A
PAIN-RELIEVING
HEALING
OIL

Try free ZMO, a famous remedy for Piles, Rheumatism, Backache, & Catarrh.

We do not ask you to buy a bottle, we don't ask you to take our word for it—just send your name and address and receive prepaid a sample bottle free.

ZMO is an external liquid remedy, that gets right down to the bone through skin and muscles and drives away pain in 5 minutes after you apply it.

It contains no habit-forming drugs as it is guaranteed under the Pure Food Law to be free from morphine, opium, cocaine or other dangerous drugs.

After you are convinced of the merits of ZMO, you can buy a large bottle at any drug store for 25 or 50 cents.

If you have Rheumatism, Backache, Catarrh or Piles, or know of a wound that will not heal, write to M. R. Zaegel & Co., 17 Zaegel Bldg., Sheboygan, Wis., and they will send you, prepaid, in plain package, a bottle absolutely free.

Rheumatism is dangerous as it often attacks the heart. You may not need ZMO today, yet tomorrow, meet with an accident, a cut or burn and cheerfully pay $5.00 for the bottle now offered free. For frost bites nothing equals ZMO. Write for free bottle today.

Sunny Times

This is a real $6.00 per gallon whiskey but on account of selling direct to the consumer and as we have 300,000 satisfied customers we are able to cut the price.

4 FULL QUARTS $2.95
EXPRESS PREPAID

Coupons that can be redeemed for valuable premiums sent with all orders. We guarantee satisfaction or will return money on demand. We refer you to any bank in Kansas City, any railroad or express company. Address

Schiller Bros. Distilling Co.,
Dept. 13 KANSAS CITY, MO. or CAIRO, ILL.

Whiskey

STEM WIND
WATCH, RING AND CHAIN FREE
FOR SELLING ONLY $1.50 WORTH.

American Movement, rich case, fine time-keeper, for selling 6 boxes Blood Tablets at 25c. each. When sold return $1.50 and we send Watch, also extra premium of Ring and Chain for money sent in 10 days.

STANDARD REMEDY CO.,
5 Cortlandt St., Dept. 64 New York City.

300 LATEST SONGS & MUSIC 10c

"Listen to that Jungle Band," "Oralia," "Yum Yum Tree," "On a Monkey Honeymoon," "Blondy," "Any Little Girl that's a Nice Little Girl," "I've Got the Time, I've Got the Place," "On Mobile Bay," "Casey Jones," "Sadie Salome," "Funny Face," "Railroad Rag," "Moonlight Glide," "You're Just the Boy for Me," "Wop, Wop, Wop," "Cutey," "Silver Bell," "My Marucela," "I've Got Rings on My Fingers," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," "Baby Doll," "Pony Boy," "Honey Boy," "Red Wing," "Holy City," &c. BIG BOOK of over 300 Latest Song Hits, War, Coon, Comic, Love, Irish &c. Best and Biggest Collection of SONGS AND MUSIC ever offered. Also Big Cat & List, a $1 Due Bill and a Gold Prize Ticket. ALL sent Post Paid for only 10 cents or 3 lots 25c. DON'T MISS THIS GREAT OFFER. You'll be Delighted. Address:

IDEAL MUSIC CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

12 POST CARDS FREE

We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will mention this paper and send 4c to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show our cards to 6 of your friends. D-20, NEW IDEAS CARD CO., 233 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn from $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG, 805 Scarritt Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. My free booklet, X-1013, tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

into cover. As he did so he almost stumbled over somebody else, and, barely saving himself from a fall, he again shifted his gaze and saw the abducted girl. She was still half shrouded in the blanket taken at the start by Koko, but Robert noticed that she was tearing at the object the Malay had used to stop her mouth. This interested him little then, but he lea[illegible] close to be

"Have no fear, Miss Lee!" he exclaimed. "I am a friend here to save you. I am Inchwood! Come with me!"

It was no time for elaborate explanations, and no time for ceremony. He caught her up bodily, heard high-pitched voices behind him that told him his enemies had penetrated a part of his secret, and then he started in rapid retreat, aware that trees now screened him, and devoutly hoping it might continue so.

Again the girl was an unwilling burden. She struggled, and with strength which taxed his muscles, but he held fast and ran on, all the while talking.

"Listen to me!" he urged. "I am a friend! Don't you understand? I am not a pirate, but Robert Inchwood. Pray be calm, and don't struggle!"

The good advice was of no avail, but he felt that the emergency demanded vigorous measures and vigorous flight. Explanations could be made later. With his face toward the waiting boat he hastened on as rapidly as the tangled way would permit.

Suddenly the trees ended, and hearing sounds of pursuit behind him, he grew anxious. At one side, however, were the rocks of the ridge, and he made for their cover. It was not far to the boat, but much might happen before it was reached, and when he arrived he had only a single man to aid him, if Zattillo remained missing.

For a time the excitement of the occasion had helped him to do what was required, but the struggles of his burden were constant and they made his task the harder. Now his strength began to fail, and he vehemently renewed his entreaties that the girl would remain quiet. She, however, pulled at her mouth-coverings in the former fashion, and, unable to speak, did not obey him in any particular.

He was staggering along, almost forgetful of his pursuers in the face of the clear knowledge that his growing weakness could not long be resisted, when fresh calamity came.

There was a shock from the rear, a blow which, as he well knew, was the precipitation of a human form upon his back, and he reeled and fell, losing his hold upon the girl as he did so. She slipped away, like an inanimate object dropped by chance, and fell close to his feet. This stirred him anew, and he half rose, only to be beaten down by a stroke that fell heavily upon his head.

What came next he never knew clearly. He was attacked and he fought back, but was overwhelmed by a shower of blows and then came—a blank!

His senses soon returned. He was still where he had fallen, but alone. Pains flashed through his head, and he thought himself badly injured, but he remembered Mary Lee, and his resolution stirred within him sharply. He staggered to his feet. Poising himself dizzily he looked about him excitedly. He saw no other person.

The enemy had achieved complete triumph. The briefly rescued girl was gone. Worse yet, she would now be held in close captivity, and he had no friend to aid him with plan or force of arms. Disheartening as his situation was, he nevertheless grew stubbornly resolved.

"She's on board the White Wing," he muttered, "and I'm going there!"

CHAPTER XV

HOW IT ENDED

What Robert expected to accomplish against the full crew of the brig he did not stop to consider, but he turned back with dogged resolution. From the beginning he had been interested in Mary Lee, and the adventures of the night had made him more wrapped up in her. Forgetting that she was little less than a stranger to him, he was keenly worried by her peril, and determined to give his help.

Half a dozen steps he took, and then a human form came gliding softly from the direction of the pirate village. He caught his breath sharply as he saw that the person bore a burden, and that it was like another human form.

Mary Lee again! But was her bearer friend or foe?

His hand strayed to his pocket in search of the weapon that had once been there, but he found it empty. As he struggled with the shock of the discovery, he had proof that somebody else's eyes were sharper than his.

"Good, good!" cried the burden-bearer. "It is I, Zattillo!"

"What? And whom have you?"

"Mary, the same we want."

"By Jupiter! this is glorious. But is she injured?"

"Let me speak for myself," interrupted another voice. "I am not hurt, and oh, Mr. Inchwood, I am so glad!"

"Miss Lee, by all that's great! I thought you were lost, but good Zattillo has solved the riddle. Can I help? We want to be at the boat as soon as possible."

"Let me walk!" Mary exclaimed. "I am as able to do that as either of you, for I have seen active life from childhood. Good man, put me down!"

Zattillo had been slow to obey, but he now complied with her request. She proved her ability by moving as fast as they cared to go, but Robert ventured to keep a hand upon her arm.

"I hope," he said, "they have not used you with harshness."

"Really, I cannot say they have," she answered.

"What happened after I was struck senseless?"

"After what?"

"They beat me into unconsciousness before they took you away from me."

"I did not see you there."

"But it was I who carried you."

"What!" she cried. "Away from my father's island?"

"No, no! After you escaped from Koko."

She turned her head and looked at him closely. Lack of light prevented him from reading her expression, but he felt that she was at a loss. Wondering if she had received some injury that affected her mind, he added:

"I tried to make my identity clear to you, but that bandage over your mouth stopped all words from you, and I do not know whether you understood me."

"Why, there has been no bandage over my mouth."

Robert, staggered, began to wonder if it was he who was mentally disturbed, and to wonder if all his experiences were a dream, but they now arrived at the water. Zattillo had directed their course well, and they were near the cove where the boat had been left. The half-breed sounded a low signal, and an answer came quickly. Then they moved closer and saw Witilo and the boat. Total silence was at the rear, and they did not fear that Abner Caswell and his allies would alarm the village, but there was a certainty that they would pursue actively, so it was imperative that they go speedily.

All but Zattillo entered the little craft, after which he gave it a great push which sent it shooting away from land, but he had leaped in at the last moment, and all hands were together again. For a time they used the oars, but presently a favorable slant of wind was met, and they made haste to get the sail spread. Just as it filled and fresh movement was acquired Mary spoke nervously.

"Look back!" she directed.

"Do you mean on the water? Oh! now I see. Two men are at the point of land."

"They stand and gaze after us. We have barely escaped them."

"Undoubtedly it is Abner Caswell and his helpers. They see us, and if it was Arrowpack or his men there would be an alarm."

"Abner Caswell? Why do you mention him?" Mary asked.

"Why, it was he who hired Koko to take you away."

She turned her gaze away from the men on the high point and faced Robert.

"Somehow, Mr. Inchwood," she said, kindly, "we don't seem to understand each other. I have not seen Abner Caswell here, nor do I know who Koko is. You lately spoke of carrying me. When was that and where? Then you mentioned that my mouth was tied up. I know nothing about that. We don't seem to understand."

Robert suspected that he understood, but he had one more question to ask.

"Where did Zattillo find you?" he asked.

"In the house where Arrowpack imprisoned me. He entered at great risk and took me away. I have seen nobody else."

"Then, by Jupiter! I have been acting the defender to the wrong woman!" Inchwood exclaimed. "Abner, Captain Shrogg, and a Malay named Koko, as well as myself, have been playing hide and seek all over the island with somebody I thought was you, though, as her mouth was tightly tied up, she had no way of speaking to say who she was."

He added a few words of explanation, and Mary, after a period of bewilderment, suddenly had light.

"That must have been Ililo, the Malay girl who kept me company in the house. I remember, now, that shortly before Zattillo came, I awoke and called to Ililo, but had no answer. She must have been taken away."

"Confound it!" exclaimed Robert, in deep chagrin, "I see it now. Koko entered to take you from the house, but made a mistake and took Ililo instead. All the while I was scheming to get you clear of the fellows, it really was the Malay girl. Well, I have covered myself with glory."

"So you have," said Mary, earnestly, "for you have ventured a good deal to rescue me, and met with rough usage in doing it. I am deeply grateful, both to you and Zattillo."

During this conversation the boat had been cutting the water swiftly. Not only the men on the point of land, but the island had disappeared, as they put additional leagues between boat and land, and as it was Abner's wish to get Mary away from Watihoe, it seemed that they need not fear further trouble.

Being requested, Zattillo told his own story. The first house he had entered in his search for Mary had given him a check. A man was awake and discovery was barely averted. When he was clear again he could not find Robert, but he set about his task afresh, located Mary, and took her away as before shown.

Probably Ililo was by that time safe in the house from which she had been

Great Suit Offer!

Just Write Us

and we will send you absolutely free, by return mail, postpaid, a large outfit containing a big variety of cloth samples, fashion figures, tape measure, order blanks, etc. Everything free, and we will start you in a paying business. A most liberal offer on a suit for yourself that will make you wonder. Terms, conditions and privileges that will astonish you. We will name you so much lower prices on men's fine clothing that it will surprise you.

We Want a Live Agent

in your town. You can make $1,000 to $2,000 per year. If you will write us before we get an agent in your town you will get a wonderful offer. As soon as we get an agent in your town he will get profits on every dollar we sell in his territory. We turn all our business over to him. That's why our agents make so much money. If you want a suit for yourself answer quick, before we get an agent in your town, you will then get all of our great inducements. (38)

American Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 463 Chicago

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR
Only Machine Built the Government Way

Get the pleasure and profit out of raising chicks on your back lot. You can clear several hundred dollars the coming season. Lowest priced standard machine. 60 days free trial, freight prepaid. 5 year guarantee. Write us today. SURE HATCH Incubator Co. Dept. 128 · Fremont, Neb.

140 EGG INCUBATOR and 140 CHICK BROODER Both For $10

The Incubator is California Redwood, covered with asbestos and galvanized iron; has triple walls, copper tank; nursery; egg tester, thermometer, ready to use. 30 Days' Trial — money back if not O. K. Write for Free Catalog today.

Freight Paid East of the Rockies

Ironclad Incubator Co., Dept. 112 Racine, Wis.

125 Egg Incubator and Brooder BOTH FOR $10 if ordered together.

Freight paid east of Rockies. Hot water, copper tanks, double walls, double glass doors. Free catalog describes them. Send for it today. (11)

Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 129 Racine, Wis.

Book on Grape Culture FREE

Instructions for planting, cultivating and pruning; also descriptions of best varieties for vineyard or home garden. Profusely illustrated. Issued by the largest growers of grape vines and small fruits in the country. Millions of vines for sale.

T. S. HUBBARD CO., Box 45, Fredonia, N. Y.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY

and Almanac for 1912 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 890, Freeport, Ill.

Mankato Incubator $7.25

260 EGG ONLY $10

A high-grade hatcher, direct from factory to user. Has triple walls covered with asbestos and galvanized iron, metal legs, hot-water copper tank, self regulator, high nursery, safety lamp, thermometer, etc. Safe, simple, easy to heat, saves oil, set up complete. Money back guarantee. None better at any price. 17 years' experience. Brooders $2.50 Up. Big catalog free. MANKATO INCUBATOR CO., Box 856 Mankato, Minn.

120 PAGE POULTRY BOOK FREE

Tells how to succeed with poultry on the ordinary farm. How to make a first-class brooder out of an old piano box. What breeds lay best. Plans for poultry houses, how to feed, breed, etc. Describes PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders

You will be surprised at the valuable information it contains. It's free. Write a postal for a copy today. (14)

Prairie State Incubator Co., 611 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

Baby Chicks Live or Die
As Their Vitality is High or Low
All about it in free pamphlet
Address Box 111-J, B. Brown Mills, N. J.

Latest Book "Profitable Poultry," 120 pages plain, practical facts, 160 beautiful half tones. Tells how you can succeed with poultry. Tells about big poultry farm. 45 pure-bred varieties. Lowest prices, fowls, eggs, incubators, etc., sent for 5 cents.

BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 68, Clarinda, Ia.

48 BREEDS Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4c. for large, fine 18th ANNUAL POULTRY BOOK. R. F. NEUBERT CO., Box 855, MANKATO, MINN.

55 BREEDS PURE-BRED Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys; also Incubators, Supplies and Collie Dogs. Send 4c for large Poultry book, Incubator Catalog and Price List. Address H. H. Hiniker, Box 96, Mankato, Minn.

40 VARIETIES of pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys, Northern Raised, hardy and fine plumage. Largest and best equipped poultry plants in the West. Lowest prices on Stock, Eggs, Incubators and Brooders. Large illustrated catalogue mailed for 4c. H. W. Converse, Box 25 Fulda, Minn.

50 Best Paying Varieties Pure-Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Eggs, Dogs and Incubators. All at Low Prices. Send 4c for my Book which gives reliable information worth many dollars to you. W. A. WEBER, Box 920 Mankato, Minn.

taken. Her inability to free her mouth from the bandage was explained by Zattillo, who suggested that Koko had tied a "devil-fish knot," a device hard to combat, as effort at one point brought opposition from another

Robert was beset with fear that they would not be able to come upon the ship readily, but the natives showed singular aptitude for finding the way, and in due time the adventurers were under the bulwarks of the Fair Lady. No time was lost afterward. As soon as they were on deck the sailors ran aloft and in a short time the ship stood away from the unfriendly waters.

Mary had been conducted below without delay, and a stateroom assigned to her. She was uninjured, and as her courage was good, she was as calm as usual when, after a short time, Captain Wood and the Inchwood cousins joined her in the cabin.

"I'm mighty glad," said the skipper, "to be able to take ye back to your home safe an' sound. Wish the credit laid to me, but an old sea-dog must be content to let younger lads do the rough-an'-tumble part o' lively jobs. Robert was the ace o' the pack."

"Hardly!" said that young man, flushing. "I proved to be a very low card, and Zattillo deserves all the credit, but maybe my good will saves me from ridicule

Ridicule!" Mary exclaimed. "Why, it cannot apply to

But think of me fighting for Ililo all that while

"The idee gets me sudden," said Captain Job, "that only for your long-continued wrestle with them chaps, they would have found out their own mistake and got back in time to interfere when Zattillo took [illegible] Miss Lee away."

"That is well thought of!" declared Mary. "Now, Mr. Inchwood, pray do not worry over this any more. You did your full duty, and I consider you one of my chiefest rescuers. My gratitude is deep to all who had part."

"You make us the happiest Jack Tars afloat," said the skipper, gallantly. "Now, Miss Mary, why did Arrowpack want you? Why kidnap you?"

"It was not his work at all. I was captured by one of his war parties, and he stormed loudly at its commander when I was brought to Watihoe but afterward he changed his mind. He looked at me—he looked—in a way I did not like; and I know he was eager to keep me. With me there he had a new idea, and it is now the same as if he had himself kidnaped me. I am dreadfully afraid I have not seen the last of Arrowpack!"

"Be you afraid he will go again to your father's island?"

"Just what I am afraid of, sir"

"Bad, bad! Wish I had men enough to lick that pirate out o' his boots, but my crew is a handful compared with his gang."

"All this trouble," interposed John, gloomily, "makes our hope of getting the treasure grow smaller."

"What is this matter of treasure?" Mary asked, growing animated. "I heard talk about it at Watihoe, but I don't understand what it is."

"What did you hear?" asked John, eagerly.

"Why, it seems that, some time ago, as the Malays were building a new house, they came upon a lot of ancient money at one point—ten thousand dollars in the old Spanish coins called pieces of eight. They dug them up near the surface of the ground. They thought but little of it, as they failed to discover more, but soon after the brig White Wing came, and either Captain Shrogg or Abner Caswell knew something, so they are now hoping for great riches."

"What more, what more?" cried John, quickly.

"That is all I know. What the men of the brig knew I failed to hear."

"How," asked Captain Job, "did the sailors make friends with the pirates so easy?"

"It seems that Captain Shrogg knew Arrowpack years ago and came to him for advice. The union of forces followed."

"That explains. We have wondered how Abner Caswell could get into Arrowpack's good graces. Oho! So Shrogg was an old friend! Fellow pirate of Arrowpack, maybe."

"Do you understand," Robert asked "that their only reason for thinking there is treasure on Watihoe is the fact that they found those pieces of eight?"

"That is all—except that the formation of the island had something to do with it."

"It is clear to us, Miss Lee. You shall hear all about it in the morning, for there is much to tell. Ten thousand dollars in ancient coins, eh? And yet their digging has brought no more to light? Hang it! I'm not so sure that Watihoe is the right island!"

"My hopes sink," admitted John. "Arrowpack's men must know these waters better than anybody else, yet they have not been able to tell Abner of an island like the Island of Gold. If they fail, what hope is left? We can find nobody who knows of a dot of land with gray cliff, and so on."

"Why not try Gogotl?" asked Mary, quickly.

"Who is Gogotl?"

"He lives on Payupah, and is reputed to be the oldest man within a hundred leagues of here. I have never seen him, but he is said to be a walking encylopedia of information as to the islands."

"Just the man!" exclaimed Robert. "We will see Gogotl."

At that moment Jackson, the carpenter, appeared at the foot of the companionway.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, addressing Captain Wood, "but Mr. Pond would like to see you on deck."

John gave heed to peculiarities in the [illegible] expression, and took it upon himself to answer.

"What's wrong, Chips? Speak right out! We are all equally concerned. Say it quick."

"Since you bid me, sir, I will. You remember that unknown man in the ship who was expected to scuttle us, and likewise that queer matter as to my auger? Well, sir, the scuttler has got in his work, in spite o' our watchin'. Holes have been bored in our hull, an' the water is comin' in lively. Blow my sails if I don't hanker to yardarm the mysterious scoundrel!"

By that time all the cabin party were on their feet.

"Scuttled!" cried Captain Job, explosively.

"Ay, ay, sir an' on our way to the bottom o' the ocean!"

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

His Hat Size.

There was a little old man in one of the big local department stores, the other day, trying to buy a hat. He was clawing over a big pile of headgear in vain search of something that might fit him, when one of the salesmen accosted him.

"What size are you looking for?" he asked

"Somethin' I kin wear," [illegible] withered answer

"Of course—but what is your number?

"You don't number a feller when he comes in here, do ye?"

"Why, no, but what's the number of——"

"Say, don't ye suppose I'll know when I come ter one th't fits me? I may be a farmer, but I ain't no durn fool. Go wait on yer customers, an' I'll get somethin' pretty soon. I got a lot o' time."

"So have I, uncle. I can stand here all day watching you try on hats, but it isn't necessary. If you can tell me what size you wear I'll get you a dozen of that size in a minute. It will save a lot of trouble, and it won't be quite so hard on the assortment."

"Well," acknowledged the old man, "I can't say that ain't reasonable. But I've clean forgot the size I wear. Besides, my head mighter growed or shrunk or somethin' sence 189[illegible] when I got my last hat. But I wear a No. 10 shoe. Get out a lot o' No. 10 hats, an' I'll try em on."

My Ideal of a Car

Built to Justify Men's Faith in Me

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth—My Farewell Car—marks the best I know, after 25 years spent in car building.

It is the 24th model which I have created.

It embodies all I have learned from the tens of thousands of cars I have built.

It comes close to finality, in my estimation. Men will never build cars much better.

In any event, this car marks my limit. It shows the best I know.

The Price May Be Impossible

The price of $1,055—the initial price—is probably too low to continue.

We have a model factory—an enormous output. We have invented countless machines which cut the cost of production.

And we save nearly $200 per car by building only one chassis in this great plant.

We can build cars for less than others. But $1,055 is an altruistic price.

It is based on maximum output—on unusually low cost for materials. Under usual conditions such a price is impossible.

So this price is not fixed. Our contracts with dealers all provide for advance. You who buy at this price get a bargain which can't be repeated, I think.

My Finest Car

But Reo the Fifth, while I direct the making, will never be skimped in the slightest.

It embodies my best, and it always will, regardless of price or profit.

All I have gained in 25 years is at stake on this final achievement.

All the steel that I use is analyzed to know that it accords with my formulas.

My gears are tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

I use roller bearings—Timken and Hyatt—in every important part. There are only three ball bearings in this whole car.

My carburetor is doubly heated, and adapted to all grades of gasoline.

Margins of Safety

My experience has taught me, above all else, the need for big margins of safety.

I use Nickel steel for axles and driving shaft, and make them much larger than necessary. I use Vanadium steel connections.

The tests and inspections on every part are carried to extremes.

I know where weakness develops. And I know that it can't develop in this final car of mine.

Beauty and Luxury

The design of this car shows the last touch of up-to-dateness.

The body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is deep—made of genuine leather, filled with hair.

The wheels are large, the tonneau is roomy, the car is over-tired

The lamps are enameled. Even the engine is nickel trimmed. One cannot find at any price a better-finished car.

Center Control

In this car I bring out my new center control. The gear shifting is done by a cane-handled lever between the two front seats. It is done by moving this lever less than three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there are no side levers. The entrance in front is as clear as the tonneau.

The driver of this car may sit, as he should sit, on the left-hand side. He is close to the cars he passes. He is on the up side of the road. This has been possible heretofore only in electric cars.

No other car is so simple in driving as is Reo the Fifth.

1,000 Dealers

This car can be seen in a thousand towns. Write us and we'll tell you the nearest place.

We will also send you our books, showing the various bodies.

Write us today, for Reo the Fifth is this year the most interesting car on the market. Every motor car lover should know the facts about it. Address

R. M. Owen & Co., General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario.

Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower

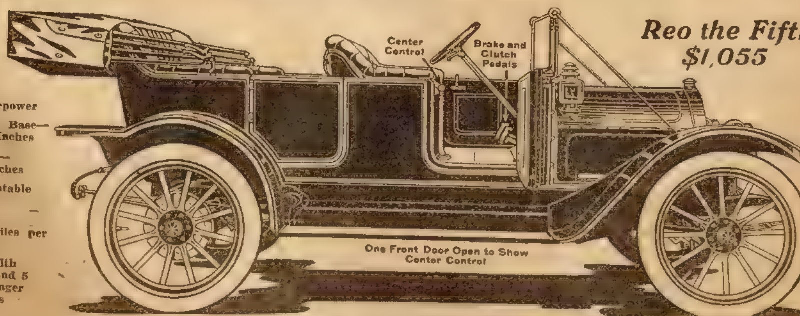
Wheel Base—112 Inches

Wheels—34 Inches

Demountable Rims

Speed—45 Miles per Hour

Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies


Center Control
Brake and Clutch Pedals
One Front Door Open to Show Center Control

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

Escaping the Snare

(Continued from page thirteen.)

Ainslie because I loved her." Jack frowned, but Kent went on unheedingly. "In one of Sir Gerard Courtnay's trunks I found a miniature of a beautiful woman, with raven black hair, blue eyes, and fair, exquisite coloring. It was a picture of Dorothy Ainslie's great-grandmother, and it might have passed for a picture of the girl herself, so close was the resemblance. The lovely face fascinated me. I would spend hours gazing upon it. When I saw Dorothy Ainslie for the first time I thought the dead had come to life. Does she know? Have you told her?" he asked, rising and looking at Jack.

"Yes," Jack replied, quietly. "I have told her."

"A thousand curses upon you!" cried Luther Kent. "But for you she would have been mine."

"Thank God that it was in my power to save her from such a fate!" said Jack, with great feeling

"You shall never have her!" cried Kent, and quick as a flash he whipped a pistol from his pocket and leveled it at Jack

But the detective was upon him before he had time to fire. There was a brief struggle, a report, and Luther Kent fell to the floor with a bullet in his breast. Whether he had turned the pistol on himself and fired, or in the struggle it had been accidentally discharged, neither Jack nor the detective was able to determine. The last words of the man, however, seemed to point to the former conclusion.

Jack was at the telephone and the detective was standing beside Kent. The latter looked up at him and said: "It's better to die like this than be hanged."

Before a physician, summoned by Jack, could reach the room, Luther Kent was dead.

Jack wrote to Dorcas Kent telling her of her son's crimes and of his death. The only reply he received to his communication was a slip of paper, inclosed in an envelope, on which was written the words. The sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children."

He never saw Dorcas Kent again. She disappeared from the lodge, and no one knew whither she had gone. A fresh-cheeked, smiling young girl, the daughter of the new lodgekeeper, opened the gates for Lady Courtnay when she and her husband arrived at Courtnay Manor.

Jack was very glad that the dark-browed woman, with the story of sin and sorrow written upon her face, was not the first to meet his fair young wife at the gates of Courtnay Manor.

The End.

* * *

A WONDERFUL WIFE.

"Do you remember, mother?" asked Mrs. Albaugh, "that before I was married I used to hope that when I got a husband he would be a whole-souled, hospitable man?"

"Yes. I remember," was the smiling answer, "and I wondered then if you realized just what it means to have a man in the family who issues invitations to everybody all the time."

"I realize it now, anyway," said the daughter. "Why, mother, Jimmie is absolutely the most inordinately hospitable person I ever saw. He seems to want every one he knows to have a meal in our flat."

"It's because he's so proud of his little home, I suppose," returned her mother.

"Well, I'm afraid he wasn't very proud of it last Sunday. But I'll have to tell you about it."

"Saturday night we had the Fiskes—you know they are the people in the apartment below us—to dinner, and as they had entertained us so nicely when we first moved in, of course, I wanted to give them a spread, so we had a four-course dinner. Just after dinner Thora got a telephone message that her brother-in-law had had an accident, so without washing a single dish she left for South Chicago to help her sister take care of him.

"When we got up Sunday morning there were so many soiled dishes I could hardly get breakfast. I complained to Jimmie that it would take me all day to wash those dishes. 'Nonsense!' he said. 'We'll go to church and dine downtown, and then tonight, when we have taken off our Sunday clothes, we'll do the dishes together in no time.'

"That sounded pleasant to me and I turned my back on my disorderly flat with a delightful runaway sense of freedom.

"While we were in the restaurant rain began to fall in torrents, so we lingered over our dessert and coffee a long time. Finally the storm subsided and we went home. Imagine my astonishment when Jimmie unlocked our flat and I beheld his cousins that I hardly knew at all—Robert Albaugh and his wife—sitting in our parlor, dressed in Jimmie's lounging robe and my kimono!

"'Well, hello!' cried Jimmie. 'We're mighty glad to see you.'

"'I'm afraid we came a little early,' said Mrs. Robert as I shook hands with her. 'You see, we have taken some liberties.'

"'Not at all! We are delighted,' bubbled Jimmie. 'This is great. But how, did you ever get in?'

"'Well,' said Robert, 'when we found you weren't at home we thought we'd take a ride in the park, as this is the first time we've had our car in town. But we hadn't gone more than two blocks when that cloudburst came and we got drenched. We were too wet to go anywhere that we couldn't make ourselves at home in, so we ran back here and I climbed the fire escape to your kitchen window. The man who lives under you rushed out and threatened to have me arrested. I told him not to bother me.'

"'And I told him who we were,' added Mrs. Robert, 'and begged him not to stop Rob, as we were expected to tea.'

"'When she said that I just looked at Jimmie, but Jimmie was busy assuring Robert that it didn't in the least matter that he has cut our new window screen in order to get in, so my precious husband never noticed my accusing glance. But when I got him alone for a minute I said, 'James Albaugh, you invited your cousins to tea and never told me!'

"'I forgot all about it,' he answered. 'But you can get up some little thing for supper, can't you?'"

"Well, what did you say to that?" asked her mother.

"I said of course I could and I pitched in, while Jimmie talked to his guests. I washed enough dishes to set the table and I made hot biscuits and coffee and I made a salad of the cold chicken that was left from the night before. Inside of an hour they were all eating."

"I was pretty hot and flurried, but I tried to be bright and chatty while they ate. When they left Mrs. Robert squeezed my hand in the most sisterly manner and whispered, 'The Albaugh men are all alike, they've got sense about one thing—they choose capable wives.' So I knew that, despite all my efforts, she had taken in the whole situation."

"I hope Jimmie was properly contrite?" remarked the mother.

"O, Jimmie was a perfect dear. He said that night while we were washing the dishes that after this experience he wouldn't be afraid to ask a whole regiment to dine, for I was such a wonder. I don't want you ever to think, mother, that Jimmie is unappreciative.

"No, nor inhospitable," added her mother, dryly.

* * *

An Experienced Agent.

House Agent—Rush around to 126 Bank street quick and get last month's rent.

Bookkeeper—What's up?

Agent—As I passed there this morning I heard a baby. There won't be any spare cash around that house for six weeks at least. I've had 'em myself.

MENS COMPLETE OUTFIT
HANDSOME NAVY BLUE SERGE SUIT SWELL STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS AND DANDY SAFETY RAZOR $4.95

Safety Razor FREE

Until they're gone we will sell 15000 year around weight navy BLUE SERGE MEN'S SUITS at $4.95, and as a premium and advertisement we will give FREE with each suit at $4.95 a pair of fancy stripe worsted trousers, and if you order within 30 days we will throw in as a special premium with the suit and extra trousers at $4.95 a highly nickeled, full-size safety-razor, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any $5.00 safety razor, regardless of name or make.

The Suit is Daly's best navy blue serge, a handsome firm fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful changeless finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, is serge lined, elegantly finished. Guaranteed the greatest clothing bargain in the world or no sale. Sizes 32 to 42 inches around breast.

The Free Trousers which we give with this suit at $4.95 are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are stylish, finely tailored and perfect fitting. This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to equal it.

Send $1.00 deposit, mention No. X 41, give chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue serge suit and extra pair of fancy striped worsted trousers and fine safety razor by express, subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, $3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood, otherwise we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book (BE SURE and ASK FOR BOOK No. 27) which contains 100 fine cloth samples of ready-made suits at $3.18 up trousers 98c up, up to raincoats $4.50, cravenettes $5.00, and complete stocks of hot weather clothing, such as alpaca coats, dusters, auto coats and all kinds of men's and youths' clothing for Summer wear. Order the outfit or write for the sample book No. 27 today. Do it now. If you need

The Free Safety Razor We give with each suit and extra trouser outfit at $4.95 is full size, highly nickeled, complete with blade of finest razor steel perfectly ground, honed and stropped, guaranteed to shave as clean, cool and comfortable as any $5.00 safety razor or your money back immediately. Order today.

Men's Furnishing Goods send for our FREE CATALOG OF MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS. Mesh underwear 19c, silk neckwear 8c, stiff hats 95c, soft hats 42c, dress shirts 35c, gloves 19c, belts 15c, caps 19c and every kind of apparel for men and boys.

JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO. 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

TOBACCO KILLS

DR. ELDER'S Tobacco Boon

Banishes all Forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 Hours.

A positive and quick relief. A Home Treatment easy to take. S. E. Addington, of Bethel, Okla., writes: "Your Tobacco Boon has cured me after using tobacco 34 years." H. S. Evans, of Meridian, Miss., writes: "I had been a heavy chewer for 54 years. After taking your treatment eight days I was completely cured." Adolph Erigen, of Pigeon Falls, Wis., writes. "I would not take $1,000 for what good your Tobacco Boon did me." Hundreds of similar letters from satisfied patients.

REMEMBER—We give a legal binding Guarantee of results in every case or money refunded.

FREE Booklet on the Tobacco Habit and its Remedy, also full information about my Home Treatment will be mailed free in plain package to any one. Do not wait—send name and address TODAY.

DR. ELDER'S SANITARIUM, Dept. 407, St. Joseph, Mo.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat

Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents.

Double Throat Co., Dept. D Frenchtown, N. J.

Railroad Men Wanted Quick

$80 to $185 a Month.

Write for our legal binding bond to place graduates in position sure if 20 to 35 years of age and mentally and physically O. K. We can quickly fit you for a big paying position no matter where you live, in your spare time at home. Learn from practical Railroad men. This is the school indorsed by R. R. Managers. Write now.

Official Ry. School, Gen. Office 469, Freeport, Ill.

A BOOK OF VITAL INTEREST on the Subjects of

MARRIAGE, PARENTAGE AND SEXOLOGY

Dr. Foote's "HOME CYCLOPEDIA" of plain home talks is certain to awaken thought in every reader; every page bristles with facts about self and sex and their relation to life and health, family and race. It ought to be in the hands of every husband and wife. It is endorsed by Physicians, Teachers and Ministers. SEND TODAY for our FREE descriptive booklet with table of contents, and other interesting matter, and also for SPECIAL PRICE OFFER. Regular price, $2. Don't delay—write now Murray Hill Pub. Co., 1194 E. 28th Street, New York

ALL FOUR RINGS given to anyone who sells 12 pieces of jewelry at 10c each and when sold sends us the money $1.20. Send back any not sold. We trust you.

THE CARTER CO., WARREN, R. I.

OLD COINS WANTED $7.75 Paid for rare date 1853 quarters, $20 for half dollars; we pay a cash premium on hundreds of coins; keep all money dated before 1884, and send ten cents at once for our new illustrated coin value book; it may mean your fortune. ROCKWELL & CO., 3010 West 61st Street, CHICAGO

DROPSY TREATED, usually gives quick relief and soon removes all swelling and short breath. Trial treatment sent Free. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box E, Atlanta, Ga.

$2.50 a Month BUYS a GENUINE Kimball ORGAN AT FACTORY PRICES

FREE Music Instructions by Our New Diagram System If You Write at Once.

You can now buy the famous Kimball Organs direct from the makers at factory prices. We will send them to reliable people anywhere, to be paid for on our extremely easy payment plan—$2.50 monthly and upwards, if desired.

Operating the largest organ factory in the world, employing the largest capital, buying raw material in the greatest quantity for cash—the Kimball system of manufacturing and distributing saves you $20 to $50 on strictly first-class organs.

If you want an organ at all, you want a good one: a mere pretty case with no music in it will not do. Secure at Once the old, reliable Kimball Organ at Factory Prices and pay on convenient terms, and along with it will be sent free our new diagram system of Self-Instruction in Music, with which any person can at once play the organ and all the chords and accompaniments for singing, etc., without previous knowledge of music. You need this Book—it's FREE with a Kimball Organ.

SEND TO-DAY FOR MONEY-SAVING PLAN AND 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER

Under no circumstances can you afford to buy or consider any other organ until you have our money-saving proposition. Our half a century's manufacturing experience, our financially strong guarantee means much to you

The most inexperienced buyer, a thousand or more miles away, can deal with us as wisely as the shrewdest trader, or as though you were here in person, for your organ will be selected by an expert. Entire satisfaction is fully guaranteed. You'll not only get a good organ, but we promise that your dealings with us will be pleasant. A fine piano stool free with your Kimball organ. (3)

Write TO-DAY for our Free Catalog.

W. W. KIMBALL CO., 5053 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill.

MEN'S or WOMEN'S 20 YEAR Watch $3.75

Elegantly engraved pattern, gold finished, thin model, Hunting case Watch, 7 jewel American lever movement, stem wind & set, guaranteed 20 years, including gold finished long chain for Ladies, vest chain or fob for Men. Our price now $3.75 complete

Thin Model

20 Year Guarantee

SENT C.O.D. to your express office for examination. If found equal in appearance to any $15.00 Solid Gold Watch pay express agent this special quick sale price $3.75. Don't buy until you see it. State whether Men's, Ladies' or Boys' size. HUNTER WATCH CO., Dept. 808 CHICAGO, ILL.

CROWN YOUR TEETH with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 60c. C.B.FARGO, Dept. D FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER from your handwriting. Mind you get a really GOOD reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Sure to please you. Money back if dissatisfied. B.W. BEAUCHAMP 2583 8th Ave. New York City

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

1912 LEADER Send 12 CENTS for a DOLLAR PATTERN RING. Rolled Gold Shell Signet, raised scrolls on sides. Initial engraved FREE. Defiance Co., 48 W. B'way, N.Y.

BRASS TRIMMED BED ALL STEEL SPRINGS, GOOD MATTRESS

NO BETTER OUTFIT ANYWHERE at $15.00 $6.98

FINE BRASS TRIMMINGS | ELEGANT FLORAL PANELS

$6.98 Write for FREE Furniture CATALOG

This big handsome brass trimmed finely enameled iron bed is a beauty. Pretty and dainty enough for a palace. Latest 1912 design. Made strong and durable with ornamental posts artistically trimmed with large beautiful brass caps and vases, shapely connecting and interior rods of special cast malleable iron. Handsome steel panels appear in head and foot which are elegantly decorated in bright lovely floral designs. Heavy ornamental steel chills. Finely enameled in white or apple green color, full sized. Head piece is 46 inches high, foot piece 34 inches high, 54 inches wide, 76 inches long. Complete with castors and angle steel side rails.

The Mattress is our famous No. 1 "Rest Easy Combination Mattress." Delightfully elastic. Perfectly hygienic; vermin proof. Covered with durable and pretty ticking. Deeply tufted. Box edges. Strongly sewed. Top and bottom are heavy layers of fine elastic cotton felt—sleep on either side.

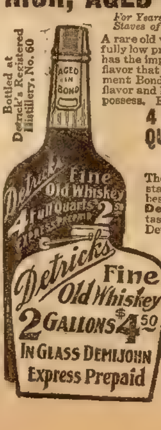
The Springs in this great bed outfit at $6.98 are the most comfortable in the world to sleep on. Solid steel. No wood. Wear forever. Heavy Bessemer angle steel frame; bolted and braced corners. Light steel woven wire top, double wired here and there from end to end to prevent sagging. Center is supported by 18 coil steel spiral springs. Outfit weighs about 175 lbs. Send us $1.00 deposit, state the color of bed wanted, and we will send the beautiful bed, fine mattress and splendid spring C. O. D. by freight subject to examination. The balance $5.98 and freight charges you pay the agent after you find the outfit perfectly satisfactory, the grandest bed, mattress and spring bargain you ever saw or heard of, and as good an outfit as you could buy at home or elsewhere for $15.00, otherwise return it at our expense, and we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the outfit today, or write for our big FREE FURNITURE CATALOGUE which describes and illustrates a full line of iron beds from $1.35 up, genuine brass beds $9.85 up, dining chairs 60c up, extension dining tables $3.95 up, chiffoniers $3.95 up, oak dressers $3.95 up, parlor suites $10.75 up, couches $3.95 up, and hundreds and hundreds of other wonderful furniture bargains. Everything shipped on 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Read all great offers in Furniture Catalog.

GO-CARTS $1.15 up Baby Carriages $4.25 up. About 100 brand new styles. Wholesale prices Write for special Go-Cart Catalogue.

JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO., 150-207 W. Madison St. CHICAGO

THIS 2-GALLON DEMIJOHN OF RICH, AGED DETRICK WHISKEY $4.50

For Years This Liquid Joy Has Been Within The Happy Staves of Oak, Longing to Touch The Lips of Man.



Bottled at Detrick's Registered Distillery, No. 60
AGED IN BOND
Detrick's Fine Old Whiskey 4 Full Quarts $2.50 Express Prepaid
Detricks Fine Old Whiskey 2 GALLONS $4.50 IN GLASS DEMIJOHN Express Prepaid

A rare old whiskey—the finest stock we have ever put out at these wonderfully low prices. It is double copper distilled whiskey—absolutely pure. It has the imprisoned sunshine of the ripe grain from which it was made and the flavor that only the highest art of the distiller can produce. Aged in Government Bonded Warehouse in charred oak casks to produce the smooth, mellow flavor and healthful tonic properties that none but the finest of pure whiskies possess. Excellent for medicinal purposes.

4 FULL QUARTS $2.50 2 GALLONS IN DEMIJOHNS $4.50

Detrick Pays the Express Charges

The age and quality are guaranteed by us and it is sold with the understanding that money will be refunded if on test you do not find it the best whiskey, everything considered, you ever drank. The name Detrick stands for good, honest, well made whiskey. Every one who has tasted Detrick's quality is our reference. Buy whiskey direct from the Detrick Distillery if you want cost prices and full value for your money.

Important: These prices are only on the first order. We make absolutely no profit and only sell at these figures to induce a trial order and prove to you what a splendid liquor this is. A handsome Toast Jug filled with fine old whiskey included FREE on first orders. Address nearest office.

DETRICK DISTILLING COMPANY Dept. 23, Dayton, Ohio, or Chattanooga, Tenn.

Orders for and west of the Rocky Mountain states must be at the rate of 4 full quarts for $4.00; 2-gallon demijohn $6.00. We pay the express.

41
CompleteNovels
FREE

Let us give you this grand collection of forty-one complete Novels, Novelettes, and Stories. They were selected with great care from the works of the most popular writers. Each is a finished story in itself. All are well printed on good paper, and bound in papers covers. We will give you this whole big collection of [illegible] just to make you acquainted with our interesting paper, GOOD STORIES. Here are twenty titles. There are 21 others just as good.

The Curse of the Claverings — Charlotte M. Braeme
Aikin Flood — Mary J. Holmes
The Red Boudoir — Ella W. Pierce
A Countess [illegible] — M. T. Caldor
The Puritan Captain — Jane G. Austin
My Sister Marcia — Louise Chandler Moulton
The Day of My Death — Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
A Protracted Meeting — Mary E. Wilkins
A Sailor's Yarn — W. Clark Russell
The [illegible] Miss Burnie — Frances Hodgson Burnett
The Moorland Tragedy — Jane G. Austin
Jeanette — May Agnus Fleming
My Lady Dainer — Amelia E. Barr
Adventure with a Maniac — Emerson Bennett
The Haunted House at [illegible] — Arthur L Meserve
Little Miss Ugly — Thomas Dunn English
Mystery of the Blue Room — Mary Kyle Dallas
A Beautiful Sister — Inde
The Haunted House — Mary A. Denison
A Marvelous Cure — Clara Augusta

GOOD STORIES HAS THE BEST STORIES.

It is just what its name says, a monthly paper filled with the best and most delightful stories we can buy. There are thrilling serials by the best authors; there are many short stories in every number, some written expressly for us by the popular writers. The illustrations are the very best. In short, GOOD STORIES is a paper that, once taken, you will never be without. That's why we can make this introductory offer. We know that later you will want to subscribe for a full year

Send Us 10 Cents Now and we will mail you GOOD STORIES for 3 months and will send you the 41 Novels and Novelettes, free, prepaid.

Address GOOD STORIES, Dept. 82, Augusta, Me.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 157, South Bend, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE for selling 12 sets Collar Buttons and Pins at 10c a set. Rifle first class every way. Write for goods. When sold return our $1.20 and we send Rifle. FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 884, Boston, Mass.

X RAY Apparently look right through your hands with this little instrument. See the bones of the body. Its great. Satisfaction guar. Sent neatly packed, 10c Send now X-RAY MFG. CO., Dept. A 34 Chicago

FREE
We will give a pair of these fine
Patent Tension
Shears
FREE
With One Year's Subscription to
The Chicago Ledger

A new invention—a pair of shears with a Tension Spring attachment which enables the user to set the Shears for cutting any kind of material with ease.

The Shears are seven inches long and the patent device keeps them always sharp and in perfect cutting condition.

No matter how many pairs of shears or scissors you have, you need a pair of these with the Tension Spring. After you use them once you will never go back to the old fashioned kind. They are perfectly finished and full nickel plated and the Manufacturer's Guarantee Certificate accompanies every pair.

One year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger costs you only $1.00. If you subscribe now you will get The Chicago Ledger every week for a year for the dollar and a pair of these Patent Tension Shears free of charge, shipping charges prepaid.

Send your subscription to
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
500 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
(Canada Subscription Rate $1.50 per Year)

Special Delivery.

Of course it would never have happened unless a man had been entrusted with it. It was a letter, unimportant on the whole, dealing mainly with buttons, that Mrs. Brandt was writing to her mother, Mrs. Clement. But fate, in the shape of young Mr. Roger Peel intent on paying a party call, rang the bell [illegible] its native innocence to dis[illegible].

"Perhaps you'll mail it for me?" Mrs. Brandt said. "I suppose you never forget things?"

Mr. Peel, with fervent protestations as to his high trustworthiness, put it into his pocket, and then promptly forgot all about it for nearly a week.

"Why doesn't mother match those buttons for me?" wondered Mrs. Brandt. "I can't get on with Peggy's dress at all without them." Meanwhile in the distant city a worried grandmother fretted herself and her two unmarried daughters about the unwonted silence.

"Why doesn't Anna write?" she demanded. "It's a fortnight since she sent me any word about the baby's teething."

"Oh, mother," said Clara, her youngest, soothingly, "it isn't much over a week, really! And perhaps you'll hear today!"

"But Anna has such foolish new ideas" persisted the old lady. "Now I was a natural mother. Children's care seemed to come to me by instinct. Anna has too many advanced theories."

She worried the day by, and at last sleep descended upon the careworn family. In the meantime Mr. Peel had discovered Mrs. Brandt's unmailed letter in the pocket of his evening clothes, and with the speed that is born only of guilt he thumped on a special-delivery stamp and took it to the postoffice himself.

At 12:30 the city household was peacefully slumbering; at 12:45 the electric bell buzzed and buzzed insistently.

Mrs. Clement sat bolt upright in bed. "It's a telegram from Anna!" she cried. "The baby's worse! Oh, Clara, Ruth, hurry!"

After a few moments of necessary delay, a drowsy messenger boy thrust the delayed letter in Ruth's hands

"What does it say? What does it say?" wailed Mrs. Clement "Tell me quickly!"

"Oh, I don't dare look!" said Ruth, shuddering—she had inherited her mother's temperament for bridge-crossing. "It's a special delivery."

But the more practical Clara took it from her limp grasp and opened it, then burst out laughing.

"Oh, mother, it's just buttons!"

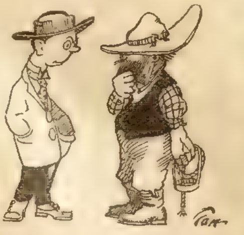
"Has he swallowed them?" shrieked Mrs. Clement. "Give me my kimono! Help me get ready! I'll take the 2:30 train."

"No, no!" explained Clara. "Anna just wants buttons for Peggy's dress. It's dated a week ago."

At last the meaning reached Mrs. Clement's fear-ridden mind, and instead of taking the train, she went to bed, relieved, although indignant.

But young Mr. Peel is still explaining how it happened, for, as he himself says, "he never forgot to mail a letter."

* * *



Jones—That horse you sold me is a biter!

Dealer—Ah! I let him go too cheap. I didn't know he had teeth

* * *

Handed Him the Laurel.

The Prevaricators' Society of Ballarat and Woolloomooloo was proceeding in peace and harmony, till the snake man spoke. "Some people," he said, "consider the snake hasn't got any sense, but they're wrong. For instance, once, when I was in India, I saw a Hindu mother place her year-old baby outside the hut to sun himself, and to keep his spirits up she gave the little chap a big feeding bottle of milk. Well, as I watched I saw a snake insinuate himself close up to that child. My heart was in my mouth. I feared for the baby. But bless you, the snake was only after the milk! He just slipped the teat out of the child's mouth and into his own and then the thoughtful and kindly reptile put the end of his tail into the child's mouth by way of a comforter!"

With a great sob the president of the society arose and handed the laurel which encircled his brow to the snake story man.

And then they passed silently out into the night.

Buy Rugs and Furniture With This FREE $150 Credit Certificate

PEOPLE'S OUTFITTING COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.
$150 Credit Purchase Certificate $150
This Certifies that the holder hereof
is entitled to credit to the amount of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS on merchandise, to be purchased at any time in accordance with the rules of this Company
(NOT TRANSFERABLE)
L. Wineman
PEOPLE'S OUTFITTING COMPANY

$1.25 Cash
Bal. 75c a Month for
Set of 6 Dining Chairs
Sale Price $8.98

We are giving out $150 Credit Purchase Certificates to readers of this paper. With these certificates you can buy Furniture, Rugs and all kinds of Homefurnishings from us on credit, without notes or security. These certificates do the work of dollars. Only one certificate will be given to each family. Send your name and address and a $150 certificate will be issued in your name at once.

Great Credit Sale of Surplus Stocks From 180 Factories

We are distributors for 180 big factories and are selling their surplus stocks at 50 cents on the dollar. Michigan is the world's greatest furniture producing state.

We sell to you as low as we sell to a dealer. The retail dealer buys on credit—why not you?

Biggest Bargain in Dining Chairs Ever Offered

Gold Medal Brand Furniture

The State of Michigan awarded our furniture the Gold Medal because of its superiority in quality, style and durability. We guarantee every piece of furniture we sell.

30 Days' Free Trial

You can get goods from us with your Credit Certificate on the famous "Easy-Way-to-Pay" Plan, on 30 days' free trial. We let the goods prove their quality in your own home. If not the biggest bargains you ever saw, we take them back and refund your small cash deposit.

$150 Credit Purchase Certificate and Great "Easy-Way-to-Pay" Book FREE

This 272-page book describes and illustrates Furniture, Rugs and Carpets; Pianos, Organs, Watches and Jewelry; Phonographs; Stoves and Ranges; Curtains—from 180 factories.

Everything at Special Sale Prices, on credit and 30 days' free trial. Ask for Free Book and $150 Certificate today. Address at once.

Gold Medal Kitchen Cabinet
$2 Cash, Balance $1 a Mo.
Total Price, $12.95

People's Outfitting Co.
336 E Street Detroit, Mich.

Brussels Rug, 9x12
$1.50 Cash
75c a Month

1 Full Quart Whiskey FREE
Try It At Our Expense

We Prepay Express Charges

There are all sorts of claims for superiority among distillers and Mail Order Whiskey Houses, and while we feel sure that our Fels 3-Star Whiskey can't be beat, or even equaled in quality, or price, still we are not going to ask anyone to risk their money on our judgment; therefore, we are going to give, absolutely free, one full quart bottle to test. We want you to prove, by drinking it, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey is pure, wholesome, fully aged, mellow as can be and above all has real whiskey strength. We want you to add half water to it if you like and we say that you will still have stronger and better whiskey than most Mail Order Houses sell at our price. Anyone can easily understand that should we just send out bottles of whiskey free that we would be flooded with requests by some unscrupulous people and dealers and lay ourselves open to a fearful onslaught. This we cannot do, but nevertheless, the bottle is free to honest people.

Now here is our proposition:

We will send you one full quart bottle of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, absolutely free, along with your first order for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey for $5.45 and we pay the express charges. After you receive the 9 full quart bottles, open one of them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you have the privilege of returning to us the remaining 8 bottles and the one extra bottle you may keep free and we will immediately return your $5.45. Or send us $2.95 for 4 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include one test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory and the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price, just return to us the 4 bottles and keep the free bottle and we will refund your $2.95 without question or argument. With each order we give a free Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges; look close before you permit some of the low prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

We mean to prove superiority in the whiskey business; we mean to prove at our expense, by giving a free test bottle, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey has no equal. Our quart bottles are full 32-ounce quarts and not short quarts and we guarantee every statement we make and back them with our paid up capital of $400,000.00. If you want real whiskey and not weak watery concoctions, send us your remittance on our free test proposition. The taste is the test, that will prove more than we can write. Address orders and letters and make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr., or

Fels Distilling Co., 130 Fels Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1912 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer.*

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. M 53 CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS Outfit Free
JUST SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.
SIMPLY SHOW THIS OUTFIT TO YOUR FRIENDS—They will want our latest pattern in Rogers ware. Send their orders to us and WE WILL PAY YOU BIG COMMISSIONS We want agents in every county—$20.00 week if you qualify. Even if you are not a regular Agent—Send your name and address for Free Agent's Outfit anyhow and see how easy it is to make $20.00 to $40.00 a week for a few hours work Only one Agent in each town—Be first to get Free Outfit.
WARREN-ROGERS SILVERWARE CO., 3638 No. Hamilton Ave., Chicago

The Young Settlers;

Or, In the Days of Daniel Boone

By Captain Jack Judson

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 9, March 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE LION'S LAIR.

THE broken arrow which had been cast at the feet of the two young borderers, Jack and Justin, could have but one meaning. It was a warning that the frontier was soon to be deluged in blood by the tribes from the wild Ohio wilderness. The boys had heard of such warnings, though they had never had one brought so thrillingly to their notice.

The red hand which had thrown the shaft into the cabin vanished before they could look the second time. There was no use in following its owner, for ere this he had already disappeared in the depths of the forest, with his painted face turned toward the tribal grounds of his people

"We can't remain here," said Jack, after a spell during which he had carefully examined the strange messenger of coming war. "We are on the menaced outskirts of the dark and bloody ground. The fort is the only place now."

"I care little to go back there and be under the glaring eye of Simon Kenton, who has no love for us because of Red Mink's escape from custody."

"We have Boone for a friend," was the prompt response. "Daniel will curb Kenton, and he dare not do more than hate us."

It was in the soft gray of the next morning when they appeared before the gates of Boone's fort. The intrepid old pioneer greeted them with smiles, and admitted them at once.

"I'm glad you've come, lads," said he. "We are going to take a scout to the north and see if we can discover signs of the threatened foray. Simon went off last night, after he came back from his futile chase after the young Shawnee."

"He lost Red Mink, then?" said Justin.

"Yes, for once Simon found a better sprinter than himself, and the discovery nettled him not a little."

"And Old Baldy?"

"He is with us and will go along. We need such men as Sims just now."

A part of the morning was taken up with preparations for the foray. The settlers cleaned their rifles and agreed to leave a strong guard in the fort to protect the women and children during their absence.

There was danger in the scout, for the wily red men might be nearer than the settlers thought, and were liable to ambush the whole company and destroy it.

The band set out and soon penetrated the wilderness between the fort and the river. They crossed the stream and plunged into the forest beyond. By noon they were far from Boonesborough. Boone acted as guide, for he was familiar with the country, and every eye was on the alert.

The declining sun found them miles away. The great forest, scarcely ever trodden by the foot of a white man, lay around them. With their hands on their trusty rifles the pioneers proceeded, looking in every direction.

"Beyond yon ravine we will see a bit of open country," remarked Boone to his companions.

The head of the fearless column had reached the heart of the ravine when rifles seemed to blaze on every side. More than one man fell.

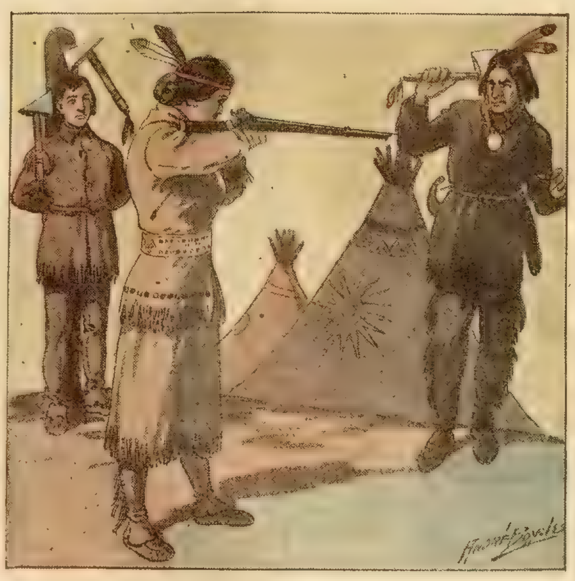
"Stand firm!" rang out the sonorous voice of Daniel Boone, as his companions braced themselves and faced the rain of lead which burst from the weapons of the unseen foe.

The whole forest was filled with the fierce warwhoops of the savages, and whenever the whites caught sight of a plumed head it went down before their unerring rifles. Suddenly down the sides of the ravine rushed the enemy with redoubled shouts. The battle waged hot between red and white. It soon became obvious to the whites that they were outnumbered.

"Each man for himself!" cried Boone, as he felled a Shawnee chief and then turned to fly.

Jack and Justin heard the command and took to their heels. Away they went with the fleetness of deer, spurning every obstacle in their path. Half a dozen Indians with uplifted tomahawks took after them, and their yells only increased the boys' speed.

Justin was leaping a fallen tree when his feet caught in an unseen vine and he fell sprawling on his face. The next moment he was seized by dark hands and jerked erect without ceremony.



"Down!'

"Boy run like a buck," was hurled into his face, as he was whirled around to stare into the face of an Indian. "Him make good Shawnee."

The captured youth did not reply, but looked to see what had become of Jack. His anxiety was soon unpleasantly relieved, for he saw Jack escorted back, held by two young bucks who were overjoyed at their victory. Grim smiles passed between the two boys when they were brought face to face.

The Indians now went back to the battleground. The dead whites were scalped, and half a dozen savages who had fallen in the conflict were taken up and carried away. The only prisoners taken were the two boys, and they were bound with deer thongs.

"Not a pleasant ending to our scout," remarked Jack, in low tones, when they found themselves surrounded by their captors. Justin was too chagrined to reply.

The band now divided. A part of it continued toward Boonesborough, while the other half turned their faces toward the deeper forest which stretched to the north.

All day the boys were hurried along, menaced by the tomahawk. The Indians spared not their fists when their young captives lagged, and their brutal voices told them that if they did not keep up they would be brained without mercy.

The night came, but the tireless band did not halt. The boys were given a few bites of jerked venison, but were not permitted to eat it save as they tramped on and on, the forest growing denser and more mysterious.

It was near the end of the second day when one of the Indians set up a loud whoop, which was responded to by an answering cry, and a few moments later an Indian village burst upon their sight.

Our young friends nerved themselves for the ordeal which they felt was before them. As the band descended a hill the whole population of the Shawnee town was seen waiting for the victors

"Keep up a stout heart, Jack," said Justin. "We are just entering the lion's lair, and shall soon feel the teeth of the beast."

"They shall never call Jack Niekirk a coward," was the brave reply.

In another minute they were in the midst of the howling population. The young Indians began to belabor the boys with all sorts of sticks, dancing about them like a lot of youthful fiends

"I wish they would untie my hands!" cried Jack, as he tugged at his bonds. "There'd be some bloody noses here."

It is needless to say that Justin felt the same way, for they were helpless while their enemies kept up their brutal treatment, which seemed to give them unfeigned pleasure.

After a while the boys were taken to the center of the village and thrown upon the ground. Even then the brutality did not cease. The young red scoundrels came forward with renewed devilishness, and the unprotected captives were made to feel more harsh blows.

Not far off stood an old warrior watching the torture. Suddenly his dark eyes seemed to dance with merriment, and all at once he drew his scalping knife and by two cuts severed the cords that secured the two boys. In an instant Jack and Justin were on their feet.

"Now for vengenace!" cried the former. "We'll give these young rascals some of their own medicine."

Justin was as eager as his friend to turn the tables on their persecutors.

"Spare not" shouted Jack, as he leveled a blow at the chief torturer and sent him sprawling on the ground. "Bloody noses and closed eyes, Justin! Give them more than they bargain for."

The following instant the border boys were in the midst of the astonished foe, striking right and left, with every blow telling on the young Indians' faces. The boys were blessed with stout arms and knew how to use them, and when their fists came in contact with a face its owner went down like a young bullock. Presently the squaws came to the rescue, and the battle became general.

A group of warriors stood aloof enjoying the fracas with expressive grunts. Whenever Jack or Justin felled a foe the warriors clapped their hands and laughed. It soon proved too much for the young reds. They drew off to nurse their bruises, and at length the boys stood victorious.

"I guess they've got enough," ejaculated Jack, as he surveyed the scene with intense satisfaction. "They won't try their game very soon again."

"I don't know," was the answer, in doubtful tones. "We shall yet see more of these young devils."

The boys were now led to a large hut in the middle of the village and thrust inside. The interior of the place was quite dark, and the only resting place was a heap of foul skins which filled one corner.

They had seen the door shut in their faces and were left to their reflections. They saw the day wane by the disappearance of a streak of light which came in at one of the crevices. The long night was coming on and they wondered what it would bring forth.

What had become of Boone and his companions they did not know. Perhaps all had been overtaken by their enemies and murdered. If so, the fate of Boonesborough would not long be left in doubt.

The boys could not sleep The danger by which they were surrounded kept sleep from their eyes. It must have been midnight when they heard the door open with the slightest noise. The boys sprang up and put themselves on the defensive as best they could.

"White boys here?" said a low voice.

Big Money Quick!

Handle a live line of tailoring—one that makes money quick. Take orders for the famous **SUPREME** line of men's made to measure clothes. Real, snappy, stylish styles that make a hit wherever shown. It's an easy way to make money! We are one of the oldest firms in business—are known from coast to coast for the quality of our all wool garments—and every man seeing our styles will want to order. Start now in your spare time or devote all your time. Build up a trade and get in business for yourself. No capital required. Even in your spare time you ought to be able to make

$5 to $15 A DAY and up

Lots of live hustlers are doing it—you can too. Now's the time to take orders. We will give you all the territory you can handle and give you **absolutely free a big complete outfit** showing a great big line of fabrics and styles to suit every age, taste and pocketbook—tape measure, order blanks and show you how to get and take orders. **You make money right at the start.** Are you a live wire? Then answer quick! Every garment made to order and absolutely guaranteed with our iron clad "money-back" guarantee insuring quality and perfect fit. We will gladly show you how others succeeded and prove positively how you can do the same. Write **NOW**—

SUPREME TAILORING COMPANY
Dept. A - - - - Chicago, Ill.

COWBOY OUTFIT FREE

COWBOY SUITS, genuine Cowboy style, firm, strong khaki, long, loose Cowboy trousers, real Cowboy shirt, open at neck; neck handkerchief, wide brimmed slouch hat and lariat. Suits slip on over other clothes. We have Cowgirls' suits, waist, skirt and hat. We give a suit complete for selling only 24 packages Quaker Sheet Bluing at 10 cts. a package. When sold return $2.40 and we send complete Cowboy outfit.

FRIEND SOAP CO.
Dept. 572, Boston, Mass.

SOLID GOLD FILLED GUARANTEED 20 YEARS **$5.95**

Elegant thin model open face, [illegible] year gold filled (guaranteed [illegible]) case, plain polished or engine turned, screw back and bezel, dust proof, 16 size for men or boys, fitted with 7 ruby jeweled adjusted patent lever movement, [illegible] dial, warranted a correct timekeeper. Also Ladies O size with white porcelain dial.

$5.95 VERY THIN MODEL

GOLD FILLED

StemWind & Stem Set

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it without expense to you C. O. D. for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $35.00 gold filled watch pay the express agent our special sales price $5.95 and express charges and it is yours. Address **MUTUAL SALES CO., B 11, Washington Blk., Chicago, Ill.**

BASE-BALL UNIFORMS

Made up right and **delivered on time.** *Fit guaranteed.*
LOWEST PRICES TO CLUBS
Catalog and 100 samples free; order from mfrs. and save money.
WESTERN UNIFORM CO.
Clark St., (Cor. Adams) CHICAGO

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF

A waterproof collar perfect in its linen finish and texture. Saves bother, time and laundry bills.

Collars 25c — Cuffs 50c

All dealers. Style Book Free.
The Arlington Company
725 Broadway, N. Y.
Established 1883

COLLARS & CUFFS

Post Card Reflector FREE AND 50 POST CARDS

This New Post Card Reflector, will enlarge the picture on any post card to a very large size and in their natural colors. Entertain your friends or make money giving shows. Will reflect any Post Card. No films to buy at big prices. We send 50 handsome Post Cards with each Reflector. TWO BIG PRESENTS for selling only 24 handsome **NEW MOTTO PICTURES** at our special price, 10 cts. each, sold everywhere at 25 cts. each. Our greatest sellers. Write for pictures and large illustrated premium list. When sold, send us $2.40 and both complete Post Card Reflector and 50 handsome Post Cards will be sent you promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed. **ALTON WATCH & MDSE. CO., Dept. 1717, Chicago, Ill.**

SCOTCH STYLE CALABASH PIPES

Price 50c each or 3 for $1, postpaid

Why kill yourself by smoking a strong pipe? You can get a Scotch Calabash that absorbs all nicotine and poisons and ensures a cool, sweet smoke. Money back if you are not satisfied. Address

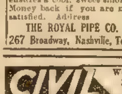
THE ROYAL PIPE CO.
267 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

Stamps Taken

CIVIL SERVICE SALARIES

We will send any American over 18 years of age, who can read and write, **The Civil Service Book,** showing how to qualify at home to pass any Civil Service examination. During the past year over 700 of our students have secured desirable Government positions.

International Correspondence Schools, Box 1114
Scranton, Pa.



$40 MOTORCYCLE We have the largest line of new and used Motorcycles and supplies in the country at the lowest prices. Send for catalog. We buy secondhand motorcycles. Send us your machines to be overhauled. Repairs a specialty.

HARRY R. GEER CO., 900 McLaran Avenue, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SILVER MIRRORS $3 daily, spare time; particulars for stamp. S. A. MacDonald, Peru, Indiana.

"I guess we couldn't well be anywhere else," responded [illegible]

"I'm your friend."

It was the voice of an Indian that greeted them, and they were at a loss to know who was speaking

"I'm a captive like yourselves," continued the same voice. "I am Lucy McDonald. I have been the captive of the Shawnees for a whole year. I have been adopted into the tribe and am known as Gentle Fawn. My Indian mother is Nokomis. It would be death to me to be seen here. You are in the shadow of doom, but remember that you have one friend in this terrible place

The voice ceased and the door was closed

"One friend in the lion's lair!" cried Justin. "That is something, but what can Lucy McDonald do?"

CHAPTER V

CAUGHT NAPPING

Leaving our young friends in the midst of the Shawnee town, let us return to Boonesborough, which had received its first sorrow. The battle in the ravine had proved disastrous to the gallant little band headed by Boone

Not more than on half of it had returned unhurt from the bloody fray, and they had been chased almost home by the warriors. It was only by dint of fleetness that any had escaped. Boone himself had eluded his pursuers, and Old Baldy, by a stratagem, had fared as well. The others came back in straggling parties until at last the last one was behind the stockade. Then the pioneers took count of their losses.

Jack and Justin being among the absent, it was believed that both had fallen beneath the [illegible] of the scarlet foe. Old Baldy, however, was not so sure on this score. He knew the desire of the Indians to capture boys whom they could adopt into the tribe, and he said, with some reason, that he believed that the boys had fallen alive into the enemy's hands.

Of course the triumphant war party was expected to attack Boonesborough, but when two whole days had passed without its appearance, the occupants of the fort began to breathe freer.

"I guess I'll take a little scout," said Old Baldy, as he shouldered his rifle and halted before Boone. "This life is just a little too tame for me."

Daniel did not object. He knew the old man's restless spirit, and believed that there was more than "a little scout" in his mind. Sims soon vanished beyond the fort, and tramped the lone trail with his face turned to the north.

Not long afterward he came in sight of the cabin by the creek, and filled with curiosity, he opened the door and looked inside. An object on the floor attracted his attention.

"The bloody arrow!" he exclaimed, picking up the broken shaft which had startled Jack and Justin. "No wonder the young chaps thought it time to pull out when this thing dropped at their feet. It means war and warning."

The old man seemed inclined to go no farther for a while, for he had found the cabin intact, and, resting his rifle against the logs, proceeded to build a fire on the forest hearth.

Presently a low whine came to his ears, and opening the door he was confronted by Shot, the big dog which had escaped Indian vengeance in some unexplained manner.

"Come in, old fellow," said Old Baldy, in kindly tones, and Shot entered and licked his hand. "Seems to me you're one o' the desolate," pursued the hunter. "Leastwise you're not with the boys. Purty troublesome times these, old dog. A feller when he goes to sleep doesn't know that he'll wear his scalp in the mornin'."

Shot seemed grateful for the fire, for he stretched himself in its warmth and studied Old Baldy's face as if seeking there the whereabouts of his young masters.

The long day passed. As the shadows lengthened and the fire burned low, Old Baldy began to prepare for the night. He placed his rifle within easy reach, and taking a blanket, stretched himself before the fire with an admonition to the dog to keep at least one [illegible] open for the foe. If he had known what was moving through the forest, he might have obeyed his own injunction to the animal.

Not far away four forms were traversing the dark trails it utter silence. They moved in single file, all great, agile figures, each bearing in one hand a rifle and in the other that terrible weapon of the Kentucky wilderness, the tomahawk. As though they had eyes in the soles of their moccasined feet, they avoided the dry twigs so that not one snapped at their velvet tread. The four Shawnees were headed by a chief named Negasiway, or the Crouching Catamount, one of the most dreaded Indians of the forest.

There was not a Shawnee who did not hate Old Baldy with all the intensity of his savage nature, and any one would have given his right arm to capture him. Once before they had him tied to the stake in the Ohio country, but with the power of a giant he had wrenched himself loose with the fire about him, and, catching up an Indian boy, had hurled him into the flames and made his escape. This terrible deed of daring had increased the Indian's hatred for Sims, and the tribes had vowed eternal vengeance against him

The cabin lay in the Indians' path. It stood between them and Boonesborough, and when they saw a faint glow in the lone window they came to a dead halt and looked. Presently the march was again taken up, and at last all stood before the cabin. Their surprise and joy may be imagined when they beheld in the hut the man of all men whom they wanted. They could scarcely conceal their delight as they gazed into the cabin and beheld their greatest enemy within their grasp. Fortune had at last favored them

All at once the dog on the hearth sprang to his feet and sent forth a cry which awakened Old Baldy in an instant. He stared at the window to see that he was covered by four rifles directed at his breast. Well did he know that behind those terrible weapons were four Shawnees who had never felt the instincts of mercy.

"Old Baldy caught," came from one of the grinning savages behind the guns

The old man essayed to laugh

"It looks that way," said he, as he almost dropped his rifle. "For once you've caught the weasel asleep."

"White man throw down gun," commanded Crouching Catamount.

Old Baldy swallowed hard. It was a command which he had never obeyed, and now to hear it from the lips of his bitterest enemies was gall and wormwood to him.

"Guess I might as well throw down Old Heartsease," he replied, and suiting the action to the words, he tossed his rifle aside, and it landed against the logs where it assumed an upright position

The cabin door had been secured by a wooden bolt, but one of the Indians launched himself against it, and the heavy door fell in. The next second all four were inside

"White man sleep," grunted Crouching Catamount.

"Sleep like a fool," was the reply.

"Indians look long for Old Baldy."

"Wal, you needn't look farther, for I'm that very individual. I'm Old Baldy in the flesh, though I'm not likely to remain in that condition long, if you're goin' to pay off some old scores"

The old man's coolness astonished the Shawnees.

"Where white boys?" asked one.

"That's the puzzle."

"Huh!" grunted the savage. "Mebbe Old Baldy looks for them to come to him."

"I'm blessed if I know which way to look. The last I saw o' the lads they were beatin' a streak o' lightnin' from the death ravine. Gee whiz! you should have seen the young uns cut dirt."

The Indians looked at one another but did not speak. They evidently feared that their captive might make a sudden move, for all at once they threw themselves forward and bore him against the wall.

"You're just a little rude," snorted the old man. "'Pears to me you're afraid o' Old Baldy."

"White man full of tricks."

The frontiersman was secured with thongs which cut into his flesh, after which he was thrown upon the floor, while the Indians proceeded to ransack the cabin in hopes of finding something that suited their fancy. For once, at least, they were doomed to disappointment, for there was little to reward them.

"Where white boys keep their powder?" suddenly asked Crouching Catamount, standing over the captive with his tomahawk held menacingly in his hand.

"You'll have to ask 'em."

"Old Baldy lie! Him knows"

The old man's eyes flashed

"If you'll untie my hands I'll make you choke on your words!" he exclaimed

"Negasiway never unties a rattlesnake

"By Jupiter! that's a compliment," grinned Sims. "Mebbe you'll find some powder under the floor."

This suggestion was taken in the spirit for which it was supposed to be intended, and presently the four Indians were tearing up the flooring of the cabin. Old Baldy's eyes glittered at this.

The eager savages did not see him roll toward the hearth. They did not see him boldly thrust his wrists toward the blaze and shut his lips hard while the flames attacked the thongs. All at once Old Baldy launched himself upward. A wild yell broke from his lips.

The crouching Indians sprang erect, but the rifle which had been jerked from the wall spat fire in their faces, and one of the painted quartette lurched backward dead.

Then like a giant of destruction the old man threw himself forward, and the clubbed weapon came down again and again till no red man stood erect but Crouching Catamount.

Old Baldy with a laugh placed himself against the door and looked into the blazing eyes of his remaining foe.

"We've long been lookin' for one another," he said calmly. "You've been huntin' me, an' I've been huntin' you."

The Shawnee chief was silent.

"We'll have it out fairly," continued the backwoodsman. "Let the best man win."

He cast his rifle aside as he finished, and drew his hunting knife.

Write For FREE Catalog

Take This Rocker For 50c

A magnificent piece of furniture, made in American quarter sawed oak finish. Profusely carved, upholstered in best grade [illegible] leather. Diamond Tufted. Only 50c down and then 50c per month. Price of this rocker, $3.95 No. A1264

Send us only 50c and this Superb Rocker goes straight to your home

One of the rarest opportunities to secure a magnificent piece of furniture. Only 50c down—then 50c per month—only $3.95 in all for this elegant, American Quarter Sawed oak finished rocker. And this is only one of the thousand smashing, record-breaking, astounding bargains we offer to you. Send the free coupon now today for our big catalogue.

Easy Payments Too Remember—all we ask is a very small payment down and the rest on easy terms. Soon you have furnished your home handsomely with the best quality of furniture—and you have never noticed the payments. The same ultra-liberal terms—bargains on ladies' and men's clothing.

You May Have Credit

We don't care who you are or where you live—we offer you credit. We invite you to open an account with us. It will be a great pleasure for us to assist you.

You Send Us Only 50c And We Ship You This Go Cart

Storm Shield rolls up and fastens to top of the hood.

This Collapsible Go Cart, full size, Chase leather hood and body in maroon, green or tan, with half inch rubber tires—practically indestructible. The storm shield can be rolled up and fastened to top of hood. Truly—this is a go cart that you could not secure from a regular retail dealer for any less than $15.00. Our price is 50c down, and then 75c per month—$9.45 in all. No. A 5894.

Send the Free Coupon Today and Get Our Big Bargain Catalog FREE

Do not delay an instant! This is positively the best and biggest opportunity for money saving in the country today. But you must write at once or you will be too late. If you want anything in furniture, stoves, rugs, carpets, men's clothing, women's clothing, pianos, go-carts, silverware, lamps, clocks, washing machines, refrigerators, etc. etc. Fill out the free coupon and mail it to us at once. We will send you absolutely free and prepaid our big catalog of 3862 bargains—also our special limited monthly bargain list. Do not delay an instant. This is the biggest opportunity to save money that you ever had. Just fill out the free coupon, or a letter or a postal and mail it to us. But do it now—today while offer lasts.

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Inc.
35th St., Dept. 5023, Chicago

FREE COUPON
STRAUS & SCHRAM (Inc.)
Dept. 5023, 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

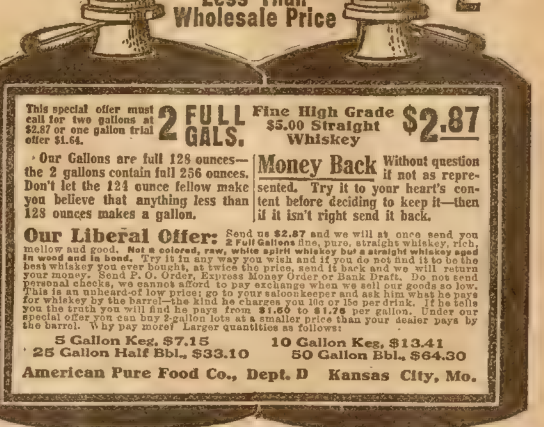
Please send me absolutely free and prepaid your big bargain lists—also the catalogs I have marked with X. No obligations on me whatsoever

☐ GENERAL HOUSE [illegible] ☐ STOVES AND RANGES
☐ LADIES' CLOTHING ☐ MEN'S CLOTHING

My name is........................

My address is........................

If you would like to have any of these special bargains shipped at once order by number and send only the first small payment.



2 Full Gallons Straight Whiskey $2.87

Less Than Wholesale Price

This special offer must call for two gallons at $2.87 or one gallon trial offer $1.64. 2 FULL GALS. Fine High Grade $5.00 Straight Whiskey $2.87

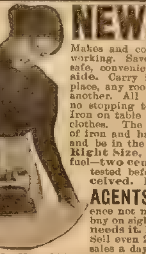
Our Gallons are full 128 ounces—the 2 gallons contain full 256 ounces. Don't let the 124 ounce fellow make you believe that anything less than 128 ounces makes a gallon.

Money Back Without question if not as represented. Try it to your heart's content before deciding to keep it—then if it isn't right send it back.

Our Liberal Offer: Send us $2.87 and we will at once send you 2 Full Gallons fine, pure, straight whiskey, rich, mellow and good. Not a colored, raw, white spirit whiskey but a straight whiskey aged in wood and in bond. Try it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever bought, at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send personal checks, we cannot afford to pay exchange when we sell our goods so low. This is an unheard-of low price; go to your saloonkeeper and ask him what he pays for whiskey by the barrel—the kind he charges you 10c or 15c per drink. If he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.50 to $1.75 per gallon. Under our special offer you can buy 2-gallon lots at a smaller price than your dealer pays by the barrel. Why pay more? Larger quantities as follows:

5 Gallon Keg, $7.15 10 Gallon Keg, $13.41
25 Gallon Half Bbl., $33.10 50 Gallon Bbl., $64.30

American Pure Food Co., Dept. D Kansas City, Mo.



NEW SELF-HEATING IRON

Makes and contains its own heat. Works while it is heating, heats while it is working. Saves miles walking. Saves its cost every month. Economical, safe, convenient. The "Perfection" is stove, fuel, heat, all in one; fire is inside. Carry it about, go where you please. Don't stay in hot kitchen; iron any place, any room, on porch, or under shade tree. Go right along, one thing after another. All kinds of clothes ironed better in half the time. No waiting, no stopping to change irons. Right heat. Easily regulated. No time wasted Iron on table all the time, one hand on the iron, the other to turn and fold the clothes. The Perfection is neat, durable and compact; all parts within radius of iron and handle. No tanks nor fittings standing out at sides or ends to hinder and be in the way. No wires or hose attached to bother. Right Size, Right Shape, Right Weight. Cheapest fuel—two cents does ordinary family ironing. Every iron tested before shipping. Ready for use when received. Price low: $4.50. Sent anywhere.

"Perfection"

AGENTS MAKE MONEY. Men or women. Quick, easy, sure. All year business. Experience not necessary. Sells on merit, sells itself. They buy on sight. Every home a prospect. Every woman needs it. Price low: all can afford it. How they do: Sell even 2 or 3 a day gives $27 to $40 a week profit 6 sales a day is fair for an agent; some will sell a dozen in one day. Show 10 families, sell 8. Not sold in stores. Send no money. Write postal today for description, agent's selling plan, how to get FREE SAMPLE.

C. BROWN MFG. CO., 65 Brown Bldg., CINCINNATI, OHIO

$3.75

20 YEAR GUARANTEE

Eleven Jeweled

Genuine eleven jeweled Railroad watch, worth $ 5 to anyone who requires an absolutely reliable timekeeper and a watch that will last a lifetime. Locomotive on dial, stamped and guaranteed eleven jewels, breguet hairspring, patent regulator, quick train. Fitted in heavy or medium weight solid ore-silver dustproof screwcases, both case and works absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of Elgin watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail postpaid for ONLY $3.75. Send this advertisement with $3.75 and watch will be sent to you by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send $3.75 today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Quick Growth of Hair
ONE DOLLAR BOX FREE

ATTAINED AT LAST—THE TRUE METHOD!

Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of Hair Growing is a genuine and scientific one. We will send you a DOLLAR BOX out of the Koskott Treatment FREE. Our Method is directed at removing the cause the *dermodex folliculorum*—living micro-organisms—("germs") and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant, (like a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility and a chance to grow. Ours is the Treatment that MAKES GOOD; we give you a TEN DOLLAR GUARANTEE. Koskott is for men's women's & children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair & to promote growth of new hair. We especially want you to answer this adv. if you have wasted time and money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which [illegible] nothing. We want to surprise & delight you. Send only 10 cents (silver or stamps) to help cover actual mailing & advertising cost and we will send the $1.00 Box absolutely free, with book and legions of sworn proofs, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Only one box sent to a person free. KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 356 S New York, N.Y.

GROW HAIR

$1. BOX FREE

LADIES FINE VELVET | MENS FINE PATENT

To Prove to 10,000 People that we sell shoes cheaper than any other house, we offer until they are gone, 5,000 pairs of ladies' rich velvet shoes at $1.50 and 5,000 pairs of men's elegant patent leather shoes at $1.98. First come—first served. hurry for the shoes will sell like hot cakes at these sharply cut prices.

THE LADIES' VELVETS AT $1.50 are wonderfully pretty. Made in charming button style of rich black velvet, over dainty short vamp model. Plain high toes, high Cuban heels, silk worked button holes, seamless vamp. Deep satin top facing. Soft, [illegible], easy to wear and chuck full of style. Sizes 2 1-2 to [illegible], widths D, E and EE.

$1.50

THE MEN'S CHROME PATENTS AT Only $1.98 possess more snap and good style than others' $5.00 and $6.00 patent dress shoes. Made with popular short front, high toes and Cuban heels, of choice Chrome patent leather, dull calf tops, fancy perforated quarters. Flexible, Medium weight soles, extension edges; every point up to date. Sizes 6 to 11, widths D, E and EE.

$1.98

Send 50c Deposit for each pair ordered. Send $1.00 if two pairs are ordered, $1.50 if three pairs and so on, give size worn, state if men's or ladies' are wanted, and we will send the shoes C. O. D. by express, subject to examination. The balance and express charges you pay the agent after you have examined and tried on the shoes, and found them a perfect fit, the equal of shoes sold by your home dealer at double the price and the prettiest, daintiest and most comfortable shoes you ever saw, regardless of price, otherwise refuse them, the agent will return them at our expense and we will promptly refund your money. Order from this adv. today or write for our GREAT FREE SHOE CATALOG showing at factory prices enormous varieties of footwear for everybody at all prices for all purposes. Men's shoes $1.25 up, Women's shoes 98c up, Boy's and [illegible] up. *Big display of tan, velvet and white shoes.* Everything at half your shoe dealers' prices. Write today. JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO., 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

"Knife to knife, Catamount," said he. "You are no coward."

"Crouching Catamount never felt fear."

"I'll count three, then we'll close for the tussle."

The old man saw his enemy brace himself.

"One—two—three!"

At the last numeral they leaped at each other and closed in an instant. Each found in the other a foeman worthy of his steel. They separated after a trial of strength and faced each other once more. There was blood on the Catamount's naked arm. Once more they came together, striking out like demons, till Shot sought out a corner and whined out his fears.

Suddenly the Indian caught Old Baldy by the throat and hurled him across the floor. A yell pealed from his lips. When the old man recovered the red was at the door. He saw him jerk it open. Old Baldy dashed forward, and when he tore it open the forest resounded with the wildest warwhoop that had ever assailed his ears.

CHAPTER VI.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Look! Justin, the day has come again."

Justin Rudy sprang from his cot and looked at the streak of light which confirmed Jack's observation.

The boy captives of the Shawnees were still inmates of the rude but strong cabin into which they had been thrown soon after their arrival in the village.

During the night they had talked about Lucy McDonald, the fair captive who had assured them that they had at least one friend among the red masters of the forest. They had not been permitted a sight of her face, so they could only conjecture what she was like. Her name was a strange one to them, for they had never heard of her, but they knew that more than one young girl had fallen into the hands of the Indians and been adopted into the tribes.

The boys went to the crevice and looked out upon the village, which was already astir. They noticed something which had escaped their eyes. At one end of the open place or square in the center of the town stood a covered building on a raised platform of earth. This they took to be the council house, and while they gazed they saw moving figures about it.

Presently there was more stir in the Indian town, and as the sun crept higher they perceived that many Indians were moving toward the odd-looking structure. Some seated themselves on the ground within the oblong circle, while others moved about, warriors all, with solemn faces, but armed.

"Are we to face a trial?" asked Justin. "I fear, Jack, that these inhuman wretches are going to take vengeance upon us for the loss of their companions in the fight at the ravine."

Jack made no reply. He was watching the proceedings outside, and his mind was filled with conflicting thoughts.

All at once three Indians were seen advancing upon the cabin, and presently the door was thrown open and the boys were commanded to come forth. They stepped out into the light, and were instantly gripped by strong red hands. They were hustled across the space that intervened between the prison hut and the council house, and placed in the center of the barked arena, where they were savagely regarded by almost a hundred warriors. In a few moments the outer ring of the place was filled with women and children.

Our young friends noticed that several of the boys had swollen faces, proof of the punishment they had received in the lively fisticuff of the previous day. These young bloods eyed the boys with all the savagery of their nature, and seemed to delight in the doom that threatened the captives. That they were to undergo a trial was now apparent to the two unfortunates.

Little did Jack and Justin think, when they set out from the mountain country of North Carolina, that they would ever face a mob like this. They had hoped for a life of freedom in the Kentucky wilderness, but their dreams had been rudely broken.

When the whole population of the village had assembled, a chief of imposing appearance arose and opened the council. This was Black Panther, as the boys knew by the skins that clothed a part of his body.

As he talked, the captives, who understood not a word of his harangue, guessed that he was for putting them to the torture. They saw the looks of the listeners darken as he proceeded, until a wave of vengeance pervaded the whole crowd.

After Black Panther came a young warrior whose voice was not pitched in so high a key. There was friendship in his tones, and he talked like one who, though a savage, had mercy in his heart. He was listened to with much impatience, and when he concluded a painted war club was handed round. The boys noticed that some of the savages took the club and struck the ground with it but once, while others struck three times.

The war club went its rounds in solemn silence. As it came back to Black Panther, who had not lost sight of it for a moment, a yell was heard on the outskirts of the village, and every eye was turned in that direction. Five figures came into view and advanced upon the council house.

Into the circle leaped a man, who, though clad as an Indian, had the movements of a white man.

"A renegade!" whispered Jack. "Now may Heaven help us!"

"The White Shawnee!" went audibly from lip to lip.

"Just as I thought," said Justin. "It is Mike Nullen, the renegade."

The newcomer seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance. His voice rang out in piercing tones. There was no misunderstanding his appeal to the savages. More than once he turned upon the boy captives and cried for their blood. He influenced the dark passions of the tribe till there arose a cry for death which could not be stilled.

The war club resumed its rounds. There were now three strokes where now and then there had been but one.

"The villain has prevailed," whispered Jack. But for his coming the Indians might have been merciful."

The final vote was for death; the arguments of the young brave had been dashed aside by the bloodthirsty appeal of the White Shawnee.

Not far from one end of the council house and in the exact center of the town stood a charred and blackened stake. The boys knew what it meant.

All at once the voice of Black Panther roared out, and Justin was seized and hurried toward the stake. The whole village now resounded with the most hideous yells. The Indian boys danced with delight, and the squaws added to the din that prevailed. A dozen hands lashed Justin to the torture stake, while Jack closed his eyes to shut out the terrible sight. The bright sun was high in the heavens, and its light streamed upon the scene.

When Justin had been bound to the stake, a young Indian came forth with his naked tomahawk and threw it forward. It struck the wood beside Justin's face and quivered there. Another savage performed the same feat, only the hatchet came a little nearer to the boy's cheek, and sent a shiver through his frame.

Presently, with a yell, Mike Nullen leaped forward and flashed his tomahawk in the sun. Justin saw the wicked gleam that lit up the White Shawnee's eyes, and braced himself for the ordeal that was coming. There was murder in the viper orbs of this inhuman wretch. The hatchet was thrown above the renegade's head and poised there for the cast.

"Down!" suddenly cried a voice, which caused every one to turn in the direction from which it had come.

The silence of death followed the command. Mike Nullen paused and glared at the speaker with all the mien of a forest tiger. Nor far away there stood a young girl dressed in Indian garb, with beads on the fringe of her frock and feathers in her dark hair. She was as lithe as an arrow, and her eyes glittered along the barrel of a rifle that covered the bosom of the startled renegade.

"Stop!" she cried, her voice ringing out in clear English. "If the White Shawnee throws his tomahawk the bullet of Gentle Fawn will find his black heart!"

Black Panther, with glowering visage, stepped forward and covered the girl with outstretched finger.

"What would Gentle Fawn do?" cried he. "The tribe has voted for death and she must not interfere."

The rifle at the girl's shoulder did not move.

"Gentle Fawn will not see one of her race suffer at the stake while she remains a Shawnee!"

"The boy helped to kill the Shawnees," retorted the chief.

"Who struck first?" cried Lucy McDonald. "Let Black Panther answer Gentle Fawn."

"Take the girl away!" demanded the renegade. "What right has one of her blood to interfere with the laws of the red tribes?"

"By what right does the White Shawnee curse the earth?" was the flashing answer. Let him put up his hatchet, for if it leaves his hand he will never again tread the trails of the wilderness."

The uplifted hand fell, but Mike Nullen did not put up the tomahawk.

This startling scene had not occupied the space of three minutes. Jack, with bated breath, was watching it all, his eyes roving from the girl to the renegade, and from thence to the chief, who stood like a statue in the sunlight. Suddenly Black Panther strode forward and his hand shot outward.

"Untie the white boy," he commanded.

"If she saves him I shall never again draw my hatchet for the Shawnee nation!" flashed Nullen.

A dozen hands released Justin from the stake, and he stepped to Jack's side. With a border epithet the White Shawnee cast his hatchet upon the ground and

AVOID BLENDS! Send us a trial order today for Hayner BOTTLED-IN-BOND Whiskey—the kind you KNOW is good and pure—the Government's Official Green Stamp over the cork is YOUR protection.

NO MATTER what others may promise—no matter how tempting their offers may seem—*see* if they offer *Bottled-in-Bond* whiskey—and remember—there is only one way you can be *sure* of getting pure, straight whiskey—and that is to *insist* on Bottled-in-Bond.

That's what we offer you—Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—rich, pure and delicious—[illegible]ed in *sealed* case—Direct from [illegible]ery—and all it costs you is $3.[illegible]r FOUR full quarts—express charges paid.

There's no question about a whiskey like *this*—the Government's Green Stamp over the cork is *your* assurance that it is Bottled-in-Bond—fully aged, full 100% proof, full measure—and a *guarantee* that it comes to you just as it left the distillery, in all its original purity and goodness.

Note the price—only 80 cents a quart—delivered. Where else in all America can you buy a Bottled-in-Bond whiskey of this magnificent quality at this price.

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20 IN STRONG SEALED CASE WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES

GUARANTEED UNDER THE FOOD AND DRUGS ACT JUNE 30 1906 SERIAL NO. 1401
HAYNER
PRIVATE STOCK
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY
DISTILLERY NO. 2 10TH DISTRICT, TROY, OHIO
OFFICES & SHIPPING DEPOTS
ST. LOUIS MO. DAYTON, OHIO ST. PAUL, MINN.
JACKSONVILLE FLA. NEW ORLEANS LA.

WE WANT you to TRY this whiskey on our guarantee you will find it all we claim—as fine as you ever tasted—and the best value you ever saw—or you may send it back at our expense—and we will return your money.

Remember—you take no chances. We take all the risk—and we stand all the expense if we fail to please you.

Put us to the test. Use the coupon below—fill it out—mail it to our nearest Office and Shipping Depot—and please do it today—NOW—while you think of it. *No letter is necessary*—

Cut Out and use this Coupon

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

Enclosed find $3.20 for which send me FOUR full quart bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—express paid—as per your offer. It is understood that if this whiskey is not found as represented and satisfactory to me in every way, it may be returned at your expense—and my $3.20 is to be promptly refunded. H-30

Name ________________

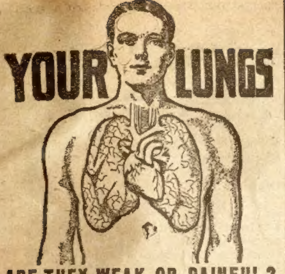
Address ________________

No orders filled for less than 4 quarts

Orders for Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington or Wyoming must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid. 10-N

ADDRESS OUR NEAREST OFFICE THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., Dept. H-30

Dayton, O. Boston, Mass. St. Louis, Mo. Kansas City, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. New Orleans, La. Jacksonville, Fla.
Distillery at Troy, Ohio ESTABLISHED 1866 Capital $500,000.00 Full Paid



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble,

AND

TUBERCULOSIS

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You

absolutely that Lung Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of Tuberculosis, Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. Consumption can positively be prevented. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured thousands in many cases over five years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

Let Us Send You the Proof—Proof that will Convince any Judge or Jury on Earth.

We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung Germine together with our new 40-page book (in colors) on the treatment and care of consumption and lung trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG GERMINE CO., 40 Rae Block, Jackson, Mich.

Don't Wear a Truss

STUART'S ADHESIF
TRADE MARK
PLAS-TR-PAD
PATENTED SEPT. 12 1908

FREE TRIAL OF PLAPAO

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pubic bone. The most obstinate cases cured. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for truss. Awarded Gold Medal. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 44 St. Louis, Mo.

Name ....

Address ....

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao ....

MEN WANTED

SOUND MEN—21 to 40 years old wanted at once for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors in every state. Wages $60 to $100 a Month. Experience Unnecessary. Permanent employment; no strike. Write immediately for Application Blank. No colored men hired. Manager Employment Department, Room 844, Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Kidneys

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodby forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-207, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

walked away. A murmur of applause followed his action.

The boys shall run the gantlet," said Black Panther. "Does that satisfy my white brother?"

"No!" came from over the renegade's shoulder. "When the Shawnees have women's hearts in their bosoms it is time for me to seek a braver nation."

Lucy McDonald had lowered her weapon and was gazing at the vanishing figure moving toward the hills that inclosed the Indian village. Suddenly Mike Nullen paused and faced the populace.

"I shall take vengeance on the young varmints!" cried he, with uplifted hand. "Let the Shawnees spare them to fall into the power of the White Shawnee. The time is coming when Black Panther will call for him to help him against the whites, but he shall call in vain."

With this he turned on his heel and was watched by the breathless red men till he vanished from sight. A moment later there was a rush by many Indians into the forest near at hand. The redskin youths distanced all in their eagerness, and before long the whole crowd came back armed with clubs and withes of every description.

"It's the gantlet now," said Justin to his companion. "We've got to race the avenue of death. Don't lose your nerve, Jack. Remember what Old Baldy told us about the gantlet."

"It all comes back to me, Justin. There will be bloody heads before I get to the end of the torture line!"

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

The Wall Street Nemesis.

(Continued from page six.)

savagely for having lost a half-minute.

But his efforts with the file did not yield freedom. They opened a gap in the thinnest part of the metal, but it was not sufficient to enable him to force a foot free. He quickly formed a new expedient, therefore, as he heard Tyson slam his way back into the garage.

With a supreme effort he arose and hurled himself against the door of his little prison room. Slenderly hung, it gave way instantly, and Kendall, unable to retain his feet, plunged headlong through to the stairs.

Tyson, half way up, was so surprised that he failed to get out of the way of the hurtling body. Kendall's head struck him fairly in the stomach, and the pair of them rolled in a stunned heap to the foot of the steps.

Kendall, the first to recover, gulped with joy as he felt his feet free. The jolt of his fall had served to snap the weakened anklets. The severed parts still jangled at his heels, but he was no longer shackled.

As he rose to his knees in the dark, his hand touched the bottle of liquor Tyson had gone after. He gripped the flask at its neck, but as he attempted to get on to his feet, the chauffeur came suddenly to consciousness and seized him by the throat.

Frantic at this impending defeat of his strategy, Kendall raised the bottle of brandy and brought it down savagely upon the head of the man beneath him. He heard the glass break, and felt the brandy trickle over his hand. He raised the moistened flesh to his lips and thirstily licked it. As he did so, the hand at his throat relaxed, and he drew himself free. Tyson fell back insensible.

The plunger shook himself as he got to his feet. He was a sorry spectacle. His evening clothes were seamed with wrinkles, the bosom of his dress shirt was broken and blackened. He was hatless. At his feet dangled the sections of the severed anklets. His wrists were raw and his fingers were blood-stained.

Yet he did not hesitate upon the order of his going. But first he knelt and deftly extracted from Tyson's pocket the roll of bills with which he had bartered for liberty. Replacing the money in his own pocket, he bolted out into the night.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Too Much Tinkering.

Mrs. Winks—I see the question of omitting the word "obey" from the marriage service is up again.

Mrs. Winks—Yes, it's perfectly abominable the way they are tinkering at the marriage service. They'll be leaving out "love and honor" next, and bring the beautiful sacrament down to a commonplace civil contract. Well, I must be going. I want to take this bundle to the tailor's before his place is shut up. It is some of my husband's duds, which he told me to mend, but I think I see myself. Good-by, dear.

Go In Business for Yourself

LET US SEND YOU OUR

B. B. Vacuum Cleaner

30 Days' Trial

The greatest and best Quick-Money Maker ever put on the market.

Our B. B. Vacuum House Cleaner should pay for itself in less than two months, out of the profit from the business after paying help and all expenses. We cannot see where there is a possible chance for anyone that buys a machine to fail to make big money, but every reason why they should **make thousands of dollars.**

The small machines for home use will draw only the top dust from the room. **Our B. B. Vacuum Cleaner** does the same work in the same way as the large machines costing from $2,000 to $7,000 each.

Give us a Chance to Help You

You Should Make $2,500 to $3,000 a Year on Each Machine

Make a start today and you will never regret it. Be "Johnny on the Spot" with a machine and get the cream of the business. If you can get a number of machines working, **they should make you rich.**

$15.00 to $30.00 A DAY Easily Made

Read These Letters:

"We have nothing but words of praise to speak of it. It is all that you claim for it."—*Hunt & Harter.*

"From the 21st of April to 20th of May I took in $254.75."—*D. S. Treadwell.*

"I have made $175 in 2 weeks."—*F. S. Wilhite.*

"From March 1st the Machine has averaged $25 per day."—*F. Smith.*

"I am very much pleased with the outfit and find that it is a great money-maker."—*W. C. Fink.*

These letters show what you can do. **Get in your order early** as we sent back nearly 100 orders last year. Couldn't fill them. Write today.

Simple—Complete—Reliable

Our 1912 **B. B. Vacuum Cleaner** consists of a powerful gasoline two-cycle, valveless engine, perfectly adjusted and inspected.

Accurately ground pistons with self setting rings, crank shafts drop forged, bronze metal bearings and connecting rod—Special exhaust muffler—Thermo syphon cooling system—Schebler float feed carburetor—splash system oiling—spark timer or commutator—two cylinder piston type vacuum pumps—perfect lubrication—accurately fitting, interchangeable repair parts supplied on a moments notice.

The whole is erected upon a substantial four-wheeled wagon—steel or rubber tires—full eliptic springs—staggered steel spokes—strong and substantial—can be moved from place to place with little effort—vacuum condenser, water tank, vacuum gauge—high pressure suction hose—observation glass and cleaning tools. All ready for work.

Pay For It Out of Your Profits We will ship one to any live man, who is honest and willing to work, on 30 days' trial and allow you to pay for it in installments, and in such a way that your profits should easily take care of your payments. Our **B. B. Vacuum Cleaner** reaches every corner and crevice of the floor; the cracks in the wall, the ceilings and mouldings. It renovates bedding, comforts, blankets, mattresses, pillows.

The most practical and perfect machine of its kind ever built. Far exceeds the description.

Fill in the coupon and learn about this money-making opportunity.

It advertises itself and orders for work come pouring in
Licensed Under Kenney Basic Patent

We Want You to Investigate Our Liberal Offer

We do not believe there is any business where so small an investment will bring such wonderful returns.

Our illustrated book shows you how to turn every minute of your time into money. We will send it to you **free.** Every ambitious man who has any "get up" in him should write at once for this book. It will show you how you can become independent.

Send the Coupon for FREE BOOK, with full information, pictures and description of the different parts, testimonials and our **EASY TERMS.**

McCREERY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
842 Dorr St. (*Established 1889*) Toledo, Ohio

Cut Off Here—Write Plainly

McCreery Manufacturing Company, 842 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio

Please send me your **Free Book** and **full information** about how I can get your B. B. Vacuum House Cleaner on 30 days' trial.

Name..

Address..

City.............................*State*..............

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY
MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLES INDIGESTION GAS ON THE STOMACH AND INTESTINES
THIS REMEDY REMOVES GALL STONES
GEO. H. MAYR Mfg. Chemist Mayr Bldg., Chicago
POWDER No. 1
POWDER No. 2

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid and catarrhal secretions,** backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **Free so you can try it in your own home at my expense.**

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **Free** treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist
Mayr Building, 154-156 Whiting Street, Chicago
References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Sign and Mail This Coupon To-day

Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, Mayr Bldg., 154-156 Whiting St., Chicago

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name..

Address..

City and State..
Write Plainly

Express Office..356

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by Geo. H. Mayr under the Pure Food and Drug Act. Serial No. 25793

BOYS! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week

selling the **BLADE** and **LEDGER**. These are the two greatest papers published and people in every town want to have some one they can buy them from each week. We give you two cents out of each nickle you take in. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. You sell the papers on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings. It is easy to sell them and get steady customers. You can send back the headings of all papers you can't sell, and we won't charge you for them. You can't LOSE. Be one of the boys who make steady money each week, and **OWN A PAPER ROUTE OF YOUR OWN.** Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit and a letter telling you just how to sell the papers and what to say. We tell you exactly how to get customers. It is easy. GET THE JOB BEFORE SOME OTHER BOY BEATS YOU!

.............................**Fill this out and send it to us today.**.............................

W. D. BOYCE CO.
500 Dearborn Ave.
Chicago, Ill. Ad.2
I want to sell the BLADE and LEDGER. Please send me..........papers.

NAME..

Street or R. F. D. No..

Age....... Town..State..........

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Tells How She Keeps Her Health — Happiness For Those Who Take Her Advice.

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to your wonderful medicine."—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for woman's ills known.

Bottle DIXIE CHEER Free

For purity, strength and flavor, *Ullman's Whiskey* cannot be equaled. The first drink will convince you we are right. To induce you to try it, we offer, absolutely free, with first order, a bottle of *Dixie Cheer*, a beverage of surpassing quality, and a miniature bottle of rare *Athletic Club Whiskey.* Here is our wonderful offer:

Express Prepaid

AMERICAN SUPPLY CO.
Ullman's
Extra Quality
WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY
AMERICAN SUPPLY CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

4 Full Quart Bottles Ullman's Whiskey **$2.85**

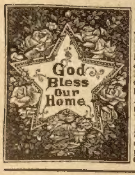
8 Full Quart Bottles Ullman's Whiskey **$5.00**

ONE BOTTLE DIXIE CHEER 1 Sample Old Athletic Club; with each—4 Quart Order FREE for ULLMAN'S WHISKEY

EXPRESS PREPAID

Now! Send remittance for $2.85 and we will ship you—express prepaid—four full quart bottles *Ullman's Reserve Stock Whiskey*, one bottle *Dixie Cheer*, and a sample bottle of *Athletic Club*; or remit us $5.00 and we will send you eight full quarts *Ullman's Reserve Stock Whiskey* with two free bottles *Dixie Cheer* and two bottles *Athletic Club*—express prepaid. Test the whiskey, by drinking all you please; if not delighted just return it to us and we will at once refund your money. All goods shipped in plain sealed package. Do not fail to take advantage of this wonderful "just-in-order-to-prove" offer. *Order today!*

AMERICAN SUPPLY CO.,
2010 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

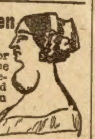


We give WATCHES, JEWELRY, Silverware, Rifles, Violins, Cameras, etc., or Cash, for selling only 20 New **GOLD Text Pictures;** New Star and Heart designs, Solid Gold background, beautiful colors; large assortment of familiar Mottoes. Also **Family Records, Lord's Prayer, Rock of Ages,** etc. Size 12x16. Our price 10c each. Regular price 25c. Send for 20 pictures and large Premium List today. When sold send $2 and your present will be sent promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FREE

GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 901, CHICAGO

GOITRE Pay when Cured



I have an honest, certain cure for Goitre (thick neck.) It checks the growth at once, reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and cures in a little while. Pay when cured. Tell your friends about this. Write for full particulars.

DR. ROCK, DEPT. 107 BANCROFT, WIS.

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned. Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

BETZVILLE FUNNY-HAPS

Allegretto and the Pie

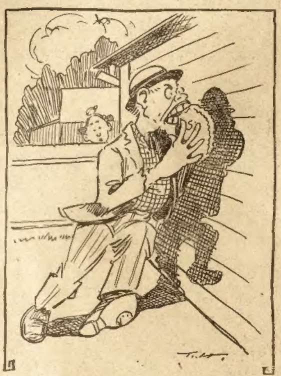
By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

ONE of the kindest-hearted ladies in Betzville is Miss Allegretto G. Spads, who is naturally kind to man and beast; but there are times when kindness ceases to be a virtue, and becomes a nuisance, and Miss Allegretto reached the conclusion week before last that one of those times had come.

For over three years a tramp, Seattle James by name, has made Miss Allegretto's back porch a place of rendezvous whereat to meet a strawberry pie, and although Miss Allegretto has a heart second to none in size, she grew tired of Seattle James a week ago last Tuesday. For the first year Seattle James met one of Miss Allegretto's strawberry pies every year, and for the second year he met one of her strawberry pies once a month, but this year he started in to meet a strawberry pie once a week, and it vexed Miss Allegretto.

Miss Allegretto is properly proud of her strawberry pies, and she likes praise, and the best praise is the eating them, but when Seattle James began coming every Tuesday, and also began sending another pie-loving hobo for each other day of the week, Miss Allegretto began feeling that she was becoming a mere pie-factory, and that it was interfering with her duties as one of our leading social lights. No lady can turn out a continuous stream of large, circular strawberry pies, day after day, and week after week, and still do her duty by the Betzville Sewing Society. And yet Miss Allegretto had not the heart to turn a poor pie-hungry hobo from her door with cruel words.



He crushed it up against the house and bit at it.

For several weeks she brooded mournfully over the situation, and she was losing flesh rapidly when a complete solution of the matter came to her at a meeting of the Betzville Sewing Society. Uncle Ashdod Clute himself said the solution was one of those strokes of genius that come to a person once in a lifetime like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky.

Miss Allegretto was sewing away and brooding, and didn't know what in the world to do when she noticed that her needle was a little dull, and she reached into her sewing bag and pulled out her emery bag to sharpen her needle a little. Her emery bag, like every other emery bag in Betzville, was shaped like, and looked like, a ripe red strawberry, and the moment she saw it the solution came into her mind. Without a moment's hesitation she gathered up all the emery strawberries in the sewing society, and then excused herself, and went home and made a strawberry pie out of them. When the pie was completed it was one of the best-looking strawberry pies Betzville had ever seen turned out by Miss Allegretto G. Spads, and without a word she set it on the kitchen window-sill to cool.

Half an hour later Seattle James wandered up with his sweet smile, and when he saw the pie resting peacefully on the window-sill he grinned joyfully and reached for it. He opened his mouth and took a bite. Miss Allegretto says nothing can describe the struggle that followed, but the meeting of an irresistible force and an immovable obstruction. At the first bite Seattle James looked pained and surprised, but he was game and bit again. Then a glare of anger came into his eyes, and wrapping his arms around the pie, he lay down and hugged it while he chewed at it angrily. He seemed to feel that his whole future strawberry pie life depended on his eating this one, and he meant to eat it or die in the struggle.

The Folly of Paring Corns

Here's a typical corn.

Paring that corn takes off just the top layers. It merely relieves the pressure for a little time.

The root remains, and the whole corn soon returns.

And that paring is exceedingly dangerous. A slip of the blade means infection, and blood poison often results.

Ending Corns

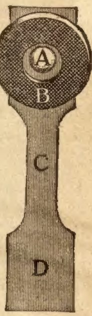
The way to end corns is with a simple Blue-jay plaster.

The pain stops instantly. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out.

No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience.

Over fifty million corns have been removed in this way, since this wonderful wax was invented. Every other treatment is discarded forever when a person once tries this.

For your own safety and comfort, find out what Blue-jay does.

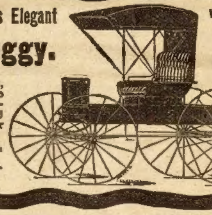


A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue=jay Corn Plasters

At Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.
(142)

$29.50 Buys This Elegant Top Buggy.



WARRANTED FOR Five Years.

Retail Price $60.00. Buggies, Surreys, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons. We have cut out our Jobbers, our Wholesalers and our Retailers and offer YOU their profit. Write today for our

Free Catalog and Delivered Prices.
Mutual Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.
Station 10 H, East St. Louis, Ill.

I Guarantee to Cure ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!

DR. J. E. CANNADAY THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

It is also called

SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss this Chance for a Cure

if you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

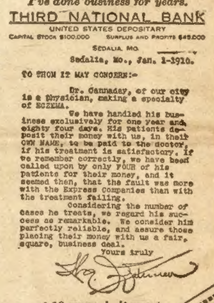
What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I've done business for years.



THIRD NATIONAL BANK
UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY
CAPITAL STOCK $100,000 SURPLUS AND PROFITS $45,000
SEDALIA, MO.

Sedalia, Mo., Jan. 1-1910.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:-

Dr. Cannaday, of our city is a physician, making a specialty of ECZEMA.

We have handled his business exclusively for one year and eighty four days. His patients deposit their money with us, in their OWN NAME, to be paid to the doctor, if his treatment is satisfactory. If we remember correctly, we have been called upon by only FOUR of his patients for their money, and it seemed then, that the fault was more with the Express Companies than with the treatment failing.

Considering the number of cases he treats, we regard his success as remarkable. We consider him perfectly reliable, and assure those placing their money with us a fair, square, business deal.

Yours truly

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured **10 years!** It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

MY BOOK

is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
251 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

FREE OFFER—CUT HERE

Dr. J. E. Cannaday
251 Park Square
Sedalia - - Mo.

Please send without cost to me prepaid, Free Trial Treatment, also copy of your Free Book.

Name..

Address..

....

Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

This Wife and Mother Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 204 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 16 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

CAUGHT NIBBLING

MARVEL BAIT makes fish bite any season and when they bite our Marvel Automatic Fish Hook lands them every time. We give free a can of Marvel bait if you will help us introduce them in your locality, also 3 Marvel Automatic fish hooks, one of each size—small, medium and large. Write us today.

Japanese Novelty Co., Department 74, Clinton, Iowa

SOLID GOLD RING FREE

Write for 6 boxes Standard Blood Tablets to sell at 25 cts. each. We send Tablets postpaid and allow 30 days to sell them. When sold return $1.50 and we send this genuine SOLID GOLD BAND RING.

Standard Remedy Co., 5 Cortlandt St., Dept. 65 New York City

BRACELET & RING FREE

We will give this beautiful gold finished extension bracelet and gold laid four-stone ring for selling only 12 pkgs. of our Souvenir Post Cards at 10c a pkg. REGAL MFG. CO., Dept. 82 Chicago

Quart of WHISKEY FREE

We will send a quart of pure, straight, Kentucky whiskey ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE for a very simple service. Send no money; write to-day. Monarch & Co., Dept. D-71. Covington, Ky.

LADY WANTED

To introduce Dress Goods, Hdkfs. and Petticoats. Make $10.00 to $30.00 weekly. Best line—lowest prices—sold through agents only. No money required. New spring patterns now ready. Samples and case free. Standard Dress Goods Co., Desk 27-C, Binghamton, N.Y.

X-RAY The latest scientific wonder. Clothes and flesh turn transparent and bones can plainly be seen. Price by mail 10c. Parker Novelty Co., Desk 104, Chicago

Catalog for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, 4-B, 60 Wabash, Chicago

Sometimes he held it down with one foot while he chewed at it, and sometimes he crushed it up against the side of the house while he bit at it snappishly, and once in a while he would stagger off a few feet and lie on his back and pant for a few minutes while he gathered new strength for the attack.

Miss Allegretto said she watched and waited with bated breath, for she felt that her whole future career hung in the balance. If Seattle James held out she was condemned to everlasting piemaking, but if the pie held out she would be free. It looked as if the strong nature of Seattle James would triumph in the end, for after each defeat he arose with renewed vigor and tackled the pie again, and Miss Allegretto had about lost hope when a factor she had not considered came into play. The tireless spirit of Seattle James remained unwearied, but his teeth were fading away. Every time he bit into an emery strawberry the emery sharpened his teeth a little more, and the sharper and finer his teeth became, until at length they wore away entirely. In less than half an hour he had worn his teeth entirely off, and when he realized that they were gone, he uttered a long soul-racking cry, took a last bite at the pie with his toothless gums, and started north on a dead run. Nothing more has been seen of him since.

As soon as he was out of sight, Miss Allegretto took the pie and nailed it to the front gate, where it still remains. Once or twice a day a tramp wanders up to the gate, but the moment he sees the pie nailed there he utters a loud yell of consternation and lopes down the street, holding his teeth with his right hand. Uncle Ashdod Clute says that if there was only some way of rigging up the pie so that it would chase the tramp there would be no stopping the tramp until he hopped off Plymouth Rock and drowned himself in the salty waters of the stern and rockbound coast, but up to the present he hasn't discovered how to make a strawberry pie follow the trail of a tramp.

The Funny-Hap to appear in next week's Ledger is called "Gubbs' Auto-House." Don't miss it.

* * *

TROUBLE FOR ONE.

He started for his work in town,
Then stopped, then sneezed; the sat him down,
Dejectedly beside the street,
Then, groaning, staggered to his feet.

Ten thousand hammers banged his head!
He wobbled home and sought his bed,
His brain contracted to a crumb,
He felt his heart fall out of plumb.

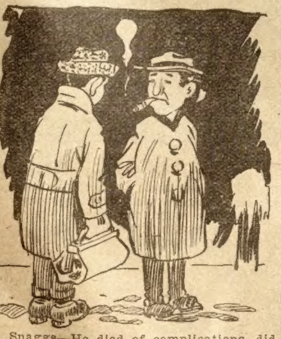
His feet were cold, his lungs were hot,
His mouth was just a furry slot,
With muscles cracked, heat dried his tears,
A cataract was in his ears.

His eyeballs squeaked whene'er they turned,
His epiglottis rasped and burned;
He quaked with cold from head to toes,
Indeed, the poor man nearly froze.

One moment, and the next the heat
Made him white-hot from head to feet.
No time to make a will at all—
Just time to reach his bed and crawl.

Beneath the covers with a groan,
A most sepulchral, ghastly moan.
The doctor said, and pursed his lip:
"Hello! I see you've got the grip."

* * *



Snaggs—He died of complications, did he not, somewhere out west?

Baggs—Yes; a rope got complicated with his neck.

* * *

Not to Be Translated.

At a dinner party a learned clergyman insisted on quoting Greek. The lady sitting next to James Payn asked for a translation. Payn's Greek was rusty. Accordingly he assumed a blush, and hinted to the lady that it was scarcely fit for her ear.

"Good heavens," she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say——"

"Please don't ask any more," murmured Payn, "I really could not tell you."

ILLINOIS—the Best Watch on Earth—Now Sold on CREDIT

For the first time in history the great genuine *Illinois* Watch is now sold by mail on the easy payment Plan. No man or woman need be, nor should be, without a famous *Illinois* Watch.

This is the greatest public triumph of a decade—a believed impossibility made possible. It will revolutionize the watch business. Just think of owning the world-renowned *Illinois*, and paying for it as you please! For over *40 years* the *Illinois* has been acknowledged the standard—the one great conspicuous watch value—the one watch chosen and *worn by the great men and women of our nation.*

Your Own Time To Pay

A Guarantee That Means Something

Part for part—in accuracy, in wear, finish, beauty, quality of material and workmanship, and every *other* feature, the *Illinois* is superior to any other watch at *any price.* Both the *makers and we stand back of this remarkable* time-piece with an ironclad, legal, broad *guarantee*—a guarantee that *means* something—that *protects you* in every respect—that assures you of the best watch on earth.

Largest Watch Distributors In The World

For *over 35 years* we have sold all kinds of watches and honestly can say that we have never seen a watch—at any price—equal in quality to the marvelous *Illinois.*

How We Save You Money

This famous *Illinois* will cost you less than inferior makes. *Nowhere* else can you buy a *genuine Illinois* on credit—*we* are the *exclusive* credit *distributors.* If you buy from *us,* you'll get it on *approval*—you take *no risk*—you have *our guarantee* and the *maker's* and you can *pay as you please.* No dealer can under-sell us even for all cash on delivery.

Free Book Get our *free*, beautiful, profit-sharing book, describing this great *Illinois* watch—reproducing many handsome styles. It's worth owning. Address

The American Watch Company of St. Louis
Dept. 207 St. Louis, Mo.

Gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Cork-screw Free with each order.

TRY THIS WHISKEY AT OUR RISK

AND GET THIS DECANTER FILLED WITH WINES AND CORDIALS FREE

This is the famous old MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY—private stock—the brand that once you try you'll always call for. We want you to try it and we'll take all the chances. Send us your order—any order in the list below—and use a full quart bottle; try it yourself; let your friends sample it; test it in every way; you're the judge; and if you're not more than satisfied that it's the biggest whiskey bargain you ever struck, just return the unused portion and we'll refund your money on the lot. Just look at these prices:

4	Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY	$2.25
8	Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY	4.25
12	Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY	6.25
24	Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY	12.25

FREE: With every four quarts of MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY you order we will send you **absolutely Free** a handsome scroll crystal glass decanter, with scroll glass stopper to match, filled to the brim with your choice of delicious Sherry, Port or Angelica Wine or Manhattan Cocktail. This decanter is full size, free from advertising matter, and is a useful ornament to any sideboard. In ordering be sure and state contents desired.

Remember that this offer is for the genuine old Mellow Springs, the same straight, pure, aged-in-bond whiskey that physicians have always recommended for medicinal and home use. There's not a better whiskey to be had at any cost. Time was when you couldn't buy it for less than $1.25 the quart; but by selling direct to you and cutting out all intermediate profits and salesmen's expenses we have squeezed the final price down to the last minimum. NOTE—These are FULL QUART bottles. Address orders to

MAYCLIFFE DIST. CO., WAREHOUSE 42, ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE DINNER SET

Family size. Beautifully decorated with PINK ROSES & GOLD. Grandest offer ever made. Thousands of sets sent out & everybody delighted. That's our record, let us prove it to you. Sell only 12 boxes of our Cathartic Remedy at 25 cts. a box. We send it by mail. It sells like hot cakes. Then send us the $3.00 & our handsome 31 piece dinner or tea set is yours FREE. Not even freight charges from your pocket. You will get a BETTER SET than you expected. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WESTERN REMEDY CO. 9-X 1360 Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Trusses Like These Are a Crime!

Get Rid of Elastic Bands, Springs and Leg-Straps. Such Harness Has Forced Thousands to Undergo Dangerous Operations.

Trusses like these shown above—the belt and leg-strap, elastic and spring contraptions—sold by drugstores and many self-styled "Hernia Specialists"—make life miserable for everybody who wears them.

Moreover, they often do immense harm—they squeeze the rupture, often causing strangulation—dig into the pelvic bone in front—press against the sensitive spinal column at the back.

The Plain Truth Is This.

Rupture—as explained in our free book—can't be relieved or cured—can't even be kept from growing worse—unless constantly **held in place.**

Just as a bandage or splint is the only way **a broken bone** can be held—the **right kind of truss** is the only thing in the world that can keep a **rupture** from **coming out.**

What a difference it will make when you get **that** kind of a truss.

And you **can** get **exactly** that kind of truss—**without** risking a **cent** of your money.

It's the famous **Cluthe Truss** or **Cluthe Automatic Massager.**

Far **more** than a truss—far **more** than merely a device for holding the rupture **in** place.

Self-regulating, self-adjusting.

No belt, elastic belt or spring around your waist, and no leg-straps—nothing to pinch, chafe, squeeze or bind.

Try It 60 Days at Our Risk.

We have so much faith in the Cluthe Truss—we have seen it work wonders for so many others— that we want to make one especially for your case and let you wear it at our risk.

We'll give you 60 days' time to test it—if it doesn't keep your rupture from coming out, when you are working and at all other times—if it doesn't put an end to the trouble you've heretofore had with your rupture—if you don't get better right away—then the truss won't cost you a cent.

How It Strengthens and Heals.

In **addition** to **holding** the rupture, the Cluthe Truss or Cluthe Automatic Massager is constantly giving a **soothing, strengthening massage** to the weak ruptured parts.

All automatically—the massage goes on all day long, all without any attention whatever from you.

The World's Greatest Book on Rupture

Don't go on letting your rupture get worse—don't spend a cent on account of your rupture until you get our free book of advice.

This remarkable book—cloth-bound, 82 pages, 21 separate articles and 19 photographic pictures—took us over 40 years to write—took us that long to find out all the facts we've put in it.

It explains the dangers of operations and why they don't always cure to stay cured. Exposes the humbug "methods," "appliances," "plasters", etc.

And tells—absolutely without misrepresentation—all about the Cluthe Truss—just how it holds—how it gives the curing massage—how it is waterproof—how it ends all expense—how you can get it on 60 days trial—and gives names and addresses of over 4,000 people who have tried it and want you to know about it.

Just use the coupon, or simply say in a letter or postal, "Send me your book." In writing us, please give our box number as below—

BOX 25—CLUTHE COMPANY
125 East 23rd Street, New York City.
Send me your Free Book on the Cure of Rupture.

Name ....

Street ....

Town ....

SPEAR Will Trust You Wherever You Live—Wri For His Free Catalog

A Personal Word

The rich and prosperous class can always command the luxuries of life, but the average home lover needs the Spear System of Credit to the Nation. I want 1,000,000 families to say of me: "He helped us to furnish and beautify our homes." I ask for no higher tribute to my life's work.

Write for my Free Catalog today.

SPEAR
of Pittsburgh

Prepare Now for Spring Home Furnishing

No matter where you live, you can easily buy everything needed for spring home furnishing from us on credit and on easy payments to suit your convenience. All you need to do is to mail us your name and address and we will at once send you, **Free,** our Mammoth Home Furnishing Catalog, containing illustrations from photographs and full descriptions of thousands of articles in Furniture, Rugs, Carpets and Home Furnishings sold by us on long time, open account, easy credit terms. Whether you happen to need any article of home furnishing right now or not, the time will come when you will want the **Spear Catalog,** and you should write for it at once. Mail the coupon below, or send your name and address on a postal card.

Spear Makes Credit Buying Easy

The **Mammoth Spear Bargain Catalog** brings before you, in your own home, the largest, choicest, most varied and carefully selected stock of money-saving merchandise for the home ever before collected. We show you an assortment of Carpets, Rugs and Draperies in actual colors, patterns and designs from photographs of the original goods. You can select anything you want from hundreds of articles in

Furniture,
Carpets,
Rugs,
Stoves,
Ranges,
Refrigerators,
Clocks,
Dishes,
Sewing Machines,
Washing Machines,
Lace Curtains,
Mattresses and Bedding.
Silver,
Springs,
Go-Carts,

And under the **Spear System of Home Shopping,** you can make your selections to much greater advantage than if you were to visit even the largest City stores; because we offer you not only a vastly greater assortment, but you can make your choice **at home with your family at your elbow.**

Pay When Most Convenient

Your credit is good with us. Why not use it? Under our liberal open account, easy payment plan, you can have every possible advantage in buying for your home, possessed by the most favored and well-to-do shopper in the city stores. Our credit system is extended to honest people, **everywhere,** regardless of their income. You need not deny yourself on account of a lack of ready cash. Select what you want from our Catalog, pay a little cash down and a little each month. We do not charge you for trusting you, so do not deprive yourself of anything you need, and do not lose the interest on your money by neglecting to use your credit with us. Just send for the **Spear Catalog,** select what you want and pay for the goods as you use them.

Spear Prices Always Lowest

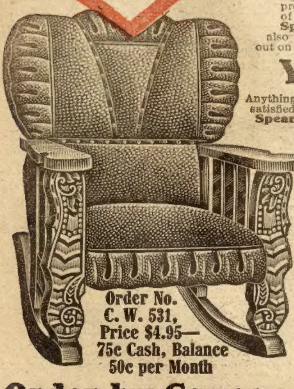
While our credit terms are the most liberal in the country, yet our prices are the lowest. This is because we buy goods in such vast quantities that we secure better prices than would be possible to smaller concerns, and by extending our business to tens of thousands of customers all over the country, we can afford to accept just one small added profit from each sale. We allow no store or factory on earth to undersell us. Get our prices and be your own judge of whether or not we save you from 20 to 40 per cent on your home furnishings. Those who take advantage of the **Spear System of Credit Buying** not only get the benefit of **quality** in the home furnishings they buy of us, but also make an actual saving of from one-fifth to one-half on their purchases. Old customers know this. New ones find it out on their very first order. That is why the **Spear Business** is growing by wonderful leaps and bounds.

You Can Have a Full Month To Decide

Anything you select from our Bargain Catalog will be shipped **on approval.** Keep the goods 30 days, then if not fully satisfied, the goods may be sent back at our expense and we'll refund your money. You can plainly see that under the **Spear System,** the goods must actually sell themselves, after a 30 days' home trial. If we were not absolutely sure of the sterling, dependable quality of our goods, we could not afford to make this offer. Every article shipped from the **House of Spear** is sold under a guarantee, backed by over $1,000,000 capital and assets, to be precisely as described in the **Big Spear Bargain Catalog.** You simply **cannot** take any risk in dealing with us,

Wonderful Rocker Bargain

A large, comfortable, solid oak Rocker with high wide back, fully tufted and buttoned. Seat is large and roomy, upholstered with high grade black Sylvan leather over full steel springs and beautifully ruffled edge to match back. Construction is solid golden oak throughout, with high gloss golden finish. Wide arms, front posts of handsome design. Order by coupon.

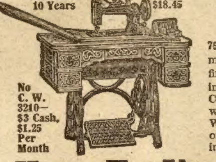


Order No. C. W. 531, Price $4.95—75c Cash, Balance 50c per Month

Order by Coupon

"Steinway Special" Sewing Machine

Fitted with High Arm, Improved Drop Head, Ball Bearing Iron Stand. Beautifully Carved Quartered Oak Case, highly glossed. Automatic Lift Head—Dust Proof Case. Full equipment of steel attachments and accessories.



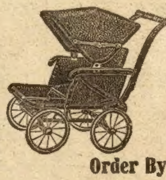
Guaranteed 10 Years

Price $18.45

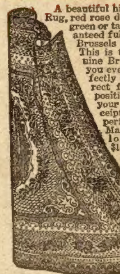
No C. W. 3210—$3 Cash, $1.25 Per Month

Spear's New Semi-Collapsible Go-Cart

No. C. W. 118, Price $4.75—75c Cash, 50c per Month—Frame made of best steel, nicely finished. Leatherette covering, comes in dark green. Cart is full size. Has 10—inch wheels—heavy rubber tires. When folded it may be run on two wheels, if desired, instead of carrying it.

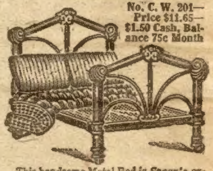


Order By Coupon



A beautiful high color Brussels Rug, red rose design, with either green or tan ground. Guaranteed full 9-wire Tapestry Brussels with wool facing. This is the greatest genuine Brussels Rug value you ever saw. It is perfectly safe to order direct from this, as we positively will refund your money if on receipt you are not perfectly satisfied. Mail the Coupon below today with $1.50 cash.

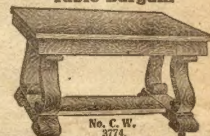
No. C. W. 4602—Size 9x12—Price $11.95 $1.50 Cash, Balance 75c per Month



No. C. W. 201—Price $11.65—$1.50 Cash, Balance 75c Month

This handsome Metal Bed is *Spear's* exclusive design, and is an extraordinary bargain. A Complete Bed Outfit, consisting of heavy, perfectly constructed Iron Bed, any color, 4 ft. 6 ins. wide, a good woven wire spring with coil supports; 60 lb. cotton top mattress and 2 pillows, all for $11.65. Money back if not delighted. Order by lower right hand corner Coupon.

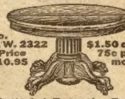
Spear's Library Table Bargain



No. C. W. 3774. Price, $8.95
$1.50 Cash, 75c per Month

A large, heavy table 28 in. x 42 in. distinctive Colonial design, finished in American Quartered Oak, highly glossed, fitted with drawer. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Spear's Extension Table



No. C. W. 2322 Price $10.95

$1.50 cash 75c per month

A Solid Oak Extension Table, finished rich golden. **$1.50 Cash, 75c per Month.** Extends 6 feet. Has 42-inch top, heavy 8-inch fluted pillar and large claw feet. **30 days' free trial.**

Spear & Co., Dept. 34 , Pittsburgh, Pa.

I enclose herewith $...................................to apply as first payment

on..
(Give Name and No. of Article)

I agree to pay balance of $.............................at rate of $...............................

per month. It is understood that I am to have the privilege of returning the goods any time within 30 days from date of shipment and you agree to refund the money paid and also freight charges both ways if I am not perfectly satisfied with them.

NAME...

ADDRESS..

How To Use The Coupons

If you wish to order any article illustrated on this page direct from this announcement, fill out carefully and mail the **"Order Coupon"** at left hand corner with necessary remittance by Draft, Money Order or Registered Currency. If you simply want to receive the **Mammoth Spear Bargain Catalog,** sign and mail the **"Inquiry Coupon"** at right hand corner. In either case, remember that we are right here to serve you promptly and faithfully and will give your wishes our very best attention.

SPEAR & CO.,
Dept. 34 ,
Pittsburgh,
Pa.

Spear & Co.,
Dept. 34 ,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me, free without obligation of any kind on my part, a copy of your Mammoth Bargain Catalog.

NAME ....

ADDRESS...

SPEAR & COMPANY
PITTSBURG PA. U.S.A.

The House of Spear Whose exceptional announcement appears above, made wonderful progress during the year 1911. With the perfection of Spear methods and the organization of the Home Furnishing Business on a nation-wide scale, it is now possible for every reader of this paper, no matter how moderate his or her income, to gratify every reasonable wish for home comforts and necessities. The Spear Easy Credit Payment System has proved a wonderful benefit to the masses of the American people, hundreds of thousands of whom have taken advantage of Mr. Spear's most liberal offer to beautify their homes at low cost and on his convenient long-time payment plan.

Every reader of this paper, who is desirous of adding to home comforts should communicate with Mr. Spear and have him send his big Bargain Book without cost, showing thousands of illustrations of every conceivable article of home furnishing.